

FLAX

ISSUE #2 • STILL NO FASHION

STUFF THAT DOESN'T SUCK:

SPAWN!



THE ULTIMATE GUIDE!

KILLER REVIEW!



MORTAL KOMBAT II

X-MEN:
THE NEXT
GENERATION
OVER 100
GAME TIPS!



BEAVIS AND BUTT-HEAD
in

THE VIDEO GAME

LOADS OF EXCLUSIVE SCREEN SHOTS!

10 MOST VIOLENT VIDEO GAMES!



AEROSMITH

DOOM II

TIE FIGHTER

OFFSPRING • COOLIO

MEGA SEGA GIVEAWAY!



0 71486 01238 2
PRINTED IN U.S.A.
DISPLAY UNTIL DECEMBER 27, 1994





Beginning this September.

Be there.

And what's with M.J.?

and Nocturne,

Dr. Octopus, the Puma,

arms over the return of

Worse, Spider-Man's up in

the **Spectacular Spider-Man**

pages of both

neighborhood Spider-Man in the

confidence of everyone's favorite

continue to plague the life and

The effects of the clone's return

Back From The Edge!



HE'S TWICE THE SPIDER-MAN HE USED TO BE



The Exile Returns!

The Spider-Man Clone is back! And he's going solo with style in the pulsating pages of **Spider-Man** and the **Web Of Spider-Man**. That's right, True Believer, it's the clone alone in a symbiotic suicide mission against the lethal protector, Venom. It's murderous mayhem in the Mighty Marvel Tradition! Beginning this September.





We're still working on the
"Golf Cart Joy Ride & Crash" feature.

Other than that, it's perfect.

LINKS

the challenge of golf

Links for **Sega CD**™ is the most near-perfect, outrageously realistic golf game available.

How perfect is **Links**? The course mimics Torrey Pines exactly—incredible, 35 mm photography places you behind every tee, fairway, water hazard and bunker, wherever the ball lands, and gives you an accurate view of your next shot. It's so life-like, you can almost smell the green (that's a good thing).

And as you'd expect from any decent golf game, **Links** features

- Tournament play
- Practice mode, Front 9, Back 9
- Instant Replays
- Save player info

But then, **Links** goes far beyond any other golf games to give you in-depth golf features like

- 1 to 6 players (sorry, other games can only handle up to 4)
- Full support of TeeVGolf Club™ for the most accurate, realistic and fun golfing experience available
- Aerial fly-overs of each hole so realistic you may get airsick
- Running stats on how many fish you tag when your ball lands in the water.

Okay, we're just kidding about the last feature.

But as you can see, **Links** for **Sega CD** is the closest thing to perfection when it comes to golf games. So you can bet that if any game comes out with a "Golf Car Donuts On The Fairway" feature in the future, it'll be **Links**.

Virgin

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AEROSMITH; JESSICA RABBIT'S PRIVATES; SKIP SCHOOL WITH THE FLUX DOCTOR'S NOTE; BABEWATCH, AND OTHER THINGS THAT'LL MAKE SENIOR CITIZENS MAD

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First, there was the MTV cartoon. Then the Marvel comic. Now the Via-com video game. Then the FLUX cover. It's never too late to jump on the bandwagon!

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In our never ending efforts to broadening our demographics, FLUX presents a story that even Lex Luthor, the Green Goblin and Magneto can enjoy.



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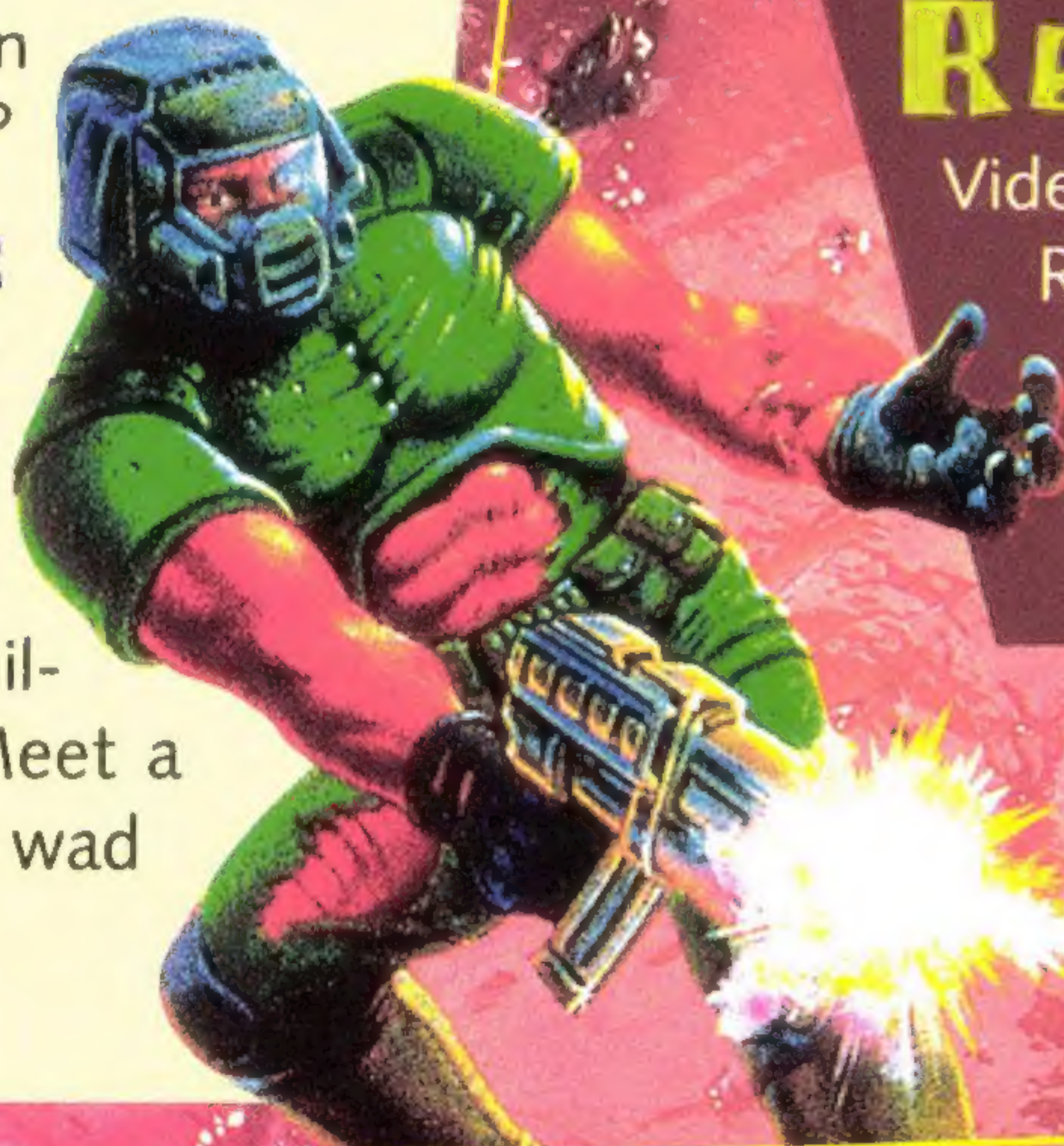
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Pink hearts, yellow moons, green clovers—and a bunch of Irish guys who could kick your ass.

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Avenge Grand Moff Tarkin's death. The inside scoop on LucasArts' latest PC hit.



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Deface public property for fun and profit!

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Do we really have to explain this?

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Forget the X-Men. Screw the Justice League. FLUX picks our own superhero all-star team.

OFFSPRING

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Introducing Greenspring! Er, Offday! Uhh...here's a punk band.

COOLIO

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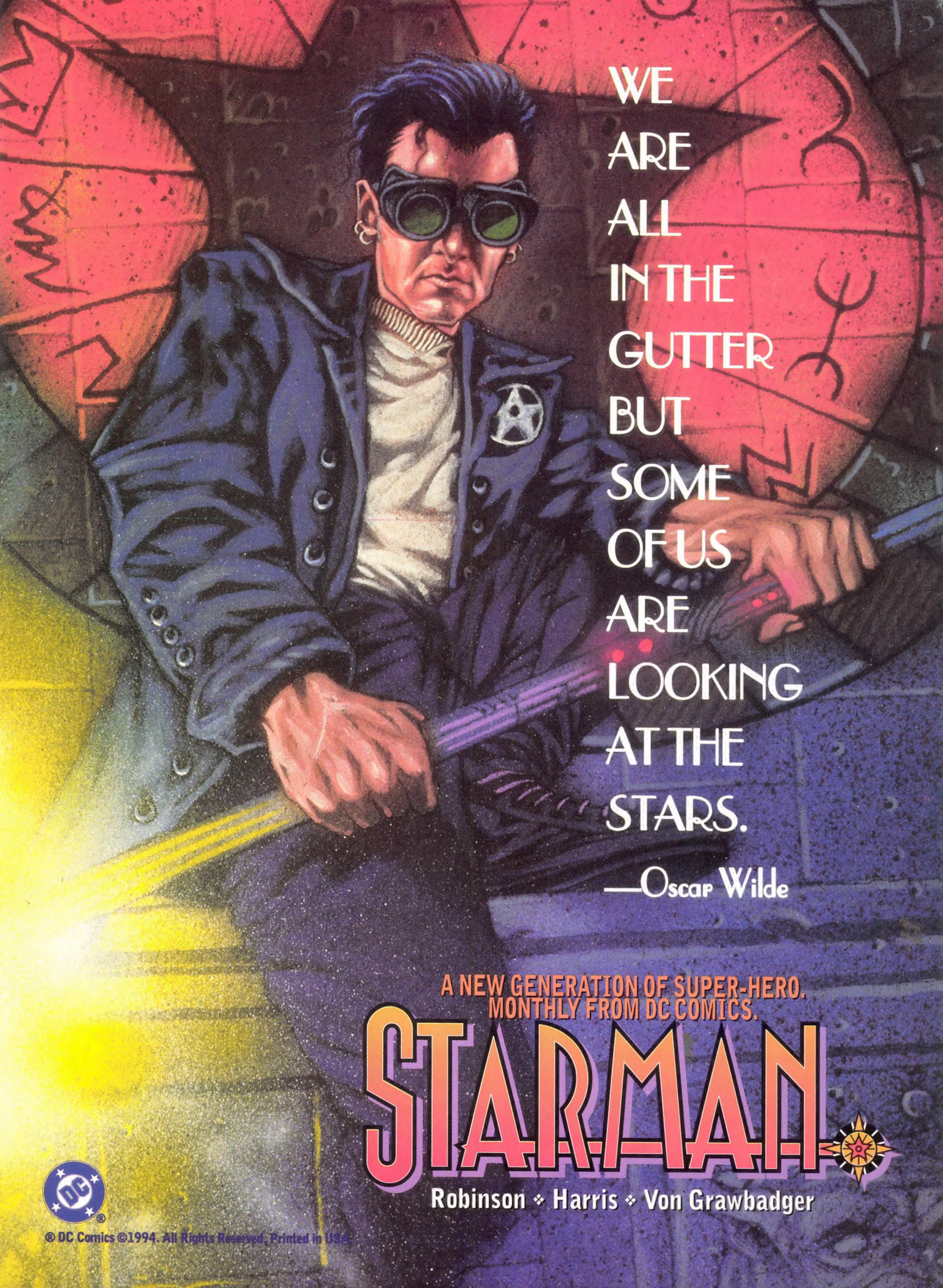
What? Did somebody water this guy's head and turn him toward the light? Rap's newest superstar responds.



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FLUX

A full-page illustration of the Starman character. He is a man with dark hair, wearing a blue trench coat over a white turtleneck, and large, round, green-tinted goggles. He is holding a futuristic, purple and blue weapon. The background is a dark, textured wall with graffiti, including a large red circle with a black cross-like symbol. The lighting is dramatic, with a bright yellow light source on the left.

WE
ARE
ALL
IN THE
GUTTER
BUT
SOME
OF US
ARE
LOOKING
AT THE
STARS.

—Oscar Wilde

A NEW GENERATION OF SUPER-HERO.
MONTHLY FROM DC COMICS.

STARMAN

Robinson ♦ Harris ♦ Von Grawbadger



© DC Comics ©1994. All Rights Reserved. Printed in USA

Have you heard

that some people in our government want to regulate violence in video games? It's not like we've suddenly run out of small nations to invade, MX missiles to build or boat people to turn away. You'd think our honored elected representatives would have better things to do.

Maybe they've forgotten the difference between "fantasy" and "reality." Here's a memory jogger: Every day I attend an asbestos-infested school where I have a serious chance of getting knifed, shot or otherwise assaulted by some deranged

Don't Tread on Me

crackhead—and that's just the teachers. The classes are boring and stupid, and even if I paid attention, I doubt I'd learn anything that might better my chances of finding a job where I wouldn't have to say, "Want fries with that?" Odds are I'll never hit the lottery, get signed to a major record label, or even see a Coors Light girl in real life, let alone get to touch one.

That's reality. Now, here's fantasy: If I press "Forward, Down, Forward + A," I can watch a little electronic guy rip some other electronic guy's head off.

Now, which issue do you think is more deserving of governmental action? Crime? Education? Lack of opportunity? (reality) or Sub-Zero's finishing move (fantasy)? I'll admit that some games (usually the better ones) are a tad ultra-violent, but they're only games.

So to all those Senators who are worried about the quality of my fantasy, thanks for thinking about me. But how about doing something to make my reality a little better? Make it so I don't need a .38 to feel safe in my own neighborhood.

Make teachers take a minimum competency test. Hey, I'd even settle for the phone number of a Coors Light girl.

you'll flip over this cool flip book babe! (start from the back of the magazine)



PUBLISHER

Dennis S. Page

EDITORIAL DIRECTOR

Brad Tolinski

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER

Jonathan Rheingold

DESIGN DIRECTOR

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EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Jeff Kitts

MANAGING EDITOR

Daniel B. Levine

DESIGNER

Don Morris

SENIOR EDITORS

Jeff Yang, Dan Amrich
Chris Golden

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS

John Reynolds, Don Kaye, Tracii McGregor, David Grad, Gary Dauphin, Ula Gehret, Gary Cee, Tom Lanham, Steve Fritz, Jeff Gilbert

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS

Lorinda Sullivan, Harry Heleotis, John Eder, B.J. Papas, Brian Cross, Jez Smith

CONTRIBUTING ILLUSTRATOR

Kevin Henson

DIGITAL COLORING

Steve Marcus

CIRCULATION/MARKETING DIRECTOR

Richard Fogel

SINGLE COPY SALES MANAGER

Richard Ciotta

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR

Roy Mosny

DIGITAL PRE-PRESS

Curt Steyer, Dan Heidedrecht,
Zach Siegal, Peter M. Clemens

ADVERTISING SALES

Meredith Stick

ADVERTISING ASSISTANT

Yoshi Aino

RETAIL SALES

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Harris Publications, Inc.

PRESIDENT

Stanley R. Harris

CHIEF FINANCIAL OFFICER

Warren Sherman

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING OFFICES

1115 Broadway
New York, NY 10010
(212) 807-7100 FAX: (212) 627-4678

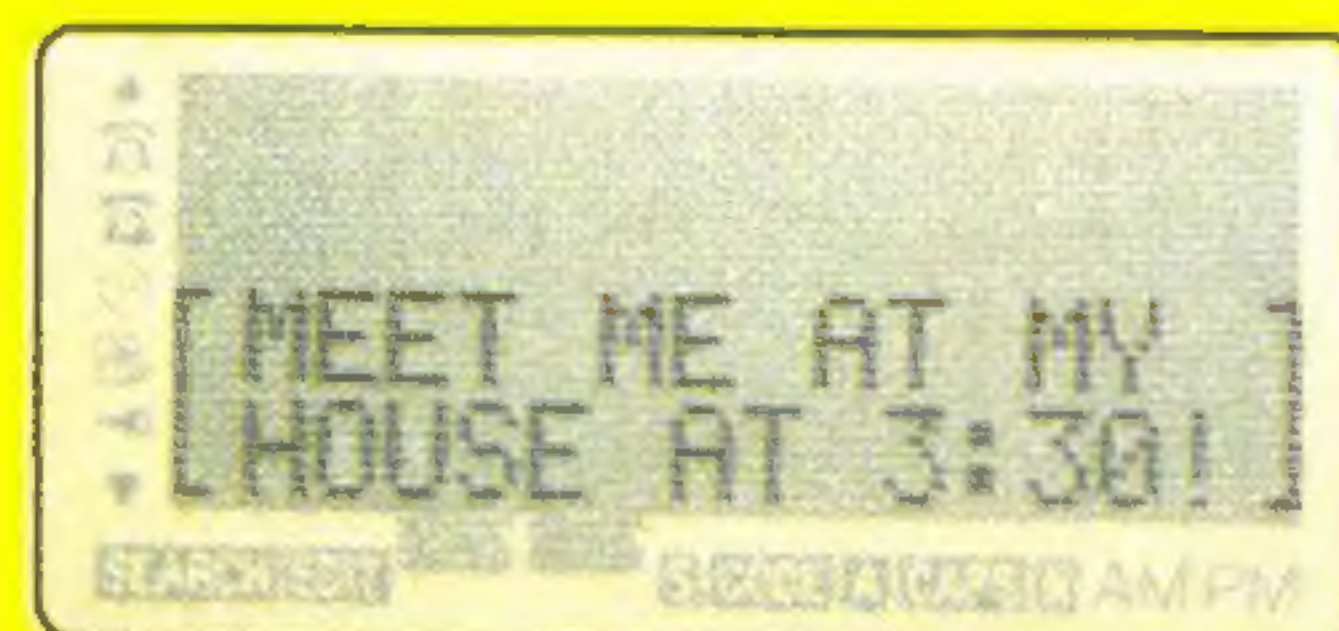
E-MAIL: fluxman@flux.com

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IR 7000
GET THE MESSAGE

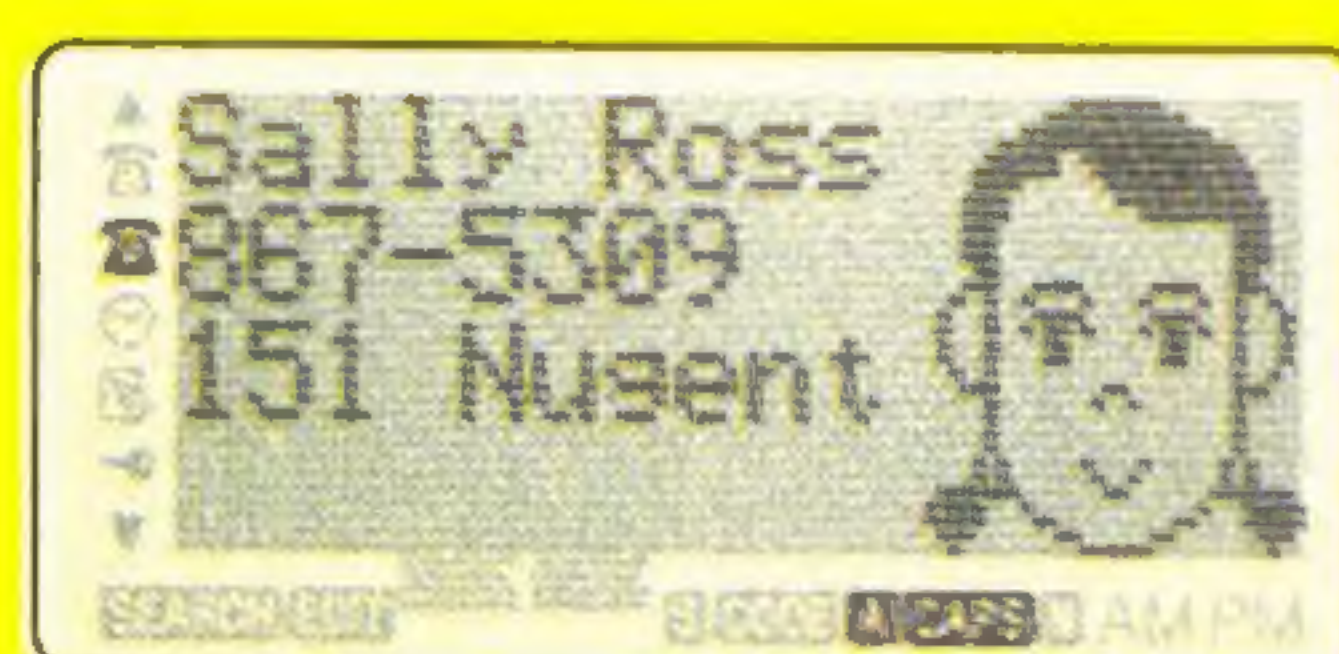
WHISPERING IS
FOR GUTLESS
WEASELS.



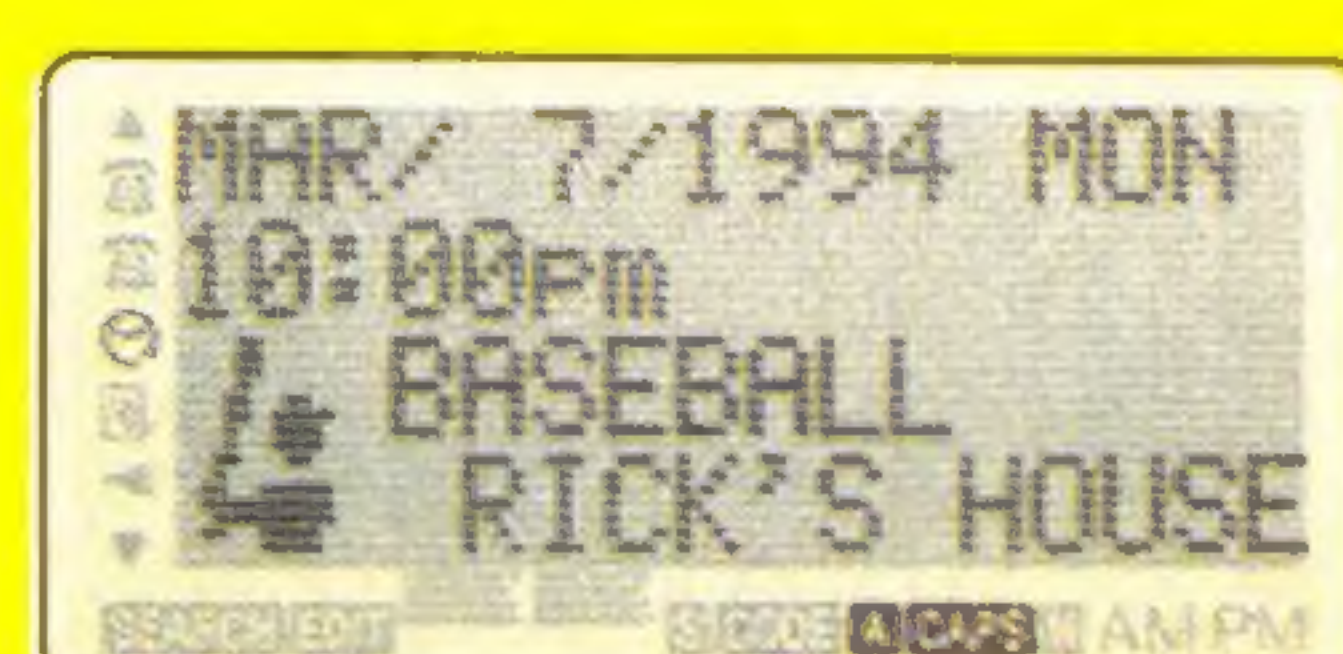
Send messages up to thirty feet away, safe and private-like.



Play the Brain Drain game against the computer, or with a friend.



Record your friends' numbers and create faces to match.



Organize every minute of your day, or at least the important ones.

Whispering's pathetic. Exactly why Sega made the IR 7000, **with fourteen different features**. So you can communicate with your friends in class without making a sound, via its invisible infra-red beam. You can even play a game with someone across the room. Plus, the IR 7000 keeps numbers, addresses, has weekly and monthly calendars, speaks ten languages, and more. So check out Sega's IR 7000. Unless, of course, you like to whisper. Yeah, right.

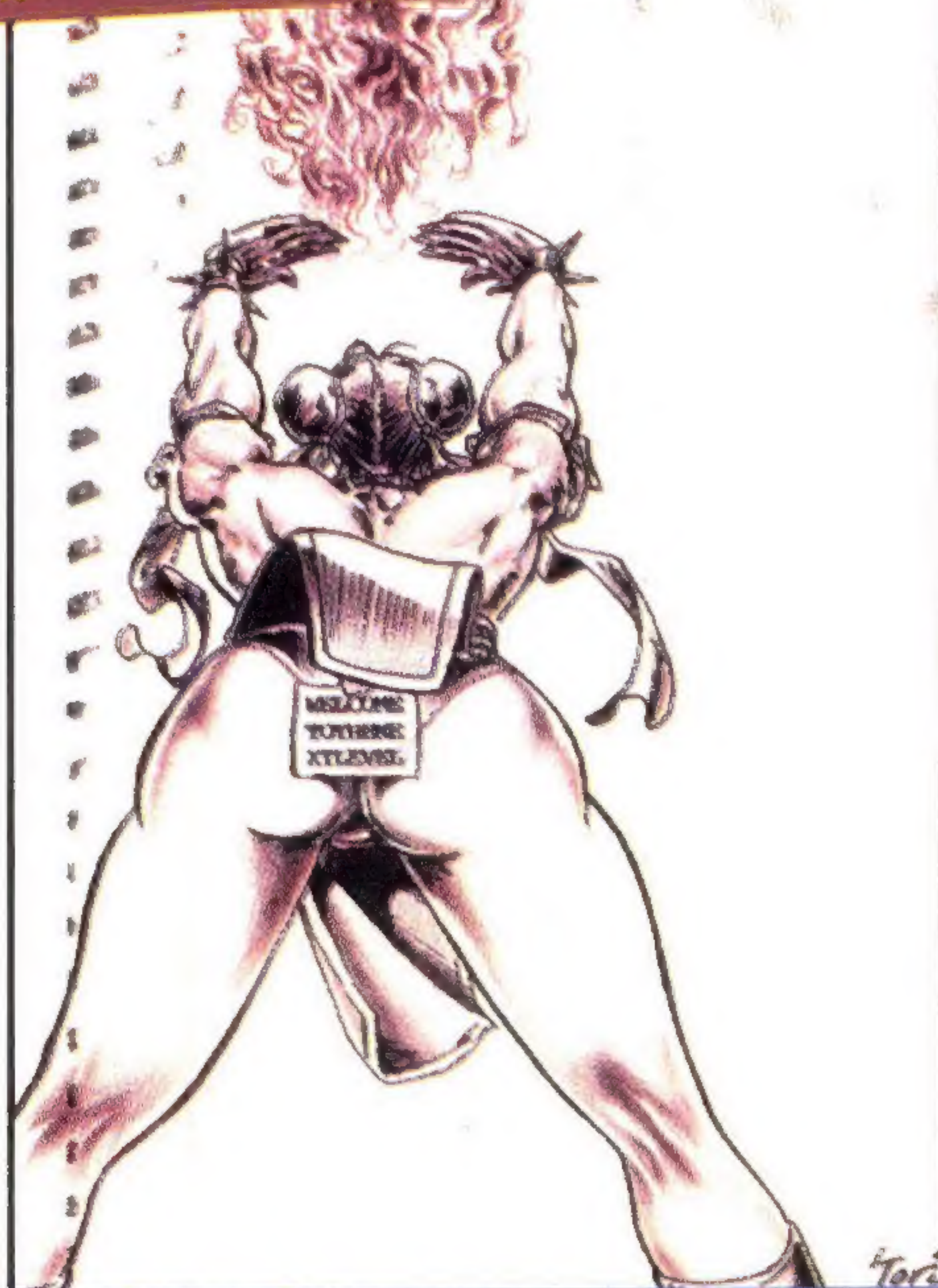
SEGA™

Yo, man, your first issue gave me a total slabbie!
—LEIF

A lot of sucky little wiener heads try to have a so-called killer magazine, but this magazine is not to be compared with others. Thou shalt not buy no other than thy FLUX!
—DEVON BRITTON

My brother is leaning on my shoulder as I write this letter. Please excuse me while I knock him out. Bye.
—SOME MEAN GUY

ENVELOPE ART OF THE MONTH



Dear **"Sirs":**
My 11-year-old son bought your magazine today. In reviewing it, I find it extremely objectionable. You're excessively irresponsible in printing "Never Do This" articles that outline exactly what to do and what the outcome of these vandalous acts will be. I sympathize with the parents of each of the people responsible for this trash. I only wonder how they've stayed out of prison. I am putting my son's copy of this magazine where it belongs—in the garbage. I hope this publication suffers the speedy demise it deserves.

—MARTHA TILTON

P.S. I'm the 11-year-old.

This **"thing"** is crap.

—JEFF TILTON

I liked the Babewatch section, but I can't figure out why you picked that Buck Rogers, hippie flower child, Chia-Pet arm pit hair girl. (Erin Gray).
—GEORGE PIERCE

FLUX is the answer to the prayers of the music-listening, video game-playing, comic book-reading genre of kids that have been overlooked by an adult-ridden Frank Sinatra society.
—JEFFREY ZILAHY

It's nice to see that Sir Mix-A-Lot and I have the same taste in butts.
—NOE PALACIOS

FLUX kicks Wizard and Hero's asses all over the damn place.
—TREVOR MCCARTHY

FLUX kicks ass!
—437 PEOPLE

Monsters, blood, gore and death are not just for guys anymore.
—SCARRIE

I wish I had the "10 Commandments Of Arcade Etiquette" story sooner. I was in an arcade recently playing Street Fighter II as Ken, when some kid comes in and picks Guile and starts doing all these cheap moves, like handcuffs and invisible throws. On the last

YOU'RE The EDITOR:

All FLUX needs now are Harleys, murderers and naked chicks!

—DENNY ELLIS

Ya know what would be cool? If I had a section in FLUX. That would be cool.

—BRYAN ANDERSON

FLUX is the coolest magazine I've ever purchased. It combines three of five favorite hobbies: music, comics and video games. The other two are cool shirts and women.

—JASON

P.S. Believe it or not, I enjoyed this magazine also.
—JASON'S MOM

FLUX is the most incredible magazine I've ever seen. Now, if it only had stuff on off-road 4X4 trucks and some cool pictures of rad chicks in bathing suits!

—ART SERNA

FLUX is cool, but don't start putting in any stuff about sports because then it would suck.

—CHRIS ALDRIDGE

FLUX should do an article about anarchy. That would really kick ass.

—ANDY FALBOWSKI

It would be cool if you put more of us girls in your mag or else it'll be another one of

I hope FLUX stays in print until I

Thanks for an honest, well-produced magazine that wasn't afraid to label crap as crap, and gold as gold.
—BROCK JONES

I'd like to start off by saying...never mind, I'm speechless.
—COREY GREINER

GET a CLUE

Since I sent you a letter, maybe you could give me something free. I could show it around and give FLUX free publicity.

—RUSSELL LOWGLE

I've got an issue of FLUX and I think it's fly—send me some free comics or anything else that's free and I'll know you're cool.

—HANK PHARR



What's the deal with your hang up about fashion? I think the whole fashion industry is bogus, but that doesn't mean I don't care what I wear.

—KEVIN GRANT

FLUX: The most bang-for-your-buck you can have with your clothes on.

—TY BACHUG

IMPORTANT READER TIP:

Did you know that, in *Mortal Kombat* (Genesis), when you do Liu Kang's fatality from across the screen, then walk up to the guy, knee him in the crotch and walk over him, it looks like he's masturbating?

—PHILLIP KINDINIS

match, I nearly got a perfect on him and just before I delivered the final blow he does the code to reset the machine, making me lose my all time high score and my quarter. The idiot just stood there with a cocky look on his face, then BAAAMMM! I punched him right in the nose, knocking him—and the machine—over. I know it's just

those sucky guy mags that I read when I'm on the can and flush down the john cuz it resembles a nut-filled turd.

—ERI

There's only one bad thing about FLUX, and that's its bad taste in music.

—PHIL TODD

Please keep that oh-so-depressing Henry "I'm a deep guy" Rollins out of FLUX. He doesn't deserve

half the attention he so desperately needs. However, if you do decide to put him in, please give him a good thrashing.

—JOE SWEENEY

WE COULDN'T AGREE MORE

I would like to point out that the use of curse words does not make your magazine any better.

—JASON MILLER

After re-reading the debut issue of FLUX, I started noticing the use of bad words. I really enjoyed them.

—DAVID OLIVER

- ~~THE~~ TRUST ME WE ARE NOT RETARDED, JUST A LITTLE OF THE WALLRUSSES. WE LIKE (and like) your.
- MAKE A WE, FLUX. YOU SHOULD HAVE CALLED IT COMBISIES SPEAK OUT. OUR COMMENTS ARE DO SOME STUFF

- STUFF ON PUNGET STUFF (They are from that Fearor! Don't ya)
- HATE IT WHEN THE BLOOD COAGULATES Before u CAN WIFE IT OUT?? DO SOME STUFF ON DEAD
- CAN DANCE.

DO A DEAD PERSON
KIN WE DO
A COLUMN? PLEASE
COME ON 'Aww,
PLEASE? IT WOULD
BE KILL 'EMSELF!
MY HAND
HURT

we Never Run out
of Things to DO. R.
have a run Out
of. Let's not act of let
their members do what
We ARE Serious
We'll send a
Picture of ourselves

ON BUNDS LIKE:
TYPE O NEGATIVE,
TORI AMOS (she is
SO BEAUTIFUL),
DIAMANDA GILAS,
AND US. (see CARD
ENCLOS'D). HOW
FUN WE GET "AMBIEN"
CARDZ? OH Man, my
Favorite Complaint just
imposed its id. tell you
TO DO SOME

DO ANY REDHEADS
WORK FOR FELX?
SEND US PICTURES
of off (Amputable), like
TO MY HOUSE UNT
DO A STORY ON US
(not, not on us, but about
us.) Anyway, Send us
A FREE
SUBSCRIPTION
or something

5000
 OUR 1ST (CUT)
 COLUMN COULD
 BEE ON THE
 SHORLAGE OF DELEGATES
 (the guys who hit school
 with sticks.)
 oops
 IN NORTH AMERICA
 BLOOD PAPER... oh
 was weird, I found it.
 WE ARE EXTRAORDINARY
 (this is true, in a Red Lane way)

Play Stick out
Alright
Passing in my mind.
Hello! AND HO. Cant
too hard, you may keep you
better.

STOP
LOOKING
AT
ME

I love Cliff likes
 us. (he text us
 at 10:15) It will be
 show him this letter
 it is good because
 it is my message.

I will only be in the house 48 hours
 but I will be there for 2015.

I will be able to
 see you all in
 2015.

OK Coop, I
want OR) OR
WE CAN CALL IT
ZOMBIES (Cont. Update)
ABSOLUTELY FREE OF
CHARGE.
GLEN BENTON FROM
DECIDUE (100 story)
needs more time
to speak his
mind.

ANYway.

BYE

Love,

Diana Brown
Cousin AS
Chadwick
Dad + Mom
(and Poppy)

Todd Feltz
& Family
Uncle
Christine
Aunt Patricia
Don't forget
not many!

P.S. We Really love
2 Do a column (well
not DO a column, write
your one w/ you) better

—"KEN" PETERSON

—MIKE RADCLIFFE

Thanks for the fake I.D.

—CHRIS LANG

Your magazine rules!

—392 PEOPLE

A SOUNDTRACK
FOR AN OLIVER STONE FILM

LEONARD COHEN,

L7,

DR. DRE,

PATTI SMITH,

COWBOY JUNKIES

BOB DYLAN,

JANE'S ADDICTION,

PETER GABRIEL,

DIAMANDA GALAS,

LARD...

AND NEW MATERIAL FROM

NINE INCH NAILS

AND THA DOGG POUND

nothing



THE ATLANT GROUP

© 1994 warner bros productions ltd., monarchy enterprises c.v.
interscope records, manufactured and distributed
by atlantic recording corp. 92460

STREET

STUFF THAT DOESN'T SUCK



SEEING Red



SPIDEY, VENOM AND CARNAGE BUTT HEADS IN NEW VIDEO GAME

carts let players choose to play as either Spider-Man or Venom. Each character follows a different storyline on his way to the big bad showdown with ultravillain Carnage. Black Cat, Captain America and other Marvel Universe residents make cameo appearances throughout the adventure. The game also features an original song by Green Jellö, the aptly titled bad-guy-cheering "Carnage Rules," with charming lyrics like "No matter what your size/crushes spiders like flies." Early versions of the cart will be encased in red plastic; judging by the rock-'em, sock 'em action, this game is also quite red on the inside.

WHAT'S VIOLENT, JELLY-FILLED AND RED ALL OVER?

Acclaim's new Maximum Carnage cart, that's what. Based on the 14-issue Marvel Comics mini-series, the SNES and Genesis

—DAN AMRICH



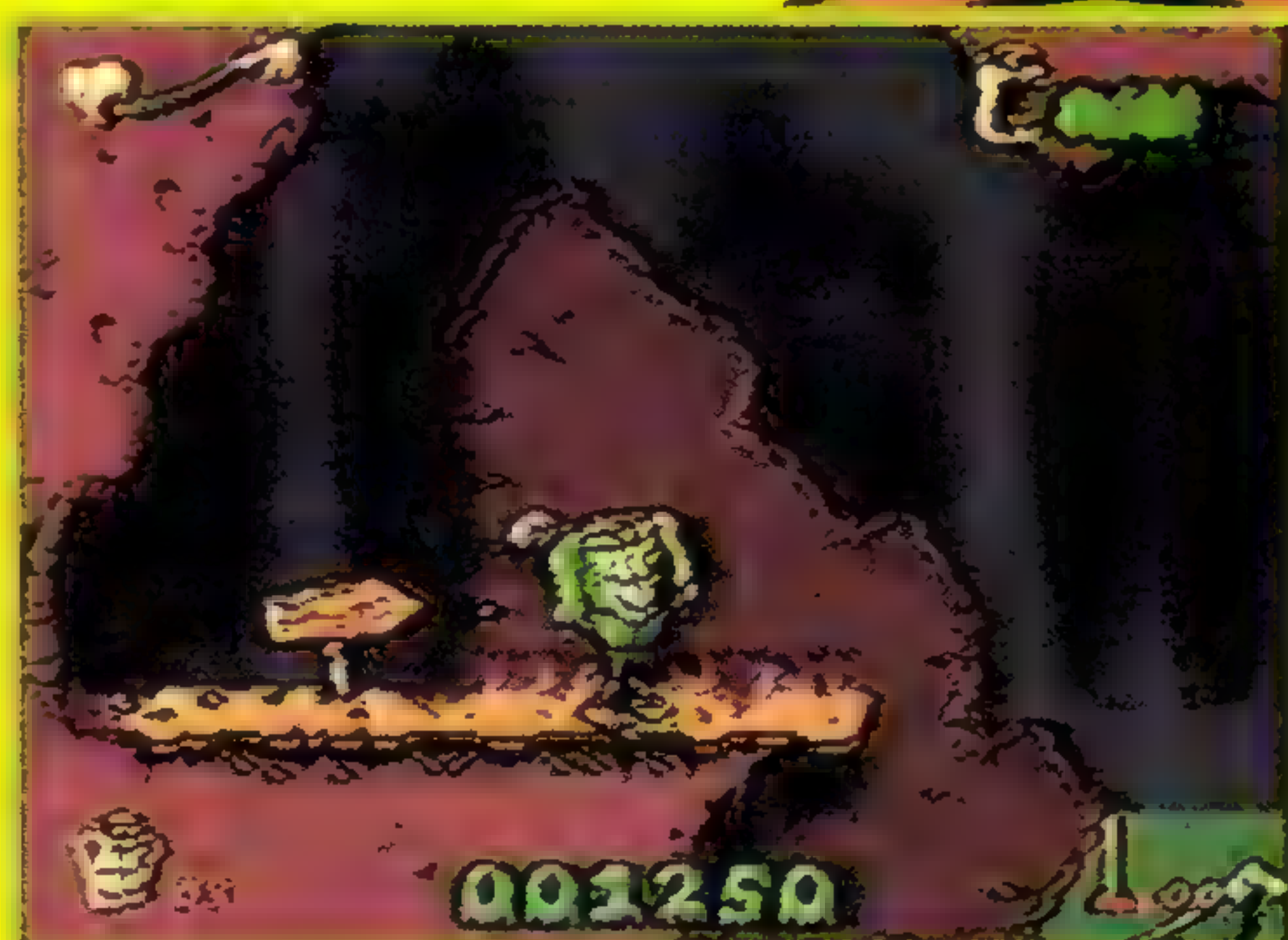
Don'T ever do This:



For goodness sakes, when you're visiting a rival school—for a sports trip or S.A.T.'s or whatever—never go the bathroom and take a whiz on the radiator. It'll take them years to get the smell out.

KEVIN HENSON

It's SNOT Easy Being GREEN



HE'S PUDGY: HE'S GREEN: HE BLOWS.

His nose, that is—and picks it, too. And if you're lucky, he'll even eat what he digs out.

He's Boogerman, the namesake of Interplay's first exclusive Genesis title, and if video game blood bothers your parents, wait 'til they get a load of this.



In his quest to rid the earth of waste, our unsanitary hero travels through over 20 levels of sticky situations, including colorful locales like Mucous Mountain, Flatulent Swamps and the Pus Palace. Along the way, Boogerman farts, belches and flicks boogers at the Nose Goblins—and it's all displayed at up to 30 hand-drawn, snot-filled frames a second. Talk about fluid animation.

It's completely and utterly disgusting. You'll love it.

—DAN AMRICH

BABEWATCH



Debbie Dunning (*Home Improvement's Tool Girl*)
photo: courtesy ABC-TV



Lady Death
(TM & © 1994 Chaos Comics)



Nekkid chick from Designer Imposters (Parfums de Cœur) TV commercial

STARTING

High-Tech Toys in the Attic

Never mind Janie, now it's **AEROSMITH** who's got a gun—take aim with their new coin-op shoot 'em up, **Revolution X**.

AFTER A COUPLA DECADES AS ROCK N' ROLL STREET PUNKS,

Aerosmith recently evolved into a higher form of life: rock n' roll cyberpunks. For starters, the lewd n' crude Bostonians gave CompuServe subscribers the opportunity to download an unreleased Aerosmith track called "Head First." Then, titanic Tyler and Co. included their video for "Cryin'" on a new PC CD-ROM game from Jasmine Multimedia called *Vid Grid*, which also features videos from Soundgarden, Metallica and Guns N' Roses.

If that wasn't enough for these aging (but never unhip) rockers, the group is also currently starring in its very own arcade game—the hot new deluxe coin-op from Midway entitled *Revolution X*.

Step up to the giant upright *Revolution X* console and grab hold of futuristic-lookin' gun. Sink in a few quarters and get ready to start popping anything that moves. Your mission: to rescue the Aerosmith band members, who have been kidnapped by New Order Nation terrorists. The search for Steven Tyler's deadly lips takes you from Japan to the Middle East to the Amazon Jungle. Along the way, four Aerosmith songs—"Sweet Emotion," "Eat The Rich," "Walk This Way," and "Toys In The Attic"—taunt you from the soundtrack.

What's next for this tireless, tech-minded outfit? Who knows—in a few years, we may have the chance to slug it out one-on-one with a virtual-reality Joe Perry, or sing along with a hologram Tyler in the family living room.

For now, however, you'll have to settle for saving the Aero boys from gruesome deaths in *Revolution X*.

—TOM LANHAM



Rev X Tips & Tactics

- Most of the objects in the game can be shot for bonus points or powerups. The treetops at the beginning of the game are worth 5,000 points apiece; the flying rolls of toilet paper in the club bathroom are 10,000 each.
- If you want to get the game's complete ending, you must rescue all five members of Aerosmith. You'll find the first one, Tom Hamilton, taking a leak in the bathroom of Club X. If, on the roof of Club X, you go right, he'll be in the bathroom to the right; if you head left, he'll be in the left one.
- When you enter the Club, there will be three ticket windows in the background. A NON Boy will pop up behind each window and shoot at you. Shoot them through the bottom half of the window. They will burst through the top half of the window and break the glass, giving you 25,000 points, instead of a meager 500.
- To handle the giant insect that chases you out of NON HQ, lead him all the way back to the entrance, then shoot the left and right supports of the bridge he's standing on.
- By the way, Kerri Hoskins, one of those babe-a-licious *NBA Jam* cheerleaders, plays both Helga and the Club X cage dancers.

—DAN AMRICH & ERIC HOLMA



Rev X's bad girl Kerri Hoskins get a grip on Aerosmith's Steven Tyler.

Don't ever do this



Super Soakers are great fun, but never fill them with anything but pure water. If you were to use, say, *Kool-Aid*, it might attract thousands of biting insects to anyone you sprayed. And we wouldn't want that, would we?

KEVIN HENSON

Skip Class With the FLUX Doctor's Note®

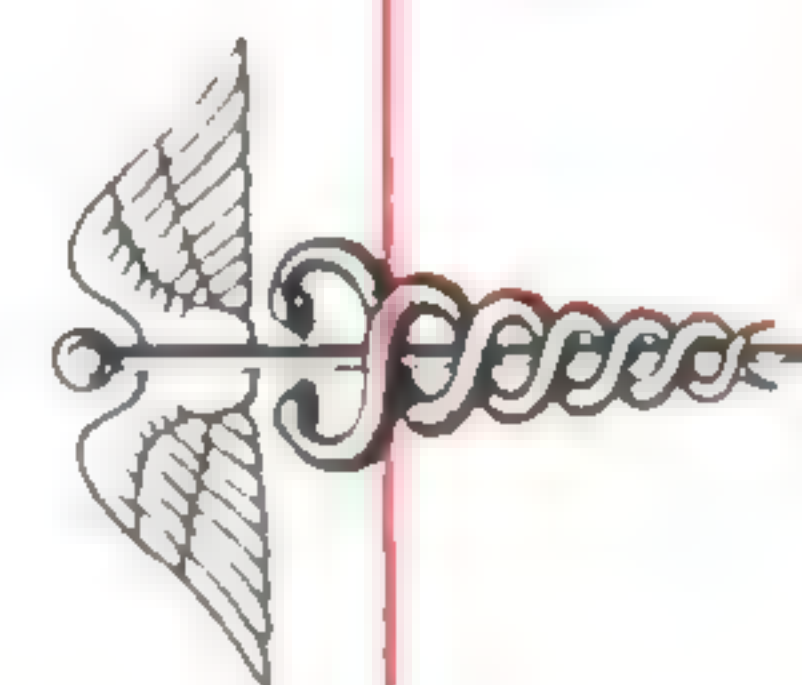
Ugg! It's only September and you're already sick of school. You need a break! Introducing the FLUX Doctor's Note®, a sure-fire way of adding an unscheduled holiday to your school calendar. Cut it out, fill it out, give it to a friend to hand in! Now you can go home, play video games, watch overweight transvestite mud wrestlers on Oprah—even prank-call your teachers at school! **TURN PAGE FOR DIRECTIONS** →

DR. ERNEST JACOBSEN, M.D.

197 1/2 North Road • Suite Three

657-9083

E A R , N O S E & T H R O A T S P E C I A L I S T



SICKO

...TALES FROM THE DARK SIDE OF THE BRAIN... © R. PARKER



continued

THE FLUX DOCTOR'S NOTE® DIRECTIONS

STEP ONE: Cut out the FLUX Doctor's Note®.

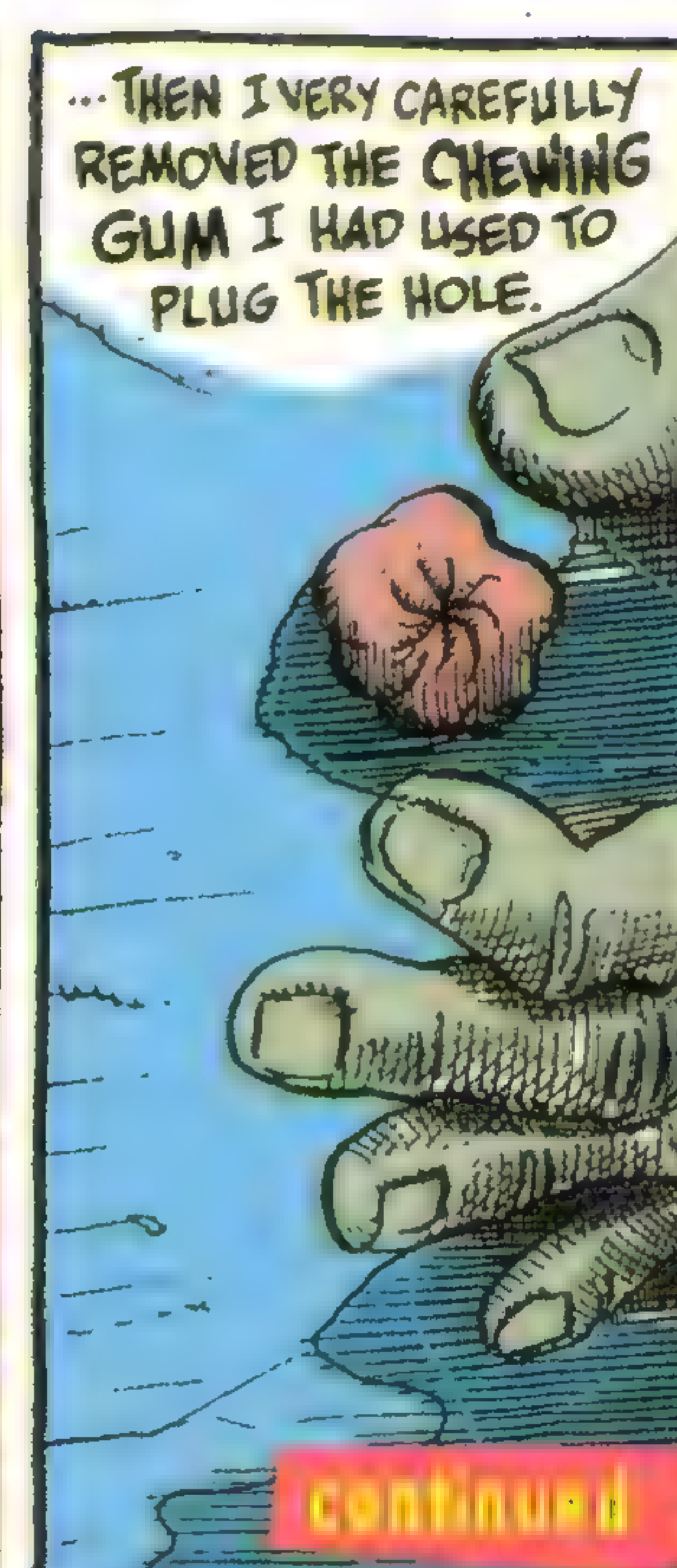
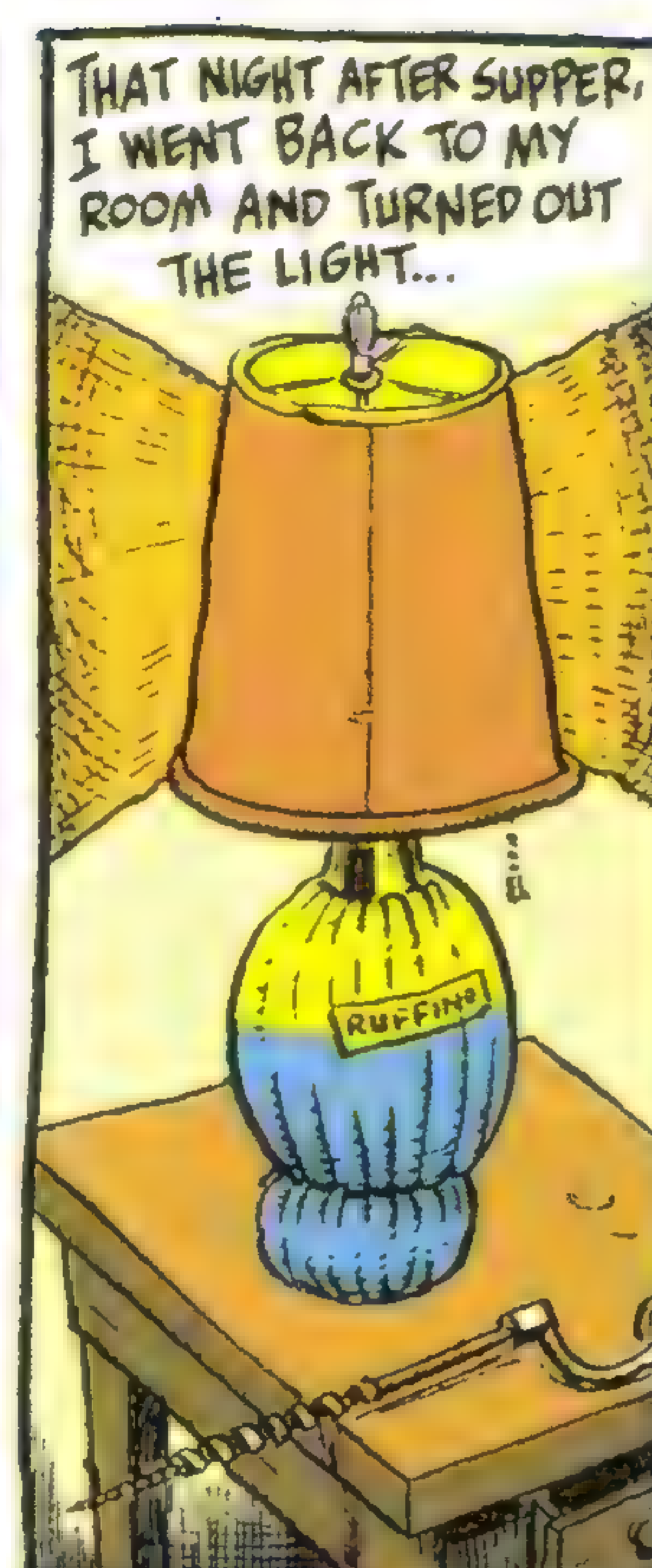
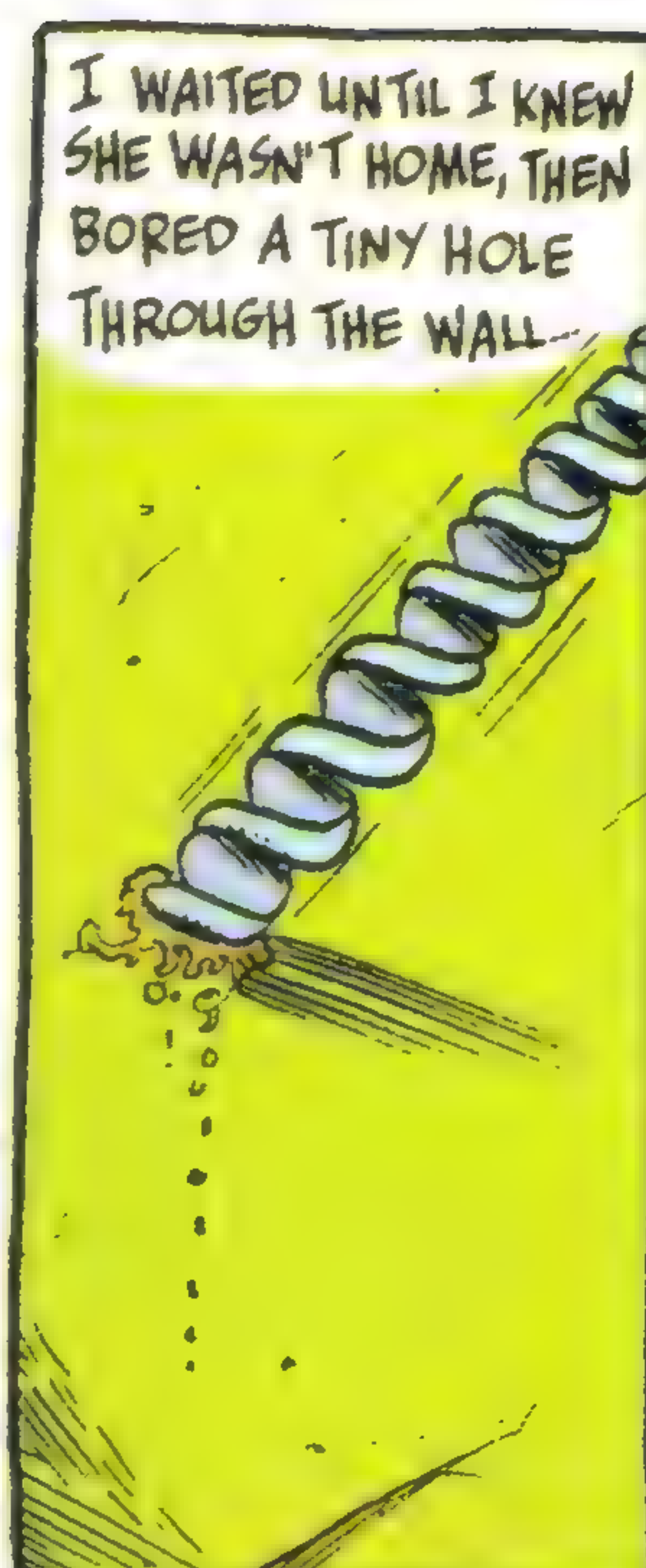
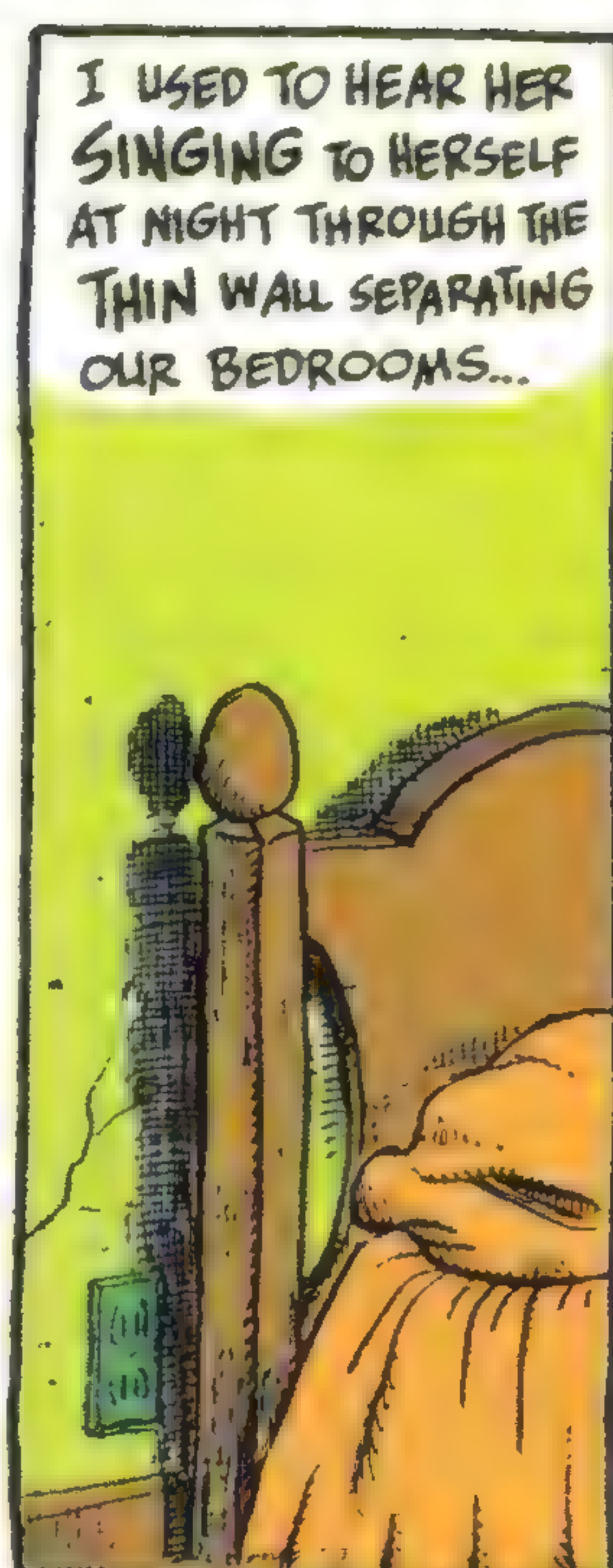
STEP TWO: Choose your disease from the list at right.

STEP THREE: Get a friend to write (tell him/her to be as messy as possible). "Due to a (slight/severe) case of (your disease), (your name) will be absent from class for the rest of the week." If you have to write it yourself, use your left hand if you're right handed, or vice versa.

STEP FOUR: Give the FLUX Doctor's Note® to a trusted friend to hand in.

STEP FIVE: Sleep late the next day!

DISEASE	SYMPTOM
Laryngitis	can't talk
Sinusitis	snot nose
Pharyngitis	sore throat
Tracheobronchitis	coughing
Otitis Externa	earache
Gastroenteritis	the shits
Salmonella	really bad shits



continued

LIST THE FIVE MOST DESPICABLE LOW LIVES YOU CAN THINK OF:

① _____

② _____

③ _____

④ _____

⑤ _____

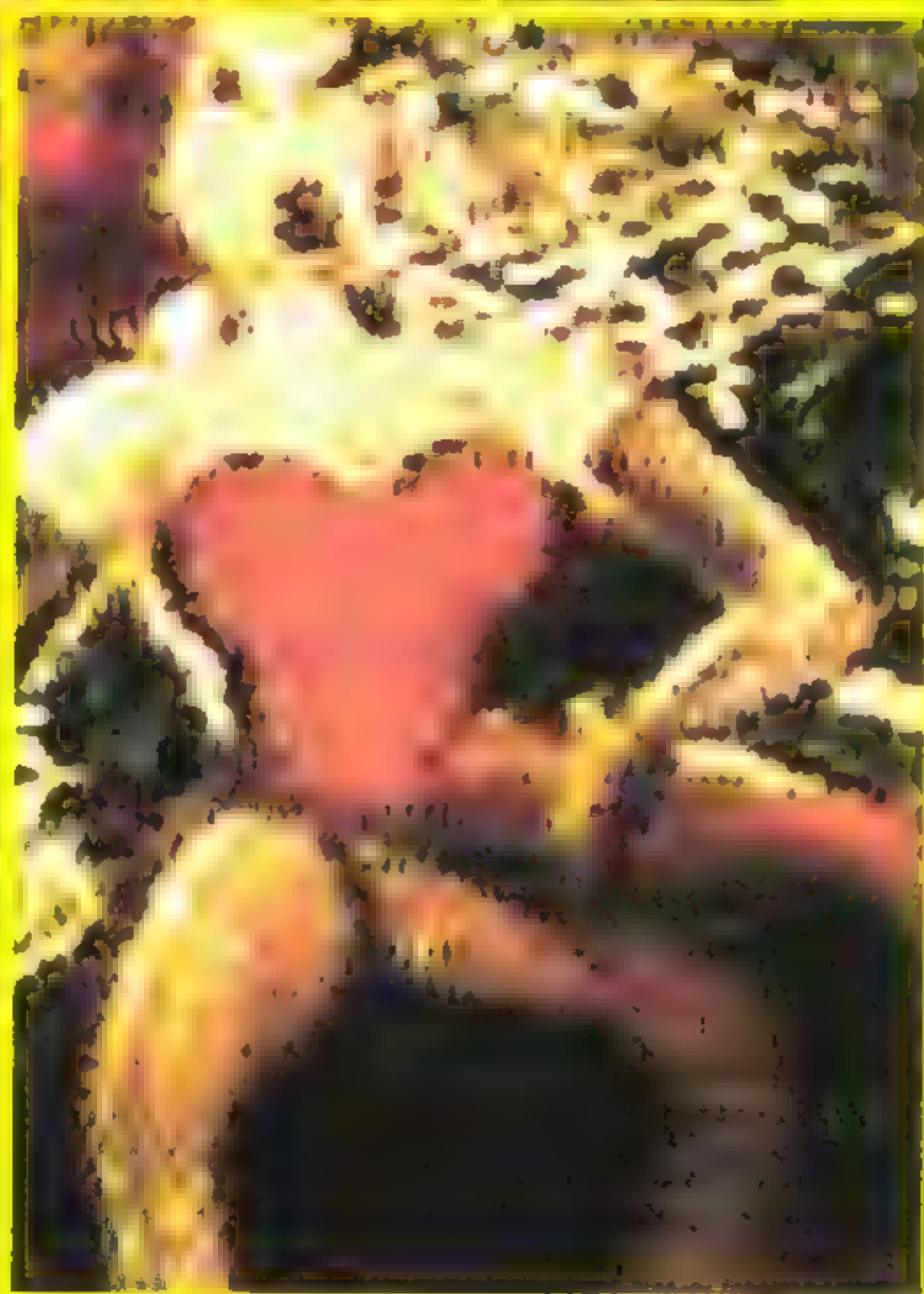
NOW SAY A PRAYER FOR THEM

**SHAQ-FU. YOU'LL GET YOURS
OCTOBER 28**

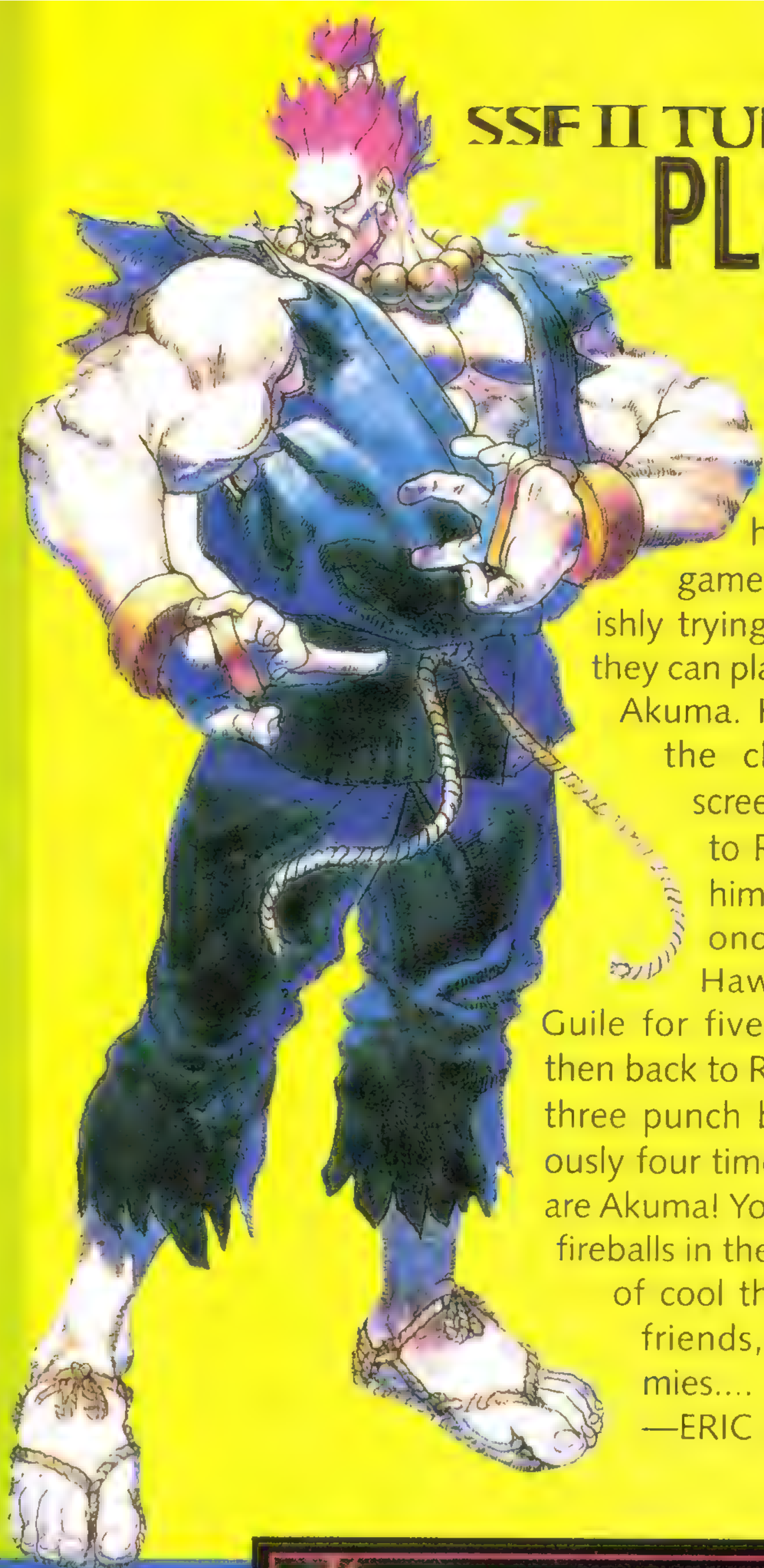


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PUBIC HARE



Earlier this year, animation fans and perverts alike stormed video stores, desperately trying to get their sweaty palms on a laserdisc copy of Disney's *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*? Word had it that if you froze the disc at the exact right spot, you'd find a scene where Jessica, Roger's top-heavy wife, was supposedly pictured without her bottom—or sans undies, to be exact. Disney denied being caught with its pants down, claiming human error for the missing underwear. Yeah, right. As a public (pubic?) service, FLUX now provides you with that questionable frame which sent laserdisc sales of *Roger Rabbit* (and male testosterone levels) soaring: side 4, frame #02170. There's not a whole lot to see, but it sure is fun looking. —DAN AMRICH



SSF II TURBO: PLAY as AKUMA!

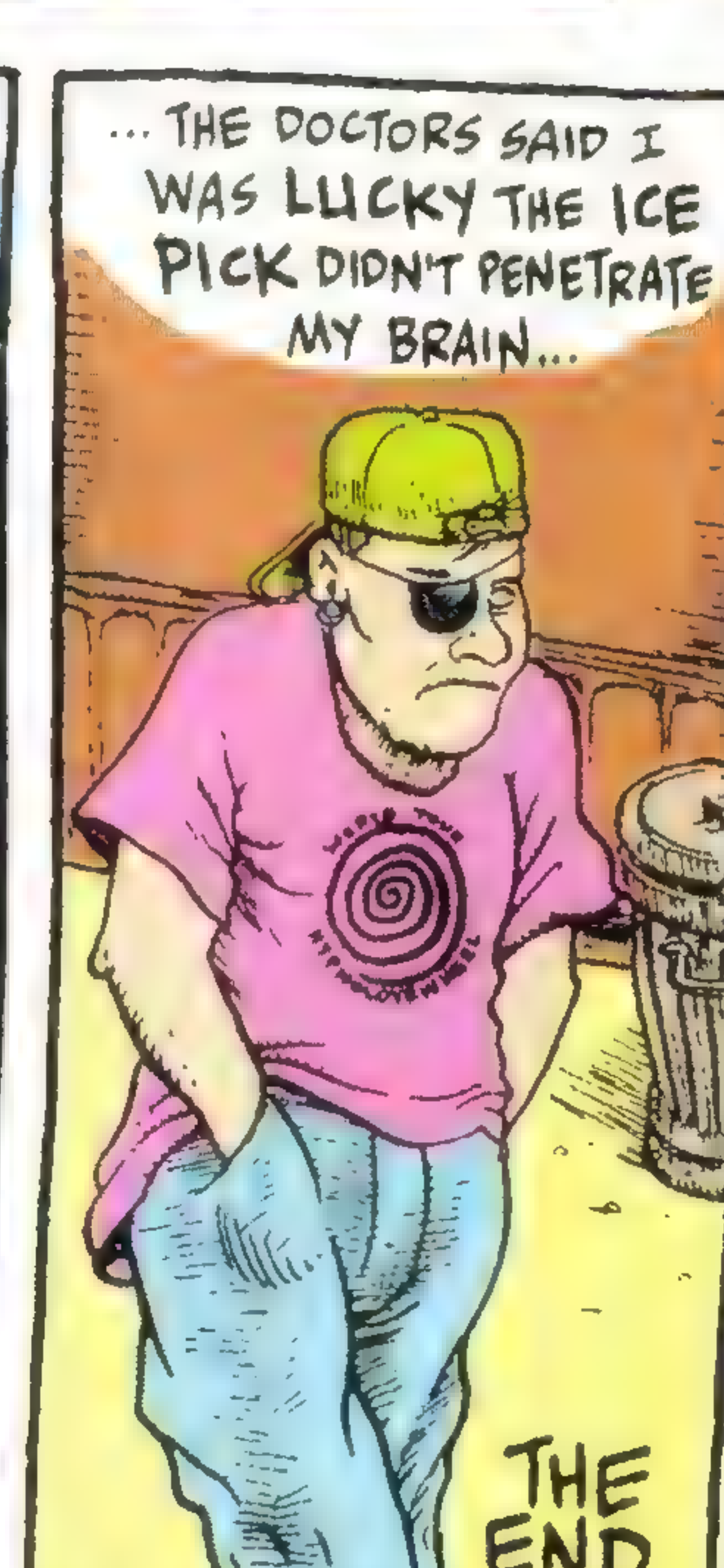
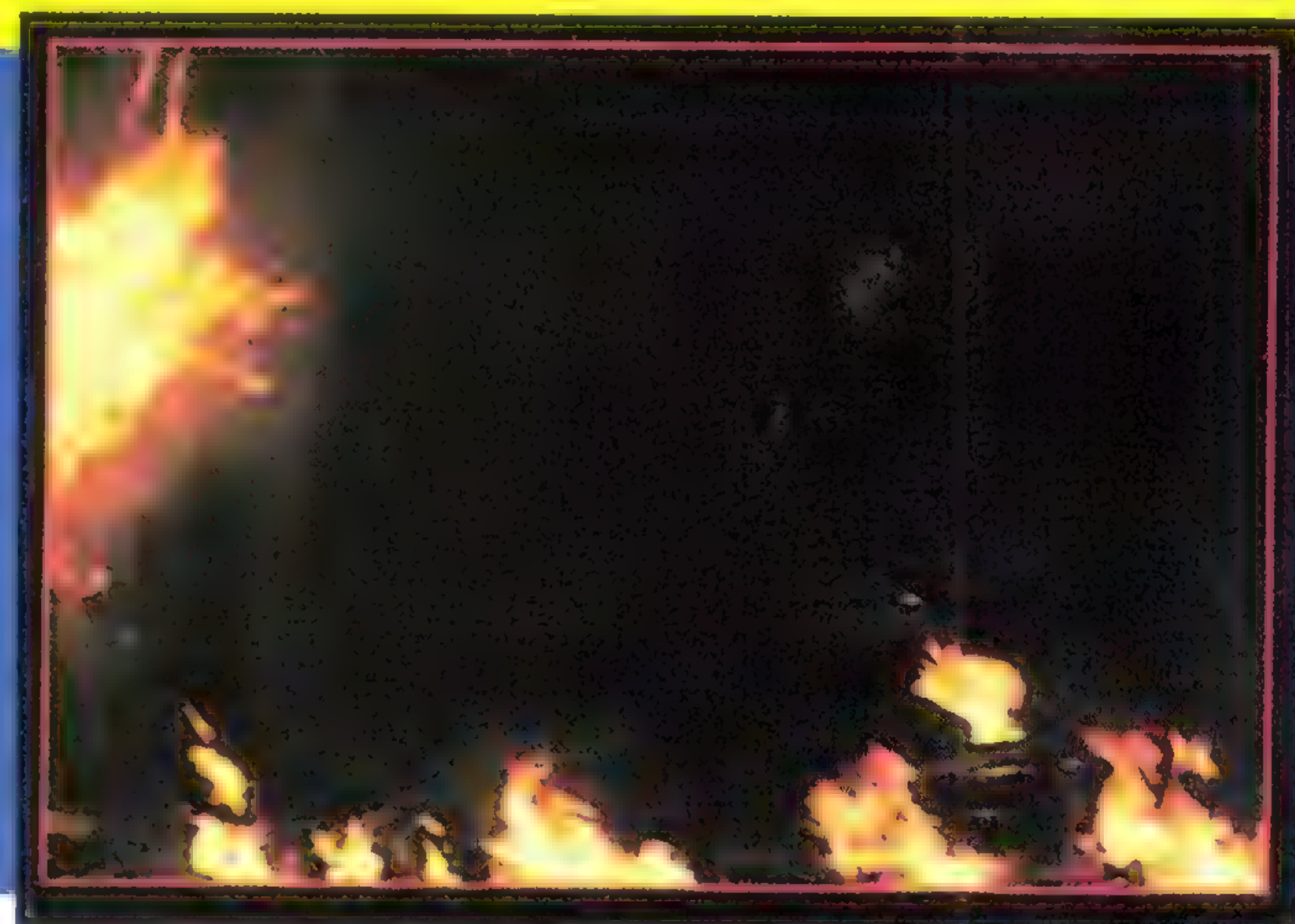
Ever since *Super Street Fighter II Turbo* (Capcom) hit the arcades, gamers have been feverishly trying to figure out how they can play as the secret boss Akuma. Here's the trick: At the character selection screen, move the cursor to Ryu and leave it on him for about five seconds. Then go to T. Hawk for five more, Guile for five, Cammy for five, then back to Ryu. Hit start and all three punch buttons simultaneously four times, and wham! You are Akuma! You can throw sinking fireballs in the air and do all sorts of cool things. Impress your friends, whip your enemies....

—ERIC HOLMA

BOGUS CARD OF THE MONTH

#46: THE CROW (Kitchen Sink Press)

In this card, entitled "J. O'Barr Cameo," we're treated to a scene of *The Crow* comic book creator James O'Barr making a cameo appearance in the Brandon Lee movie of the same name. What? You don't see him lurking in the background? Maybe that's because, aside from the burning fires in the foreground, this bogus card is almost completely black! Nice try....



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ENTERTAINMENT

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For Super Nintendo®



SG & SN PROPADS

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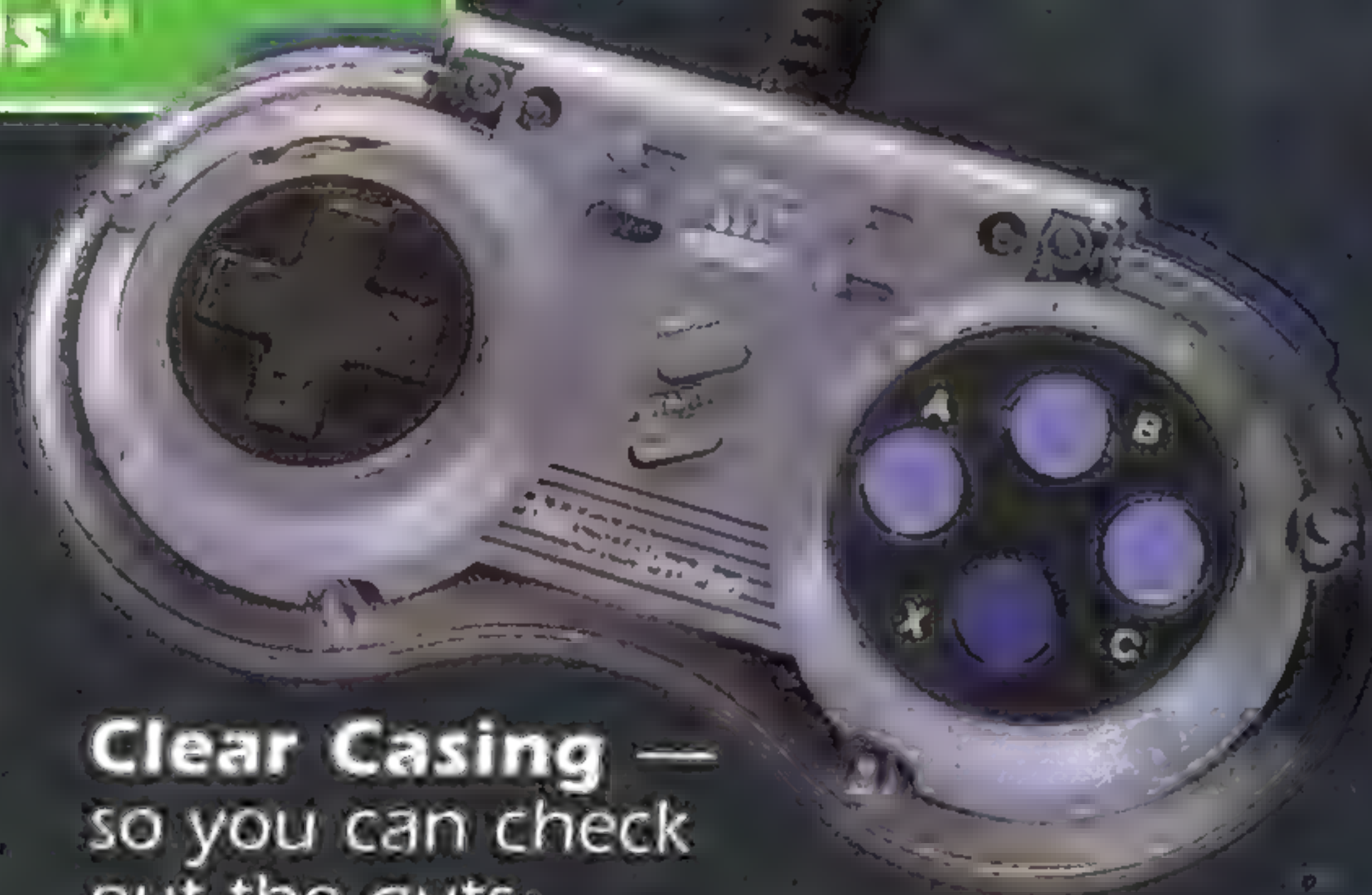
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What the hell is this crap?

BEAVIS &

THIS GAME
RULES,

FARTKNOCKER



FLUX investigates the new BUTT-HEAD VIDEO GAME.

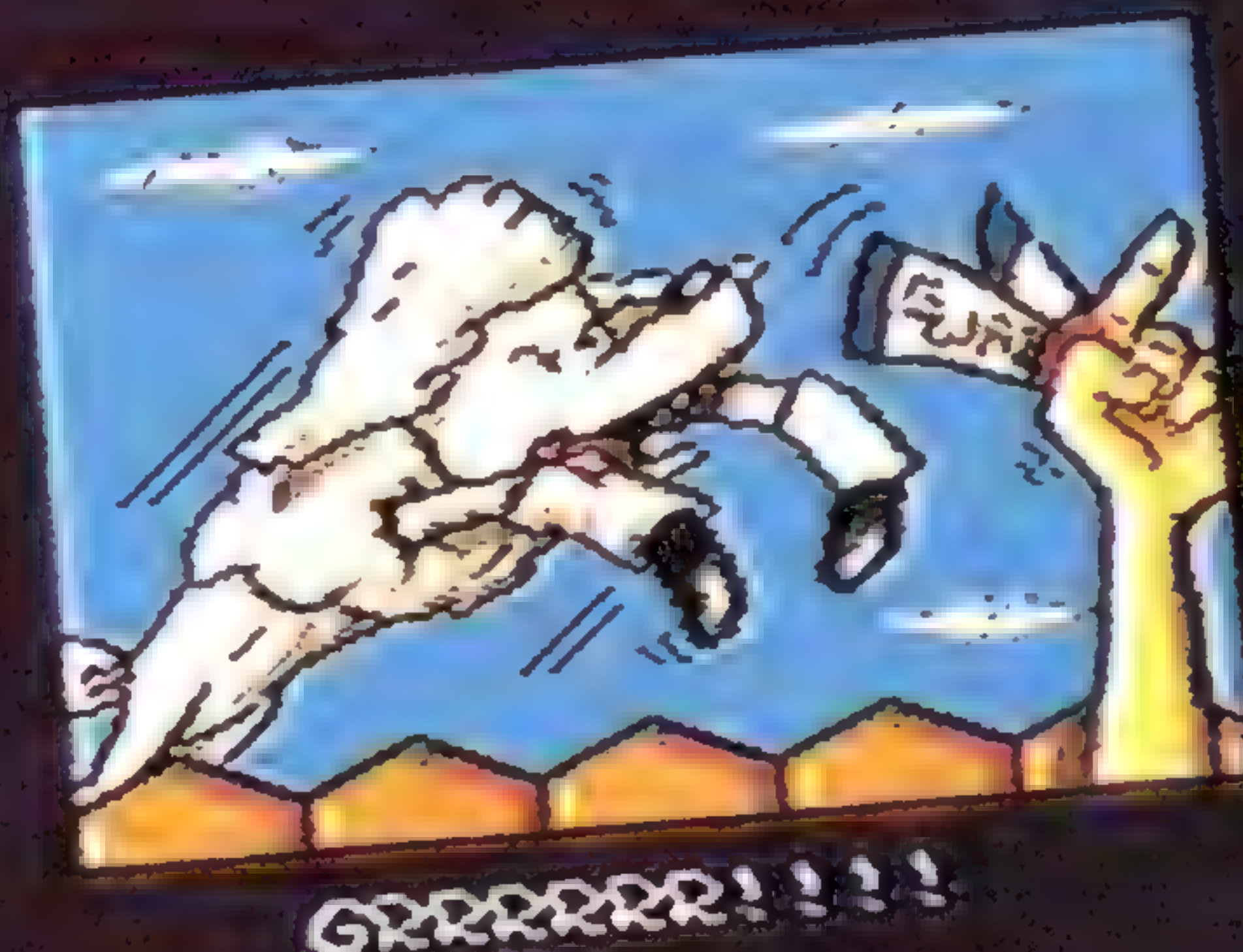
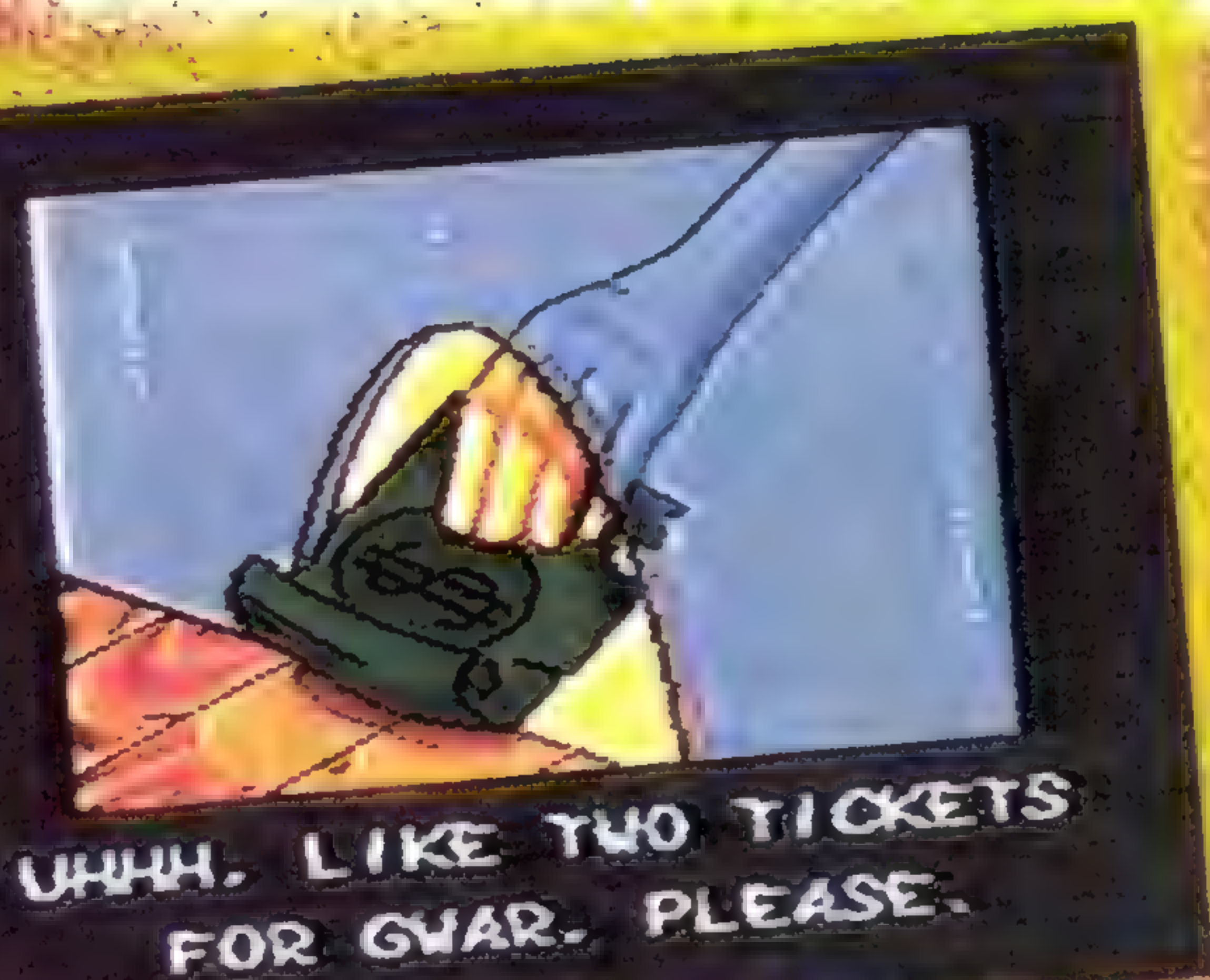
Game fans, prepare yourselves: MTV's terrible twosome are coming to SNES and Genesis platforms in October. Our slacker heroes are

on a quest: to locate scattered pieces of two shredded GVAR concert tickets so they can get into the gig. Their epic mission takes them to many areas familiar from the TV show, including Burger World, Highland High, Mr. Anderson's yard, the Starlight Drive-In, the Turbo Mall 2000

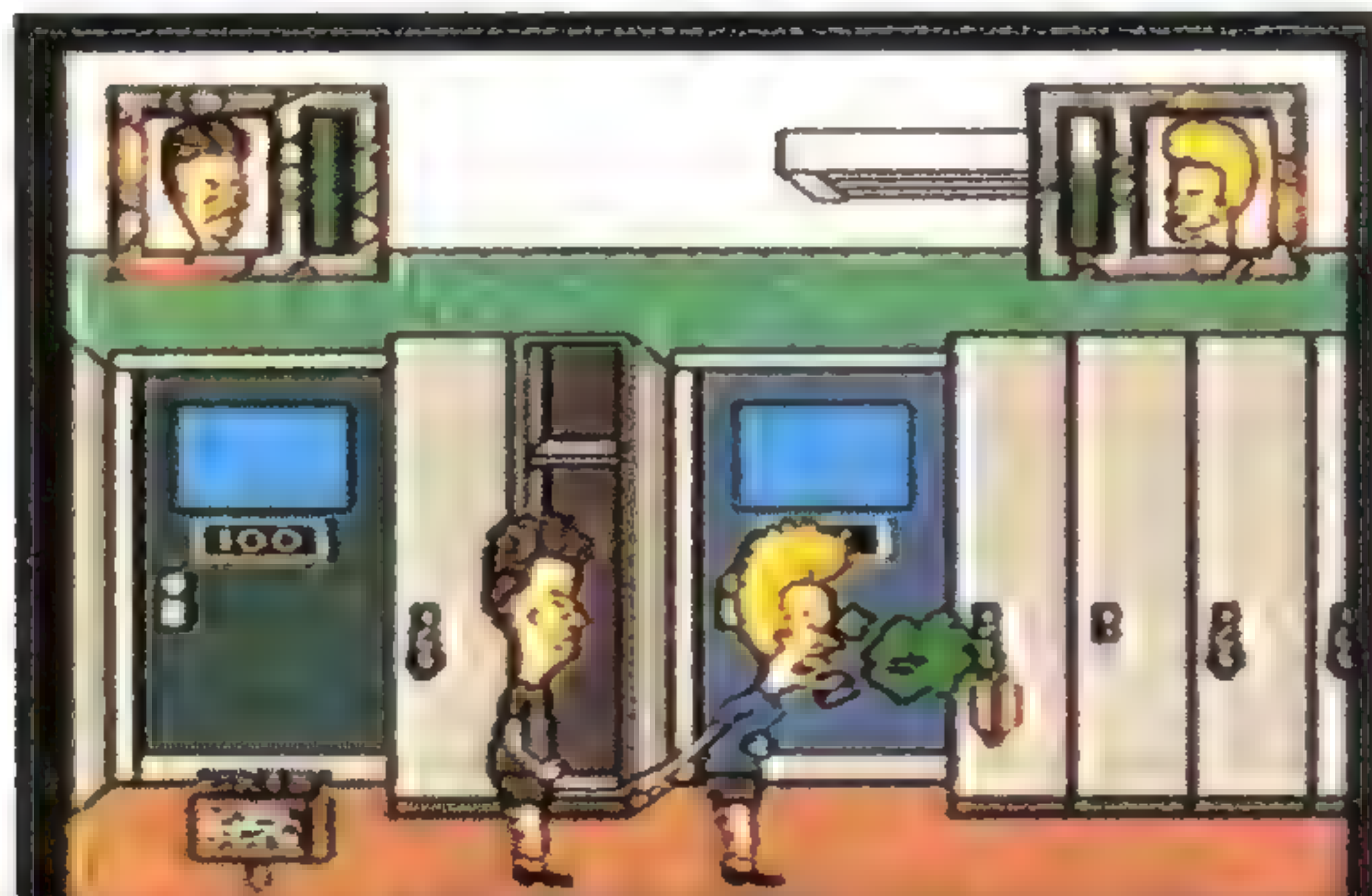
and Memorial Hospital. The dirty duo fart and belch their way across town as they fight off club-swinging cops and big dart-shooting dudes, make good use of items like cherry bombs and spit-ball shooters and avoid an endless

stream of runaway skateboards, bowling balls and shopping carts. The game is true to its television counterpart, with all your favorite Beavis and Butt-head-isms firmly intact.

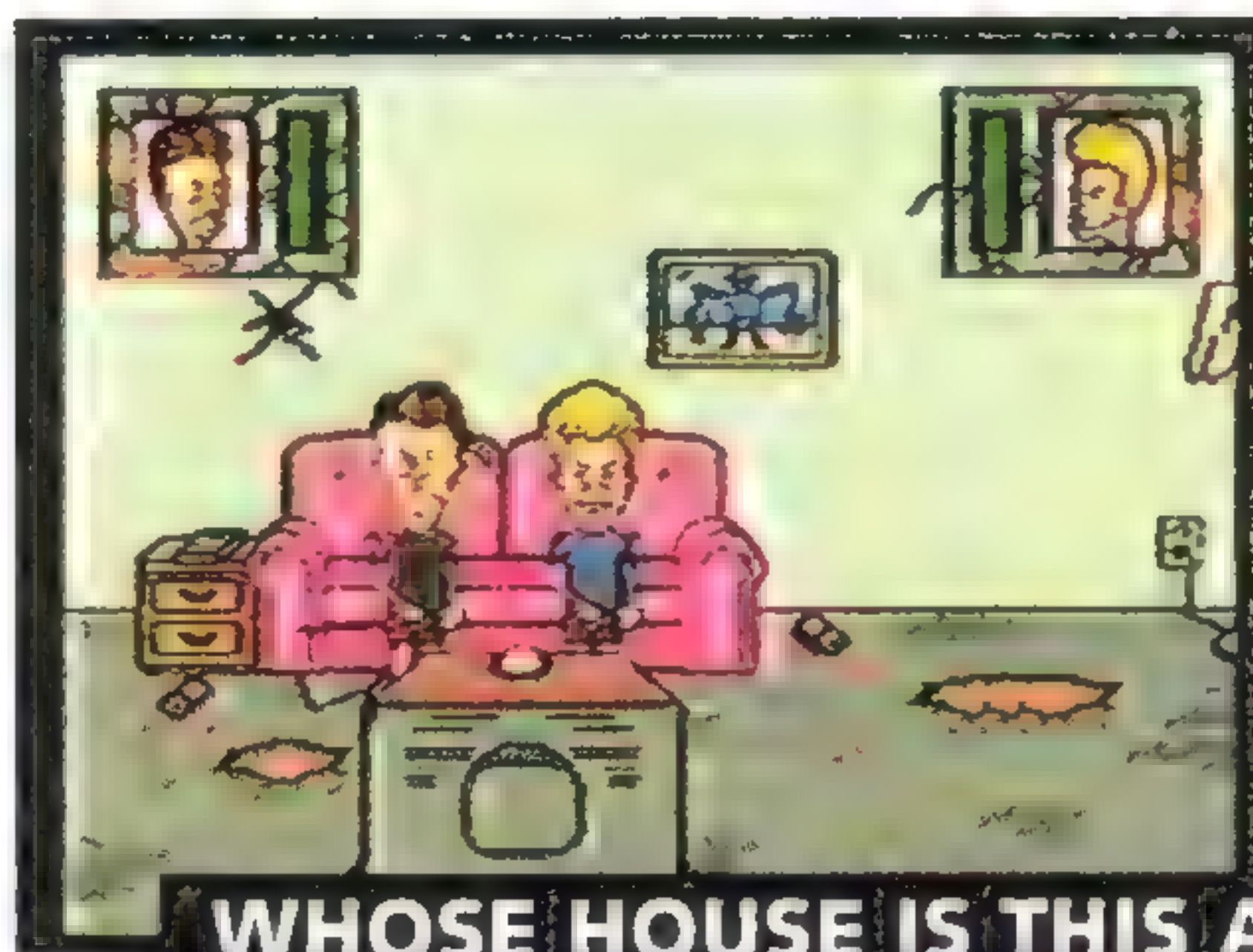
We're there, dude.



Let The Games.



IN THE HALLS OF HIGHLAND HIGH, BEAVIS ATTACKS WITH A NOXIOUS BELCH.



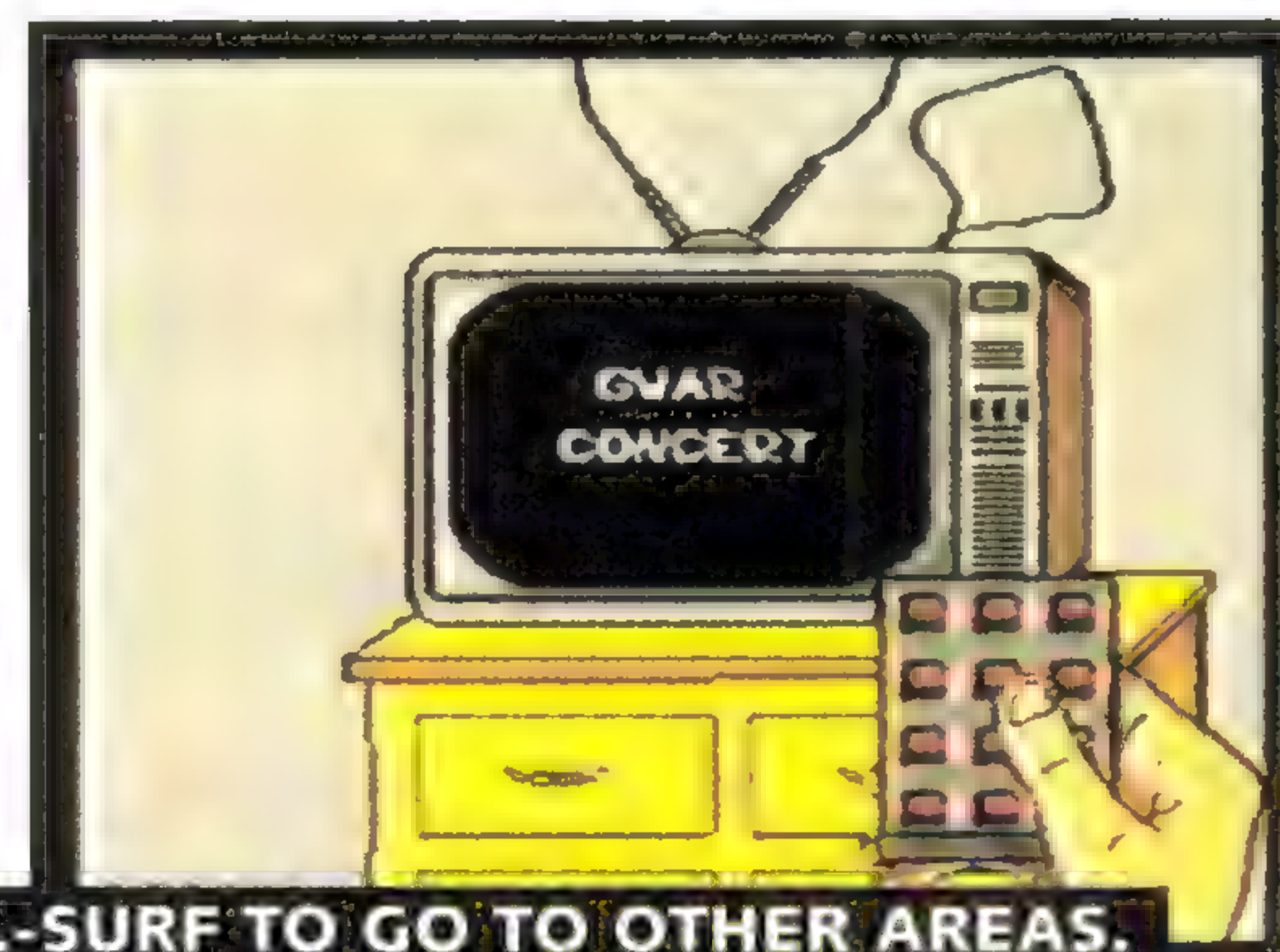
WHOSE HOUSE IS THIS ANYWAY?



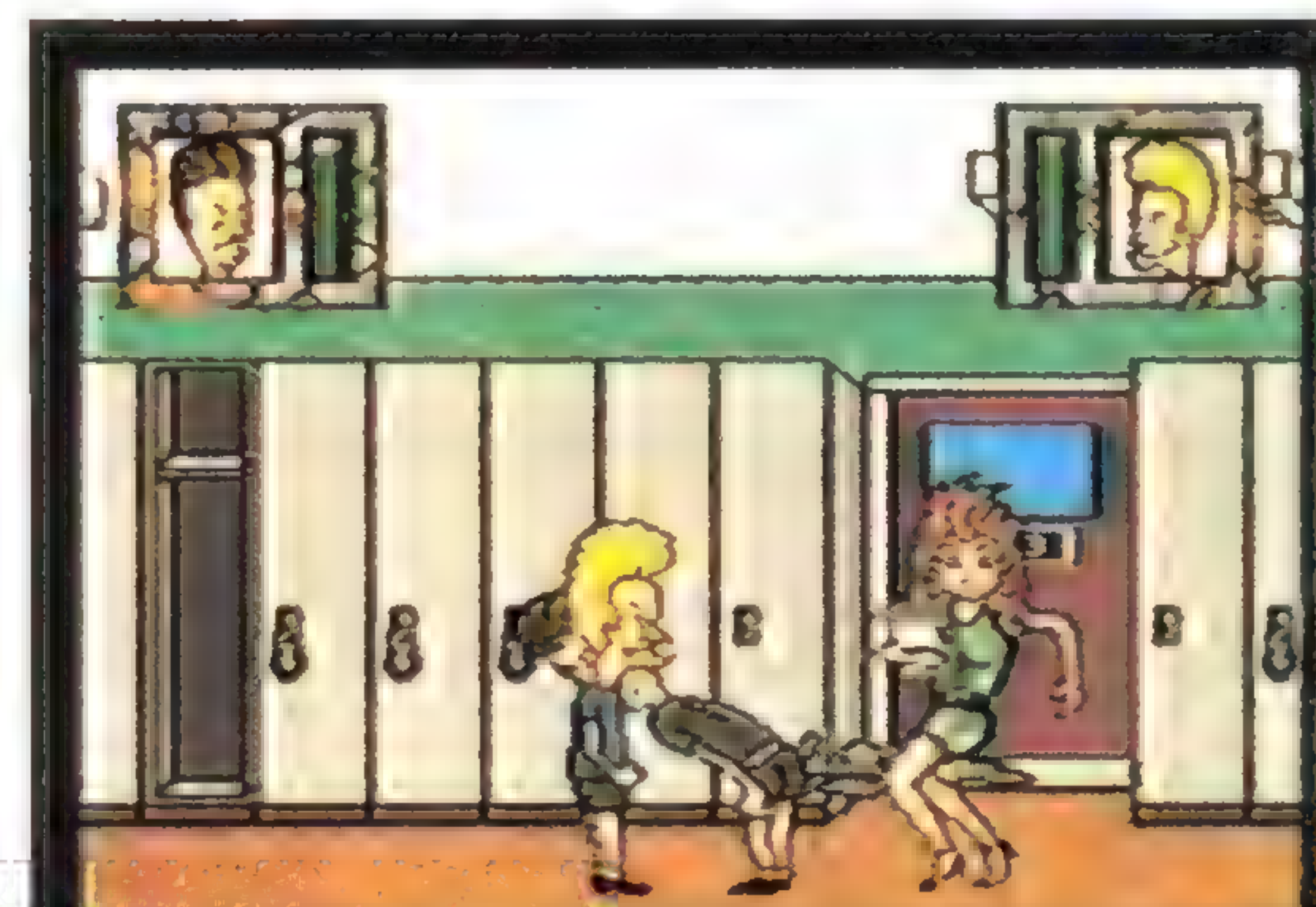
GO TO THE GWAR POSTER TO SAVE YOUR GAME. PICK UP A CAMERA AND A PAIR OF PANTS IN THIS ROOM.



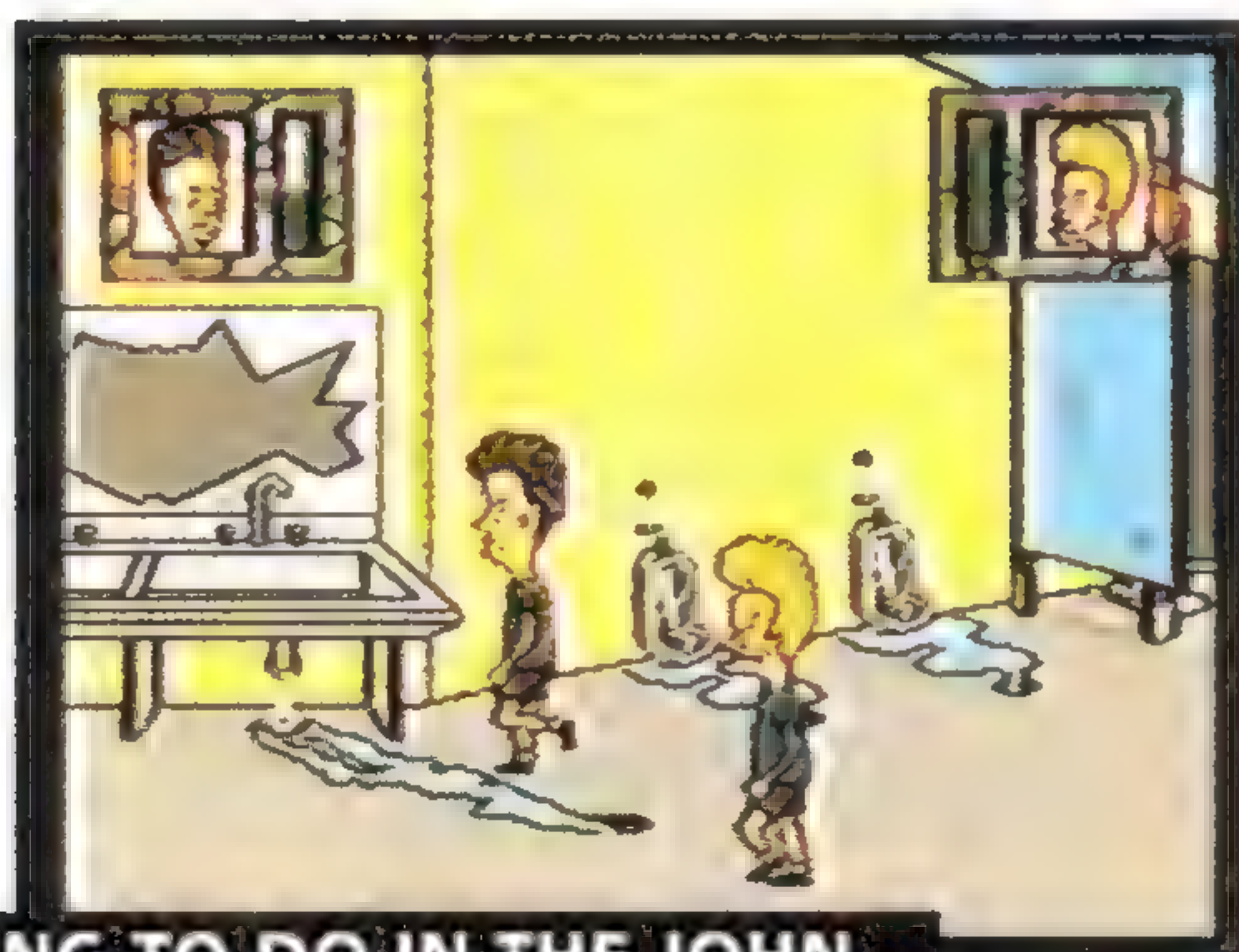
GETTIN' DOWN....



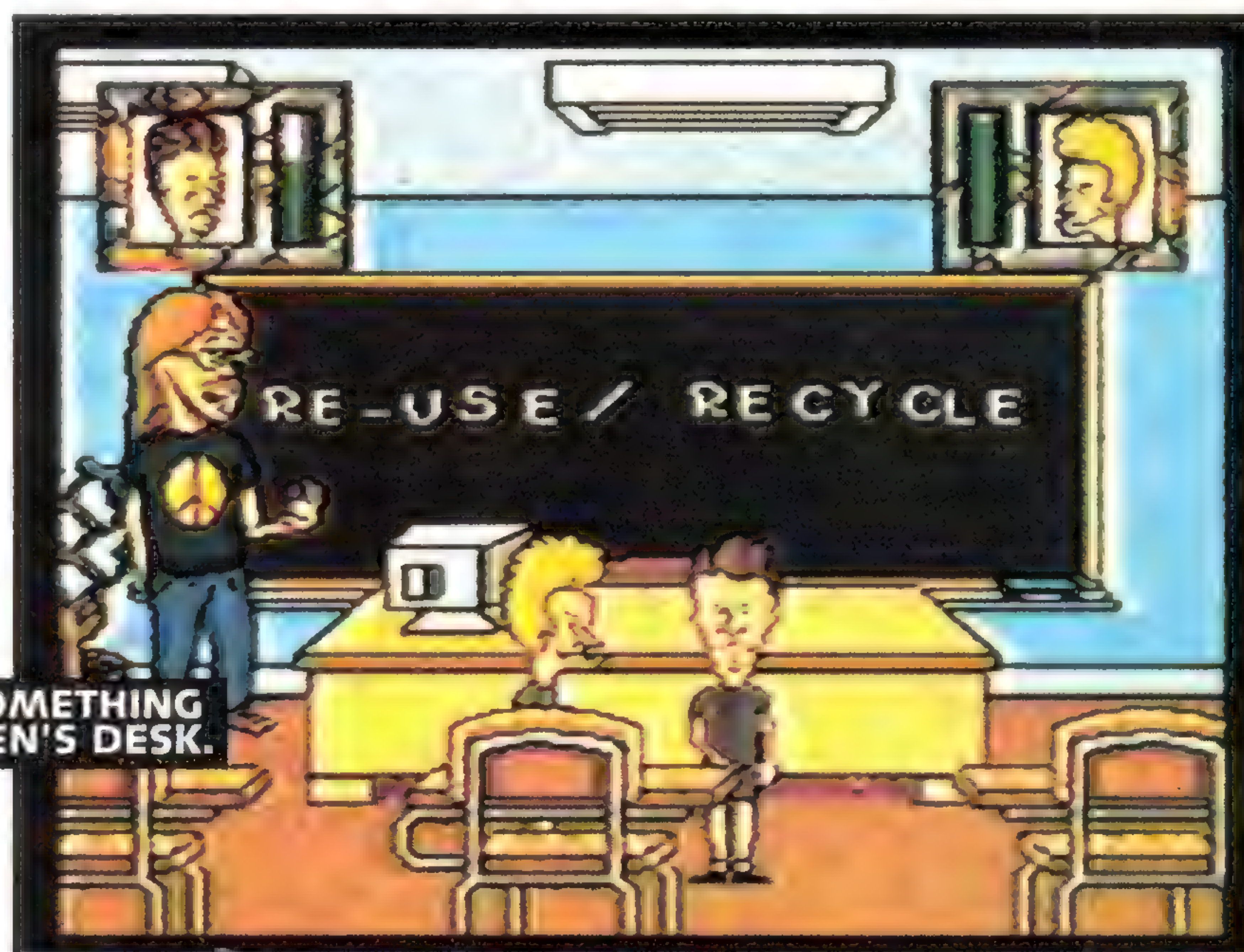
CHANNEL-SURF TO GO TO OTHER AREAS.



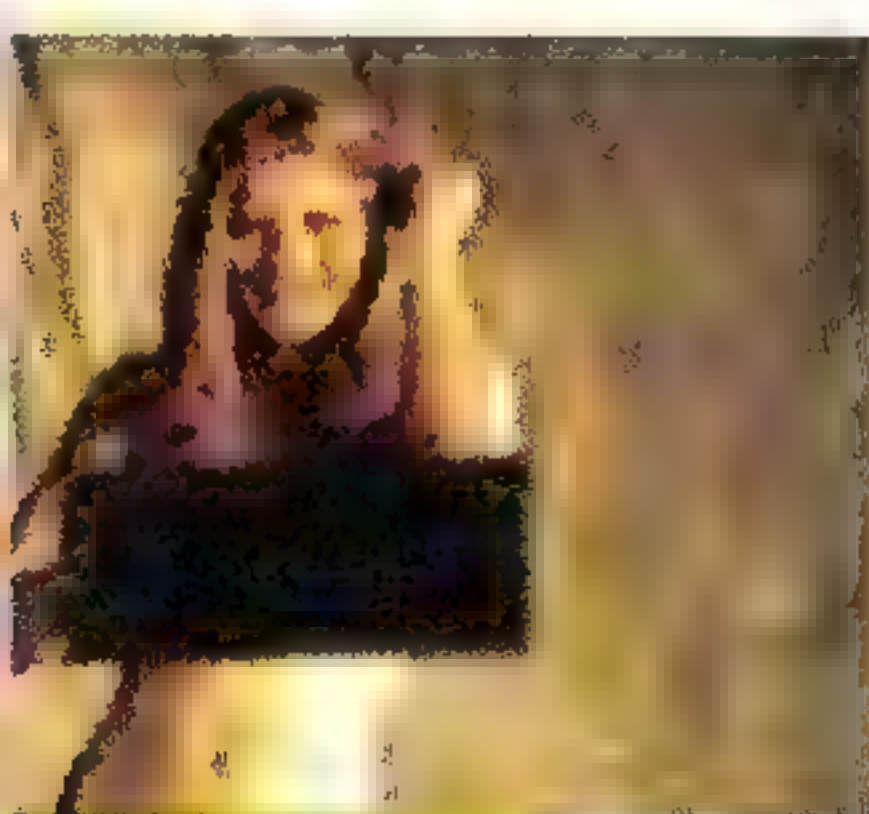
BUTT-HEAD FARTS ON SOME STUCK-UP CHICK ROOM-ING THE HALLS. WHO THE HELL IS SHE ANYWAY?



NOTHING TO DO IN THE JOHN.



LOOK FOR A WAD OF GUM OR SOMETHING UNDERNEATH HIPPIE VAN DRIESSEN'S DESK.



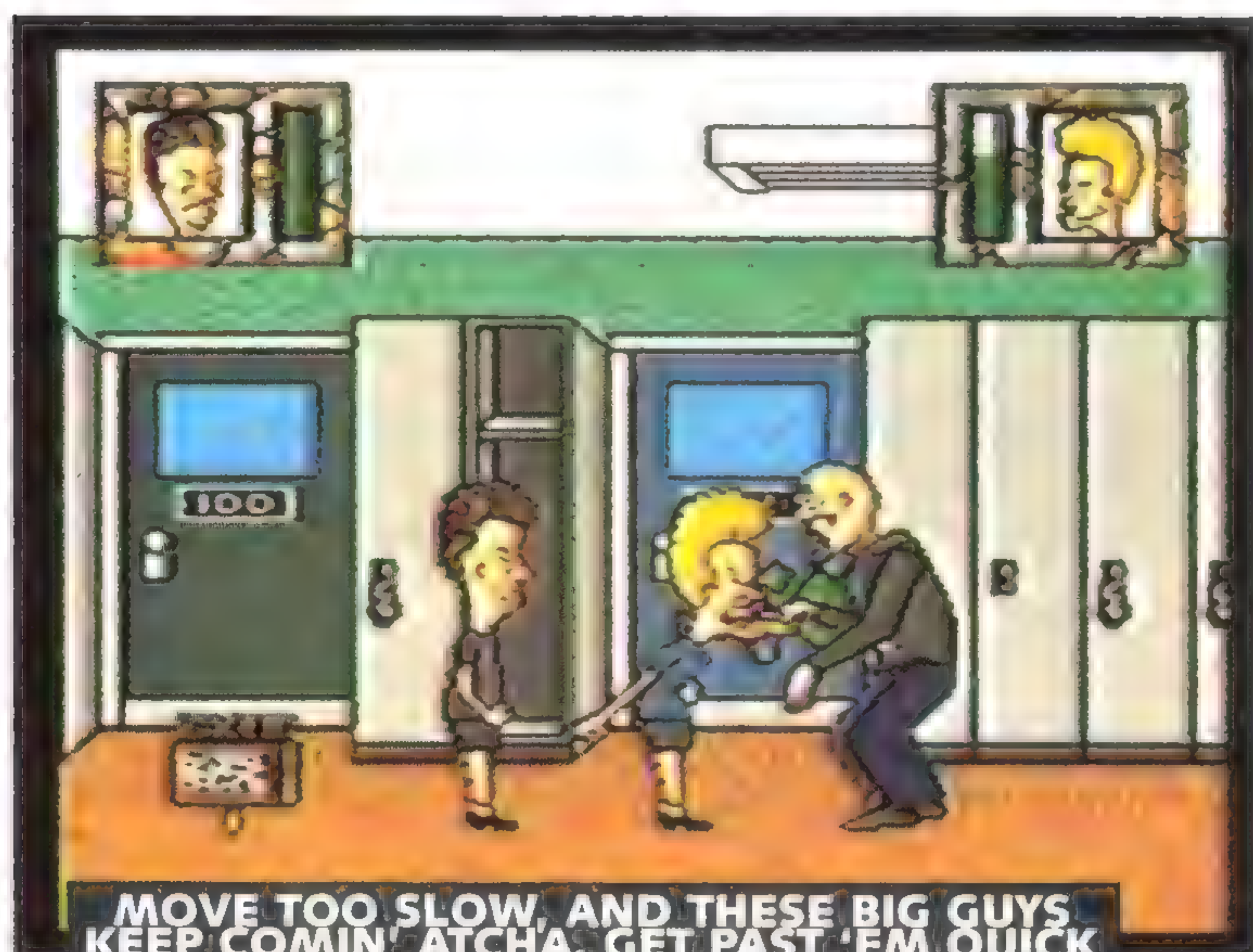
Like, Begin!



BEAVIS ABOUT TO HIT THE PAVEMENT.



IN THE HOSPITAL, JUMP ON THE SCOOTER AND HAUL ASS—AVOID THE MED-KITS AND GET TO THE END OF THE HALLWAY, OR ELSE....



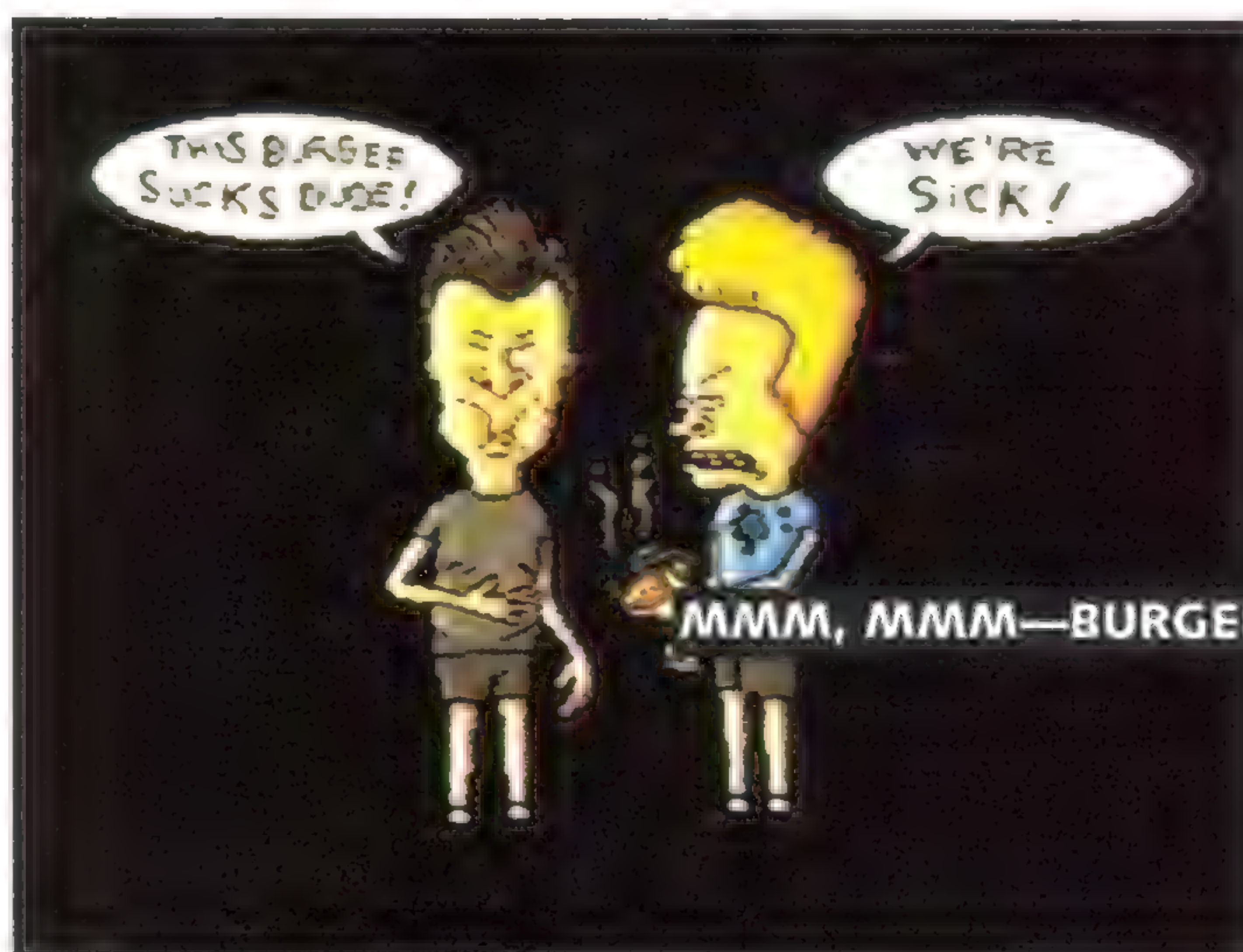
MOVE TOO SLOW, AND THESE BIG GUYS KEEP COMIN' ATCHA. GET PAST 'EM QUICK AND DUCK INTO THE CLASSROOMS.



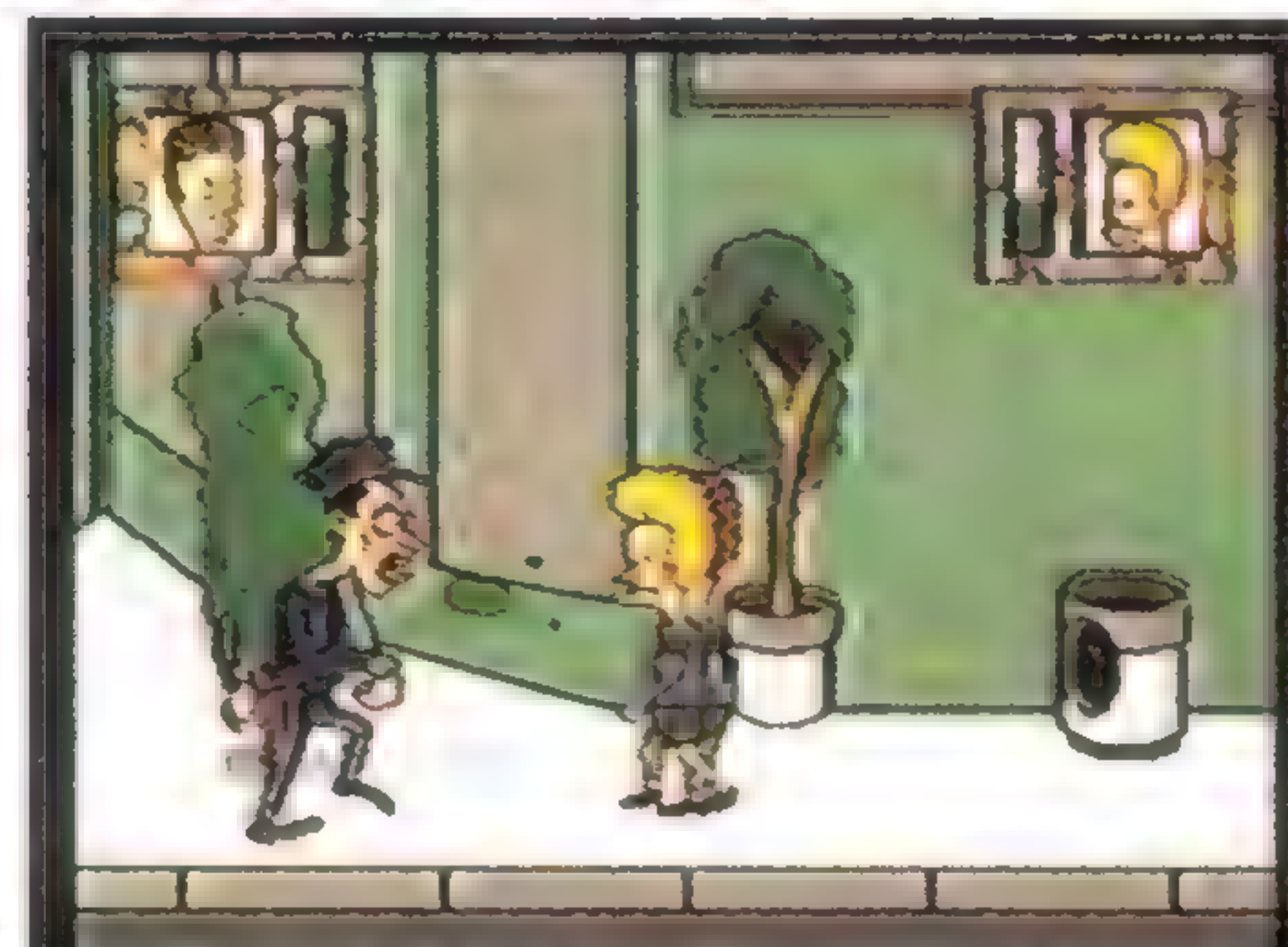
FIND THE CHERRY BOMB IN THE ARMY OFFICE IN THE MALL, THEN DROP IT NEAR THE TOILET TO BLOW IT UP TO REVEAL A POWER-UP.



....THAT BIG FAT GUY WILL SQUASH YOU LIKE A GRAPE.



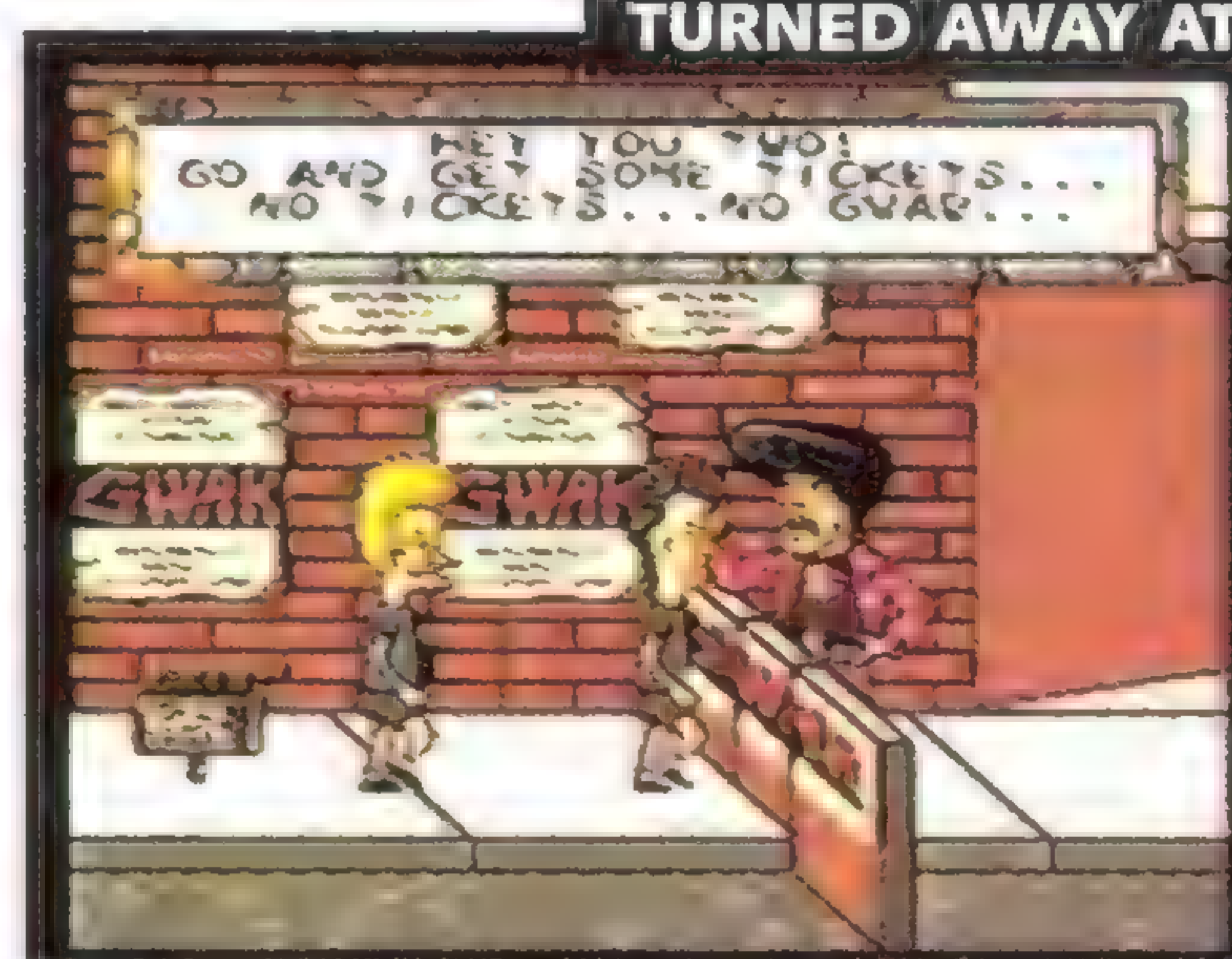
MMM, MMM—BURGER WORLD RULES!



YOUR BEST DEFENSE AGAINST THOSE PESKY COPS IS TO BLOW PAST 'EM. YOU'LL TAKE A FEW HITS, BUT CHANCES ARE YOU WON'T DIE.



DEATH COMES EASY IN THIS GAME—YOU'LL SEE THIS SCREEN MORE OFTEN THAN YOU'D LIKE.



TURNED AWAY AT THE DOOR.

DEAD
MEAT

How To Kill
A Superhero

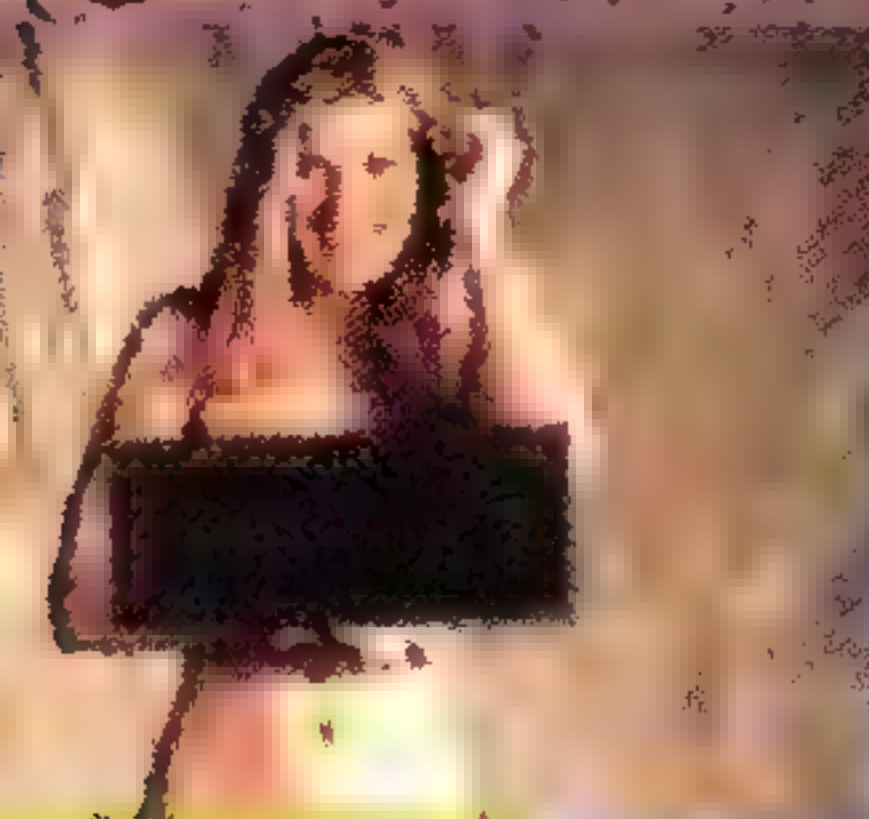
HOW TO KILL A SUPER- HERO

WANT TO KILL A SUPERHERO?

That's a tricky proposition. Superheroes are, well, superheroes, endowed with super powers and abilities, denizens of a world where the usual laws of life and death don't apply, and where the amazing last-minute escape is a tried and true staple. Killing a superhero calls for something special, a galactic cataclysm perhaps, an ancient blood feud, a personal sacrifice above and beyond the call of duty. Have a Shi'ire Empire disrupter beam handy? Won't work. They tried that on Dark Phoenix in *The Uncanny X-Men*. She was gone for a while, vaporized right in front of Cyclops' one good eye, and then before you knew it she was back, good as new, only this time without that nagging urge to destroy the universe. Have a Soul-Gem lying around? Adam Warlock used his to turn Thanos of Titan into solid stone, but that didn't stop him either. A few years and a couple of cross-overs later, Thanos was in business again, trying to off a few major characters in the new cross-over series *Zero Hour*. But even if their creators show a distinct disinterest in letting sleeping superheroes lie, hey, we admit it—it's still cool to watch 'em get blown away. Join FLUX in taking a look back at some of the more memorable superhero rub-outs.

CAPTAIN MAR-VELL

ELEKTRA



BY GARY DAUPHIN • PHOTOS BY LORINDA SULLIVAN

Captain Mar-vell

The Death of Captain Mar-vell Graphic Novel by Jim Starlin

During an earlier battle with supervillain Nitro, Mar-vell took a dose of deadly experimental nerve gas. Everyone's fave Kree warrior was initially unaffected, but quickly developed a terminal case of cancer. Mar-vell died peacefully on Titan in one of the best deathbed scenes ever created.

Elektra

Elektra Graphic Novel by Frank Miller
Assassin and ninja-babe Elektra was the femme fatale in Daredevil's life for several years. Was she another evil razor-girl or just misunderstood? Only old Hornhead will ever know for sure: After she double-crossed her bosses, a Punisher look-a-like named Bullseye was contracted to hunt her down. A brutal struggle ensued and Elektra ended up impaled through the heart on her own sai. (Ouch.) In one of the more wrenching death scenes around, Elektra managed to crawl back to Daredevil's pad, only to expire in his arms after a few words and a bloody cough.

Guardian

(James Hudson)

Alpha Flight #12
The X-Verse's Mr. Canada himself, *Alpha Flight*'s Guardian, suffered severe damage to his powersuit after a battle with evil mutants. Hudson could easily have taken the suit off and escaped. Instead, he stayed in it to the last second, powering down and insuring that he'd be the only casualty of the blast. Guardian's wife,

Heather, witnessed his demise and later donned a powersuit herself, becoming the superpowered Vindicator in his memory.

Superman

Superman #75

Hey, what can I say? The most hyped superhero death in history was also the biggest gyp. *The Death of Superman* was a gimmick, pure economics from top to bottom. Who was Domsday supposed to be anyway and what's with Supes' new ponytail? For a much more satisfying demise scenario for the Son of Jorel, take a look at the last few pages of Frank Miller's *The Dark Knight Returns*.

Adam Warlock

The Incredible Hulk #176

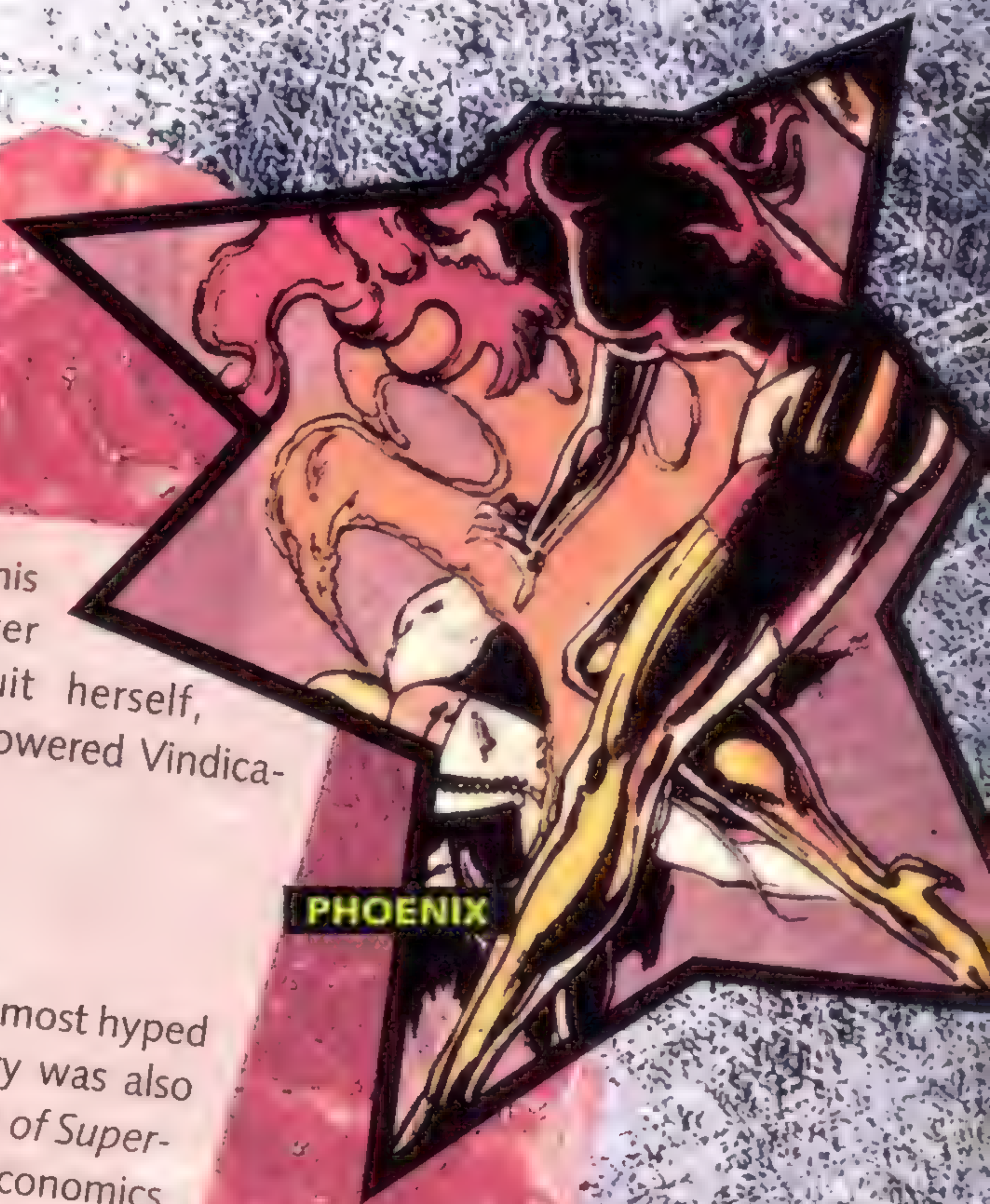
and *Marvel Two-In-One Annual* #2

The all-time king of death and resurrection scenarios, Warlock has died at least twice since he was introduced, with more sure to follow. His first visit to the Other Side was in the early Seventies in *The Incredible Hulk* (#176) when Adam was crucified by the Man Beast while trying to save Counter Earth for its creator, the High Evolutionary. The next time was in the Eighties, when Adam successfully took on Thanos of Titan, but lost his own life in the process. Lucky for Adam, his main weapon, the vampiric Soul-Gem, stores souls as well as eats them.

Thanos of Titan

Marvel Two-In-One Annual #2

One of the cosmic villains in the Marvel Universe, Thanos' claim to fame has been his single-minded pursuit of the



death of all living beings. This is a love story, mind you, as Thanos isn't evil so much as he's obsessed with the wrong woman, The Goddess of Death. Captain Mar-vell and the Avengers stopped him on several occasions, but only Adam Warlock ever succeeded in killing him, turning Thanos into a statue of all things.

Flash II (Barry Allen)

Crisis on Infinite Earths #8

When DC Comics decided to clean house in the mid-Eighties with the *Crisis* series, the Flash was a good example of the company's multiple universe problem. Besides the contemporary Flash, Barry Allen, there was the 1940's Flash, Jay Garrick, as well as one or two alternate Earth Flashes streaking around the place. The solution (while held until the recent *Flash #73* and *Hour* series) was to kill Barry Allen. It turns out the Flash's powers made him particularly vulnerable to the time-space collapse that threatened the universe in *Crisis*. He aged into a pile of dust in the first installment, making him the series' first victim.

Snowbird

(Narya, also: Anne McKenzie)

Alpha Flight #44

In the climax of one of those classic comic book storylines that would take a week to explain, Snowbird was killed by fellow Alpha Flighter Vindicator after she was taken over by a super magician called Pestilence. I'll leave out the part about her possessed baby, it's just too confusing.

Phoenix

(Jean Grey, also Dark Phoenix)

X-Men #137

Writer John Byrne's X-Men swan song, the story of how Jean Grey succumbed to (and later destroyed) the evil within, made for one of the better sagas in an already well written comic. After psionic dampeners placed on her to control her telekinetic powers failed, Grey evolved into a planet-killing monster, dubbing herself the Dark Phoenix. Pitted against her own lover and team, Cyclops and X-Men, she chose to lower her defenses and destroy herself with a disrupter beam as Cyclops looked helplessly. The next issue, which dealt exclusively with Cyclops' grief and Grey's funeral, looked years ahead of its time, as stark and

haunting as anything coming out of Vertigo or Dark Horse today. The only downside is that Byrne stopped writing the book after those issues and it wasn't long before a new Phoenix appeared.

Thunderbird I

(John Proudstar)

X-Men #95

One of the earliest X-Men casualties, Thunderbird was killed as a result of his refusal to follow the orders of Professor X, Charles Xavier. Thunderbird went kablooe in a plane explosion while trying to capture an escaping villain, Count Nefaria—this after Professor X had explicitly told him to let Nefaria go. A pretty unremarkable death, except for the fact that it bears an uncanny similarity to the demise of Captain America's Golden Age sidekick, Bucky Barnes.

Bucky Barnes

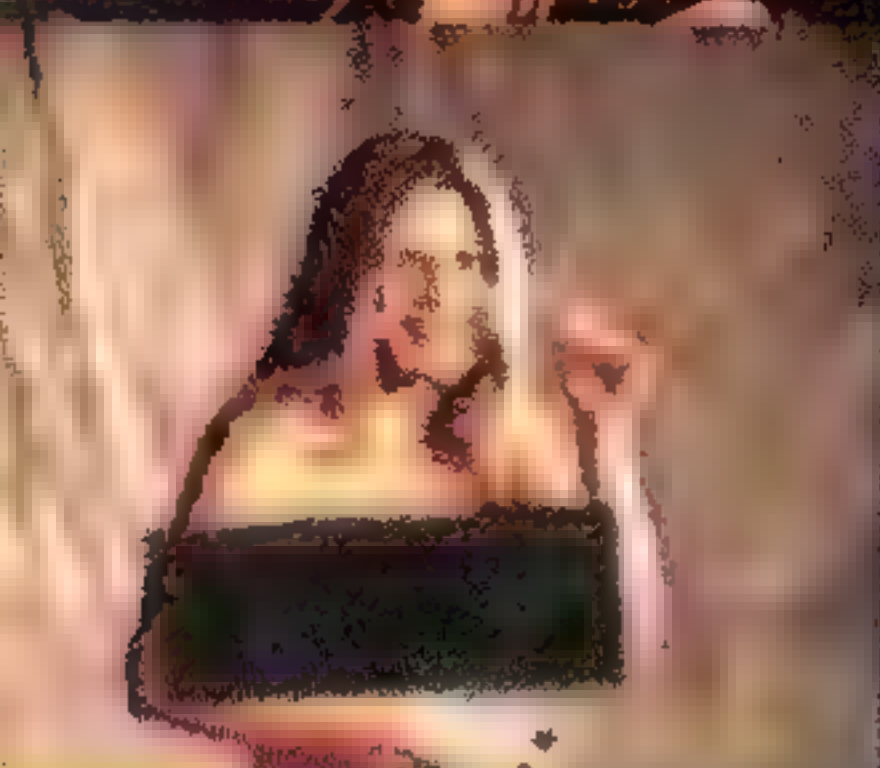
The Avengers #4

Bucky Barnes was a teen Nazi-Buster whose own exuberance was probably his worst enemy. Captain America sometimes had a hard time keeping a lid on the kid and their partnership came to a fiery end when Bucky was blown to bits trying to capture some bad guys faking an escape in a booby-trapped plane.

Odin, Lord of Asgard and Zuras of the Olympian Eternals

Thor #300

This is a tough call, Odin and Zuras being both, like, gods and all, and thus technically unkillable. Odin did experience an episode of "brain death" though in one of the better Thor storylines dating back to the Thunder God's Kirby-esque psychedelic period. In it, the Fourth Host of the mysterious Celestials comes calling, intending to pass a terrible judgment on the citizens of Earth. Odin gets together with Zuras and the rest of the Olympian Eternals to forge the Uni-Mind, a psychic weapon, in the hopes of staving off the end of the world. They find themselves a bit overmatched, and when the Celestials dissolve the Uni-Mind, Odin suffers temporary brain death, while Zuras (whose consciousness had anchored the Uni-Mind) dies outright.



Fleer Proudly Announces Marvel Masterpieces '94, featuring 158 new paintings by the world-reknowned

HILDEBRANDT BROTHERS

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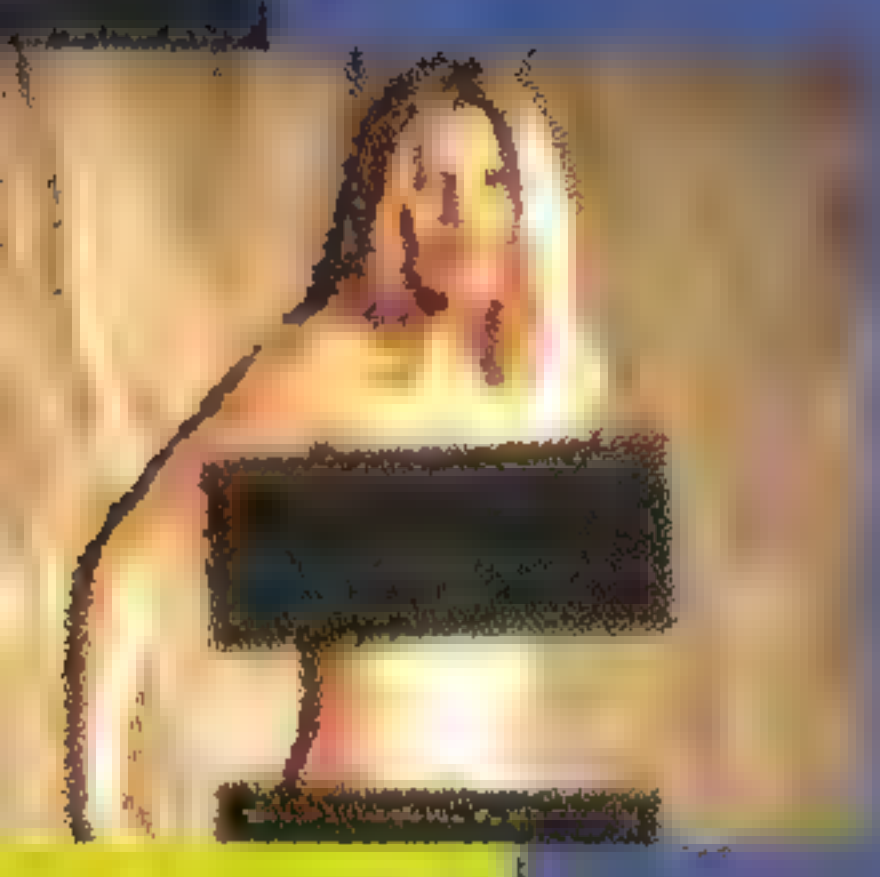
MARVEL
Masterpieces

OCTOBER, 1994



Hello, I'm
Todd
McFarlane,
creator of
SPAWN,
and I'm
going to
kick
your ass.

WELCOME 10



Todd McFarlane is **ANGRY**.

Fist-happy angry. Ass-kicking angry. Red eyes and steam bustin' outta his ears angry.

Even though Todd is one of the biggest names in comics.

Even though he's adored by millions of sweaty-palmed fans for his work on *The Amazing Spider-Man* and his current blockbuster, *Spawn*, the homeless advocate from Hell.

Even though he's probably rich enough to buy every copy of all 500 *X-Men* titles every month and air drop them over the Atlantic.

So why is he pissed? He's angry at the way the Big Two comic publishers, DC and Marvel, continue to treat artists and writers like dirt. He's angry at people who call Image Comics a boutique for smug, over hyped prima donnas. He's angry at some of his fellow creatives—Peter David, writer of a slew of top titles for DC and Marvel, and comics legend John Byrne—and at ignoramus critics, and slobbering dogs who jump on you and bone-headed drivers who cut you off on the freeway. *EE-diots!*

But if you think being angry is all there is to Todd McFarlane, you're only half right. There's another side to Todd. A kinder, gentler side. This Todd has a wife and a child whom he loves very much. He has a puppy. He answers all of the letters in his letter column personally, and makes a point of signing thousands of autographs and talking to dozens of fans individually at comic conventions. This Todd is just a big, goofy, sweet guy who, at heart, is little more than an overgrown kid. And therein lies the secret of the Two Faces of Todd. But let's

let him explain it: "I'm still the same peckerhead that I was when I was in grade two."

Todd the peckerhead got his start in drawing the same way most of us do: doodling in class. (Most of us do not, of course, go on to earn millions of dollars doing it.) "Back when I was in kindergarten, with crayons, you know?" he says. "I was the kid who was always the best at it. Everybody else put the straight line down and put the cow on it; I did the cow on perspective grass."

Young Todd was fast with his mouth, quick to stand up for what he believed in, slow to back down from a fight. "I was accepted within the head group, the cool kids, but the nerds liked me because I always stuck up for them," says McFarlane. "If the head guys started pickin' on them, I'd go, 'Hey, you and me, we'll go, leave the skinny weak ones alone. Pick on someone your own size.' I always thought I was bigger than I was. Did I ever get my ass kicked really bad? Yeah, sure. But hey, if you're afraid to get beat, then you don't get cocky. Part of being cocky is being able to take your lumps."

Besides fighting and doodling and blowing off classes, Todd spent much of his time playing ball. "I got my college education paid for on a baseball scholarship," he says. "Man, if I could make it in baseball, I'd quit comics today."

At age 17—a late bloomer—Todd discovered the hobby that would end up backrolling him when his days on the diamond were over.

"I picked up some comics—probably some Marvel stuff—and got hooked. I became something of a fanatic, and I was able to expand my habit because I had a buddy whose dad worked with the newsstands. He was able to bring home a lot of books at the end of each week that were out of the bin, so I relieved my lust for comics without actually having to pay for them. When I went to college, I ended up working at a comic shop, and instead of getting paid money, I basically traded my work for comic books."

Todd went to Eastern Washington University, played ball for the varsity team, worked as a janitor on campus, and got a degree in graphic design. By this time, he knew he wasn't going to be the next Ty Cobb. "Unfortunately, I wasn't much of a hitter. That was my down-

THE ULTIMATE **Spawn** GUIDE

my nightmare

BY JEFF YANG SPAWN ART BY TODD MCFARLANE

SPAWN™ AND © 1994 IMAGE COMICS ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

fall," he says. Luckily, three weeks before graduating, Todd met his destiny. "Before I even had to go look for work, I was already basically doing what I'd hoped to do," he says. "Marvel gave me a gig on one of their Epic titles, Steve Englehardt's *Coyote*."

That first gig at Marvel made the higher-ups aware that they had something hot on their hands, and Todd quickly went on to bigger and better things. Where he went, the fans followed. He finally landed at *The Amazing Spider-Man*—Marvel's flagship, the jewel in the crown.

"It wasn't like I always wanted to do Spider-Man. I was looking for work and they were looking for someone to do the book, and I happened to be Johnny-on-the-spot, you know, in the right place in the right time."

The weirdly dynamic style he

and they were generous with their favorite son, making him the highest-paid talent they'd had in decades. They even gave him his own spanking-new Spidey-title, which he drew and wrote, and if he'd wanted to, they probably would have let him letter, ink, color, print, and hand-deliver it too.

But Todd wasn't concerned with money or fame. He had principles, and they were getting stomped on, or so he felt. "Listen, it wasn't about money. I was gettin' paid," says McFarlane. "I didn't ask them for a raise, and I wasn't asking them for a copyright. I was just reminding 'em that when I had first jumped on the book a few years ago, we were selling 150,000 copies, and the first issue that I wrote and penciled sold three million copies. An all-time record for a single creator, and they still insisted on telling me what to do! They should have been there goin', 'Go for it, Todd. Run faster, throw harder, jump higher!' Instead, every month, there they were telling me, 'You can't use that word, Todd. You can't use that character, Todd. This panel is too graphic, restage it and we'll see whether it'll pass or not, Todd.' All of a sudden

Valentino. Todd bumped into Mark Silvestri in the Marvel lobby, talked him up for five hours straight, and brought him on board. The next day, the seven artists walked into the offices of their erstwhile employer, and gave 'em the finger.

"They looked at us and asked, 'Well, what do you want?'" says McFarlane, a trace of annoyance creeping into his voice. "They thought we were in there asking for a raise or some-

thing. 'What will it take to get you guys to stay?' And we said, 'Nothing. We're out of here. Here's our reasons why. We thought you'd like to know, so you don't get seven more guys coming next week. And seven more the week after. And if you don't want to do anything about it, then fine. It's not our problem.' They never asked us what we were going to do next. Maybe they thought we were

THE ULTIMATE Spawn GUIDE

He's incredibly powerful but he usually

brought to Marvel's franchise hero had the comiquistas slaving in the aisles, and, under his pen, sales of *The Amazing Spider-Man* zoomed higher than the New York skyline.

"I was able to break the status quo on the title," he says. "Spider-Man had kind of become an icon of the company. But nobody had really updated him since 1965. So I updated his costume a little, updated his life a little, and all of a sudden people were saying 'Hoooooolly cow, what are you doing with these characters?' But, you know, the only radical thing I really did with Spider-Man was put him in these weird funky poses; a lot of people had lost the essence of the character. He's SPIDER-man, emphasis on SPIDER, and I think most people were putting the emphasis on MAN. I just felt that as soon as he got into the costume, he should be able to go into contorted positions, he should have these arms flailing, he should look like a little bug-guy. A weird little half-spider guy. I also came up with a way of drawing his webs that made 'em look more three-dimensional. Just these little cosmetic changes. I'd like to say that I'm a genius, but I try not to do that any more."

So, Whiz! Pow! Ka-ching! Marvel was clocking fat cash dollars,

I realized, 'I've been putting up with one little piddly-ass thing after another for years, and I'm tired of it.'"

Todd was mad as hell and he wasn't gonna take it anymore. Something had to be done.

"Rob Liefeld and I started scheming on the telephone," remembers Todd. "I just felt it was time for the creative community to take charge, and I realized I couldn't do it on my own; they'd just replace me and the status quo would stay the same. The only way we were ever going to get our message out was to quit as a unit. How could we pull this off? Who else could we get? Me and Erik Larsen and Rob would have done it, just the three of us, but Jim Lee was the crowning piece, 'cause he was the golden boy. Whether they verbalized it or not, I know Marvel was thinking, 'If Rob and Todd leave, that's okay, because they're already psychos.' But if we could get Jim Lee, who was the perfect little boy, then they'd better lock the vaults, 'cause then we could get anybody."

Well, they got him, and then it was only a matter of putting the final pieces in place. With Lee came Whilce Portacio, who was sharing an office with him at the time. Liefeld brought along his office-mate Jim

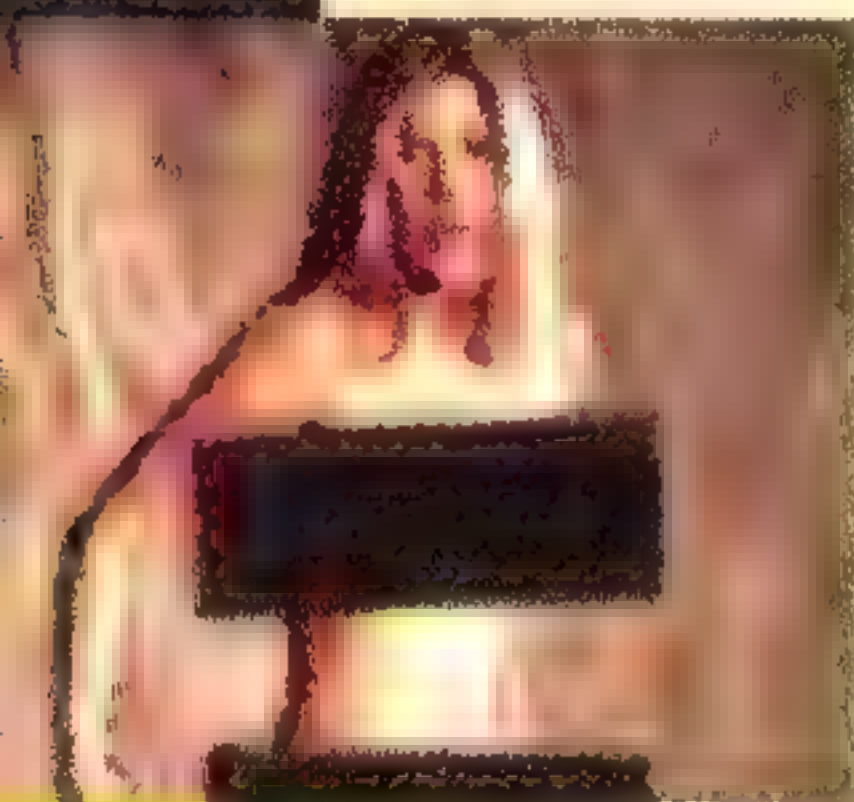
going to go dig ditches, I don't know."

Instead of digging ditches, the seven founded Image, a strange and revolutionary comics company—one in which the creators themselves owned rights to, and got all the profits from, the titles and characters they created. And Todd himself created Spawn.

SPAWN THE CHARACTER

is as much a creature of contradictions as Todd is himself. He's an agent of Hell whose basic impulses are to do good. He sold his soul to the Devil—not for money, power, or fame, but simply for the love of his wife. He's incredibly powerful—capable of turning cities into ash or ripping the world asunder—but because every use of his power sends him that much closer to damnation, he usually hits his enemies with big sticks, hides in garbage bins, or just runs away. Instead of a SpawnCave or a Fortress of Spawnitude, he lives in a trash-filled alley with a motley crew of homeless people—a bunch of bums who have embraced this weirdly dressed stranger with the barfed-up-Kibbles-'n'-Bits face as a brother and a friend.

His greatest nemesis is a netherworldly demon known as Violator, a grotesque eater of souls and flesh currently trapped in the body of a fat little circus clown.



A comic book illustration of the character Spawn. He is shown from the waist up, wearing his signature black and red suit. His eyes are glowing yellow. He is holding a large, thick wooden staff or log over his shoulder. The background is a plain, light yellow color.

GETTING TIRED
OF PEOPLE CONSTANTLY
INVADING MY
TURF.

I JUST MIGHT
HAVE TO SEND OUT
A LONG, **LOUD**
SIGNAL:

He hits his enemies with big sticks.

THIS IS
SPAWN
TERRITORY!

Cool, huh? That's what the kids thought. When *Spawn* debuted, it sold 1.7 million copies and stomped all over the independent-comic sales record—though Todd is quick to downplay that achievement. "Let's be realistic here," he says. "When I quit, I was at the top of my game. I could have created Broccoli-Man and they would have bought it."

What he is proud of, however, is the fact that, even after twentysomething issues, *Spawn* continues to sell big, coming in regularly at number one or number two on the comic sales charts.

"Marvel has to use tricks to sell their books, stupid covers, big crossovers, and that's the only reason they beat me every other month," he says. "Me, I just put out my book. No foil stamps, no death of whatever, nothing like that. I think fans see that with *Spawn*, the package is better than the parts. I got one of the top letterers in the book, I got one of the top colorists in the book, I do a slick presentation in terms of the quality of reproduction, and I got it at a legitimate price. Plus there's a little bit of an edge to the book that's not in your standard Superman or Spider-Man story. It's a superhero book, but it's a little edgier."

But maybe the real reason why kids are reading *Spawn* is that, well, it's basically the kind of book they might do if they owned their very

own comics company. It's Todd on paper. My Life As *Spawn*. "*Spawn* is whatever I'm thinking about right then," says Todd. "I sit there and go, oh, I want to create a monster, so I create a monster, then I think, oh, how about a story about his wife? And I've got a wife whom I love dearly, so I'll put in some of those elements. I'm still pretty much a kid at heart—the kids like monsters, same as me, and they like big bazooka blasts, and they like a little bit of sensibility to the story, so what I like is not very much different from every guy walking down the street. A little bit of action, a little bit of characterization, a little bit of love interest, a little bit of suspense, a coupla good bazooka blasts—slap on a cover and call it a comic book."

In fact, *Spawn* is even closer to Todd than most people realize. Much of what goes into the book is modeled directly on Todd's life, which makes sense, since you basically write about what you know. Here's a handy table for you to get the picture:

SPAWN

Wife named Wanda
Daughter named Cyan
Has dog named Janice
Friend named Terry Fitzgerald
Sold his soul to the Devil to see his wife one last time

Has a really, really big cape. REALLY big.

Basically a nice guy, even though he's originally from Hell.

Original identity: Al Simmons.

around in the Spawnmobile, wearing the Spawn suit, signing *Spawn* comics, "With love, Al Simmons."

TODD

Wife named Wanda
Daughter named Cyan
Has dog named Janice
Friend named Terry Fitzgerald
"I'd make the deal in a heartbeat! Lop my head off, break my fingers, just let me go see my wife and child one last time."

Some people say that *Spawn*'s cape is just about big enough to cover Todd's ego.

Basically a nice guy, even though he's originally from Marvel

Simmons, Todd's college roommate, currently drives



punk folks. folk punks.

Stranger than fiction

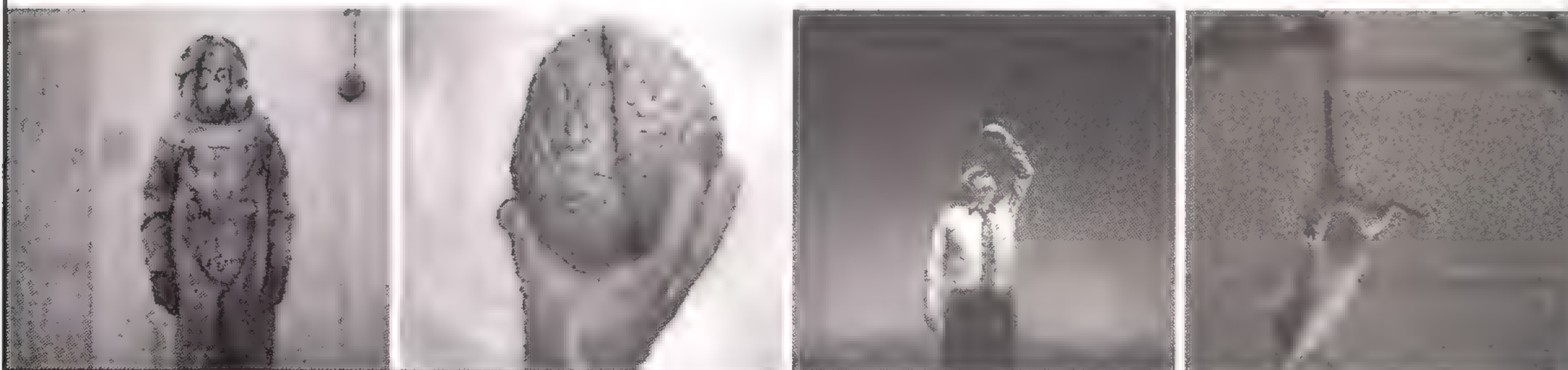
their atlantic debut featuring
"21st century digital boy,"
"incomplete" and
"stranger than fiction"

PRODUCED BY ANDY WALLACE & BAD RELIGION



THE ATLANTIC GROUP

1994 ATLANTIC RECORDING CORP. A JIVE COMPANY



"If you can't put your friends and family in your comic book, who's going to do it for you?" he says. "Violator, though, I don't got no friends named Violator."

So Todd and *Spawn* are like these weird twins—or like a father and son who look incredibly alike. (Figuratively, that is. Todd's face is not, in fact, reminiscent of chewed

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hamburger.) For a parent, Todd isn't what you'd call overprotective. Early on in Spawn's existence, he handed the character over to four extremely talented (and extremely different) writers. Alan Moore fleshed out the dark side of the hellspawn, defining the uneasy balance between the forces of Heaven and Hell which serve as the backdrop to Spawn's existence. Neil Gaiman fleshed out Spawn's history—revealing that he is not, in fact, the first of his kind, and creating a heavenly nemesis for him in the form of hellspawn-hunter

Angela. Frank Miller's hard-boiled, slap-happy issue featured a gang war between the Nerds and the Creeps, two sets of unlikely combatants, with Spawn and his bum pals caught in the middle.

But it was Dave "Cerebus" Sim's take on Spawn that came closest to Todd's own — not

because it had anything to do with the existing plot or was full of action, or advanced the characterizations. Rather, Sim's issue was an allegory. Spawn—or is it Todd?—finds himself led through a comic-industry Inferno by Sim's little grey aardvark-barbarian, who shows him a dungeon in which characters are imprisoned behind stout bars of copyright, and creators bound, masked, and gagged; and who demonstrates to him the futility of fighting the system, as Todd—or is it Spawn?—tries to burst the bindings that lock the heroes and their fathers in corporate enslavement, and fails.

The final answer? Cerebus leads Spawn—yep, it's really Todd—out of the darkness, and back home. To his wife, his kid, and his independence.

This, in essence, is Todd's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

SPAWNING THE GLOBE

To find out what *Spawn* fans really wanted to know about their favorite vigilante, FLUX scoured the Internet and searched through cyberspace for the most commonly asked questions about *Spawn*. We took your questions straight to *Spawn* creator Todd McFarlane for the answers—and here they are.

Q: What does the name "Spawn" actually mean? **A:** It's a derivative of the word "hellspawn." Salmon go spawning up the river using all of their energy for one sole purpose—just like the character.

Q: Is Spawn ever going to come back to life? **A:** Nope. He's dead.

Q: Will Spawn ever really go to hell? As in, for good? **A:** Yeah. He's got a power bar on him, and when it hits zero, he's done for. And it will get to zero when a) I'm bored with the character, or b) the readers are.

Q: Will Spawn ever get his power back? **A:** Nah, that's the easy way out. It's more of a challenge for me to figure out how he can get through this existence given that he's got all these obstacles to run through when he doesn't want to use his powers. It's far more intriguing for me to find out ways for him not to use his powers than to find ways for him to use them. Using his powers, that's easy. He blows up a planet. He picks up a tank. He saves the daily newspaper. I can come up with those all day long.

Q: Other than his wife and Terry Fitzgerald, didn't Al Simmons have any other friends?

A: Yes, he has other friends and family. We will eventually get around to some of the others. I've already introduced Grandma Blake, and in issue #3 he also met

HELLEVISION

Television, video games, toys and film—Spawn sets his sights on world domination

Simply having one of the hottest comic titles isn't enough for Todd McFarlane.

When it comes to his prized property, he's got deals coming out the wazoo—Spawn action figures (produced by his own company, Todd Toys), Spawn watches, Spawn video games, Spawn rings, Spawn cards, everything but Spawn edible underwear.

"The big four things to me are video games, TV, movies, and toys," Todd says. "The *Spawn* movie will be live-action. Will it follow the comic storyline? It depends on what the studio is trying to accomplish, and I could go either way. But in terms of getting it off the ground, pitching it as a PG-13 with some cool special effects goes a lot further in negotiations than saying you want to do something really violent, really adult—NC-17 or something.

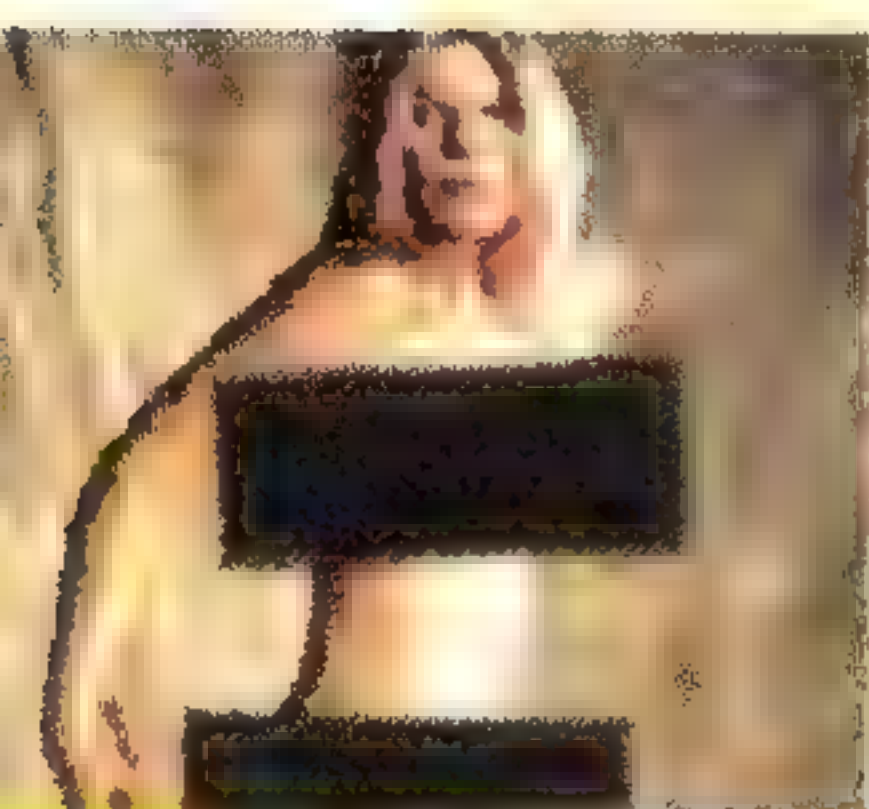
"The TV show, which is also in development, will be animated. It's being done at HBO because it's an adult thing—a tragic love story that happens to have a guy in a costume. This will not be a Saturday morning cartoon.

"I'll be the executive producer of both the TV and movie. I'm not writing the scripts—I don't profess to be a writer on a certain level, but I'm just watching over it so that at the end of it, we don't end up with a guy that's got a yellow submarine. I just gotta keep an eye on the baby so they

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



CONTINUED ON PAGE 94





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DOOMSDAY

The PC hit of the eon prepares to claim a few new souls

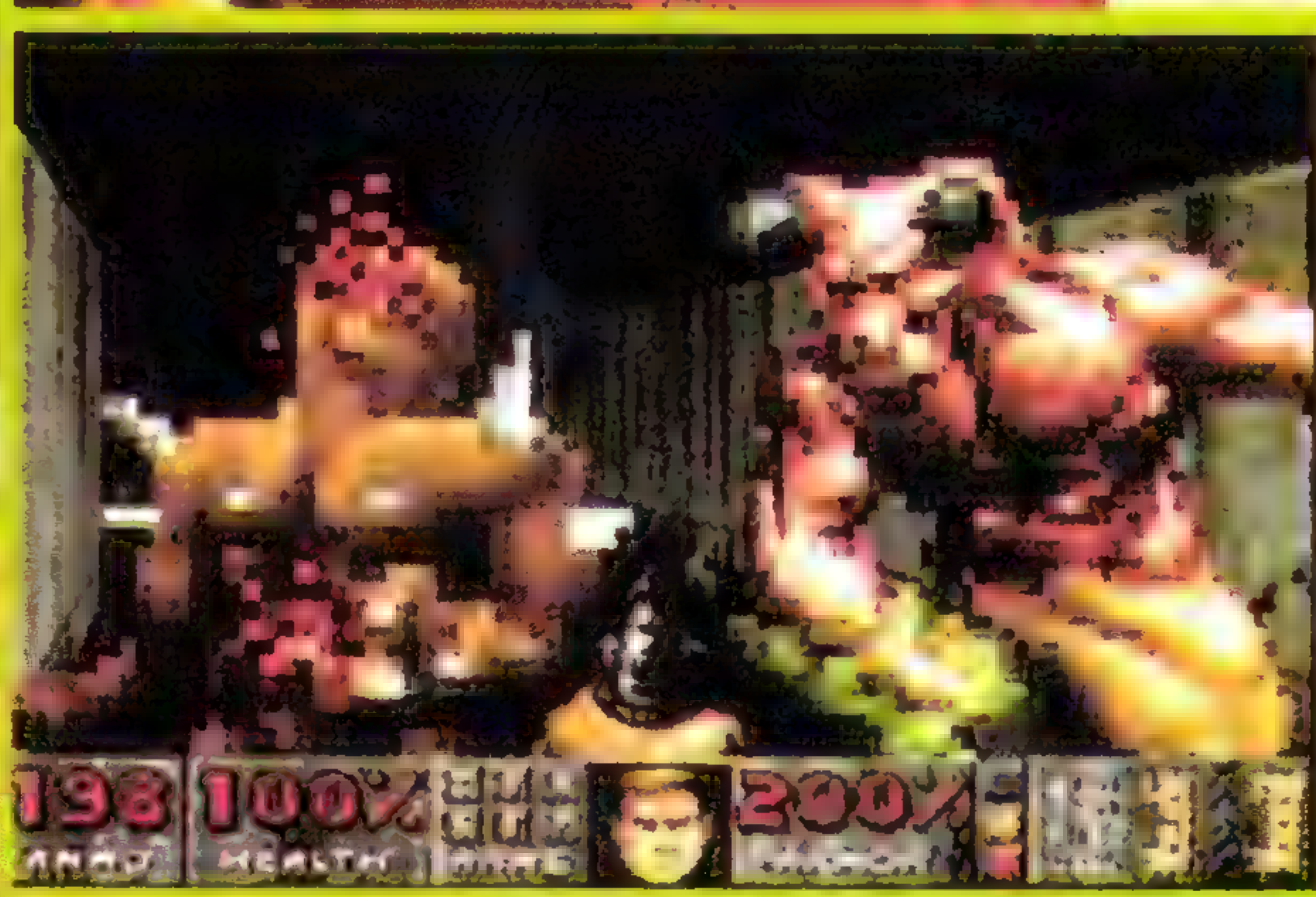
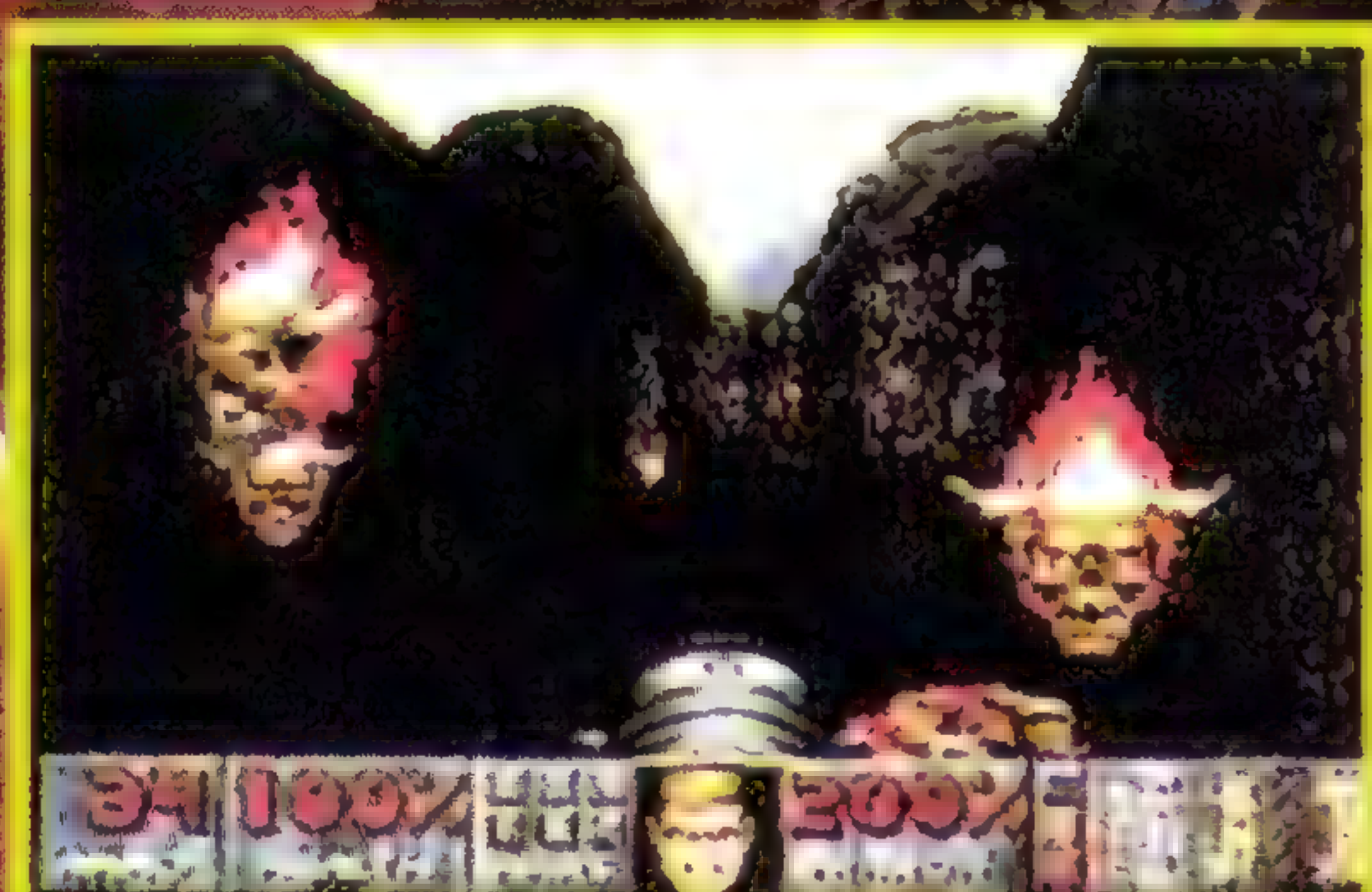
ASK ANYONE WITH A PC

and an itchy trigger finger and they'll tell you: the greatest game ever created—hell, the greatest piece of software ever created—is *DOOM*. With dizzying 3D visuals, a terrifying atmosphere and ultra-violent action, id Software's *DOOM* isn't just a game, it's a way a life. And death. And best of all, thanks to the beauty of downloadable shareware, it's free.

You may have seen other 3D perspective games in the past, like *Wolfenstein 3D*, but *DOOM* kills 'em all, with cool effects like texture-mapped graphics, light sourcing, and non-orthogonal walls. In English, that means that *DOOM* is the closest thing to virtual reality you can get—you actually feel like you're exploring the alien base, climbing spiral staircases and running for your life in fear.

Next up? While the original *DOOM* is being ported over to the Atari Jaguar and Sega's new 32X platform, *DOOM II: Hell On Earth* is scheduled for an October 10 retail release (PC and CD-ROM). More violence. More gore. More gaming sessions until 3 A.M.

Stop reading. Your *DOOM* awaits. —DAN AMRICH



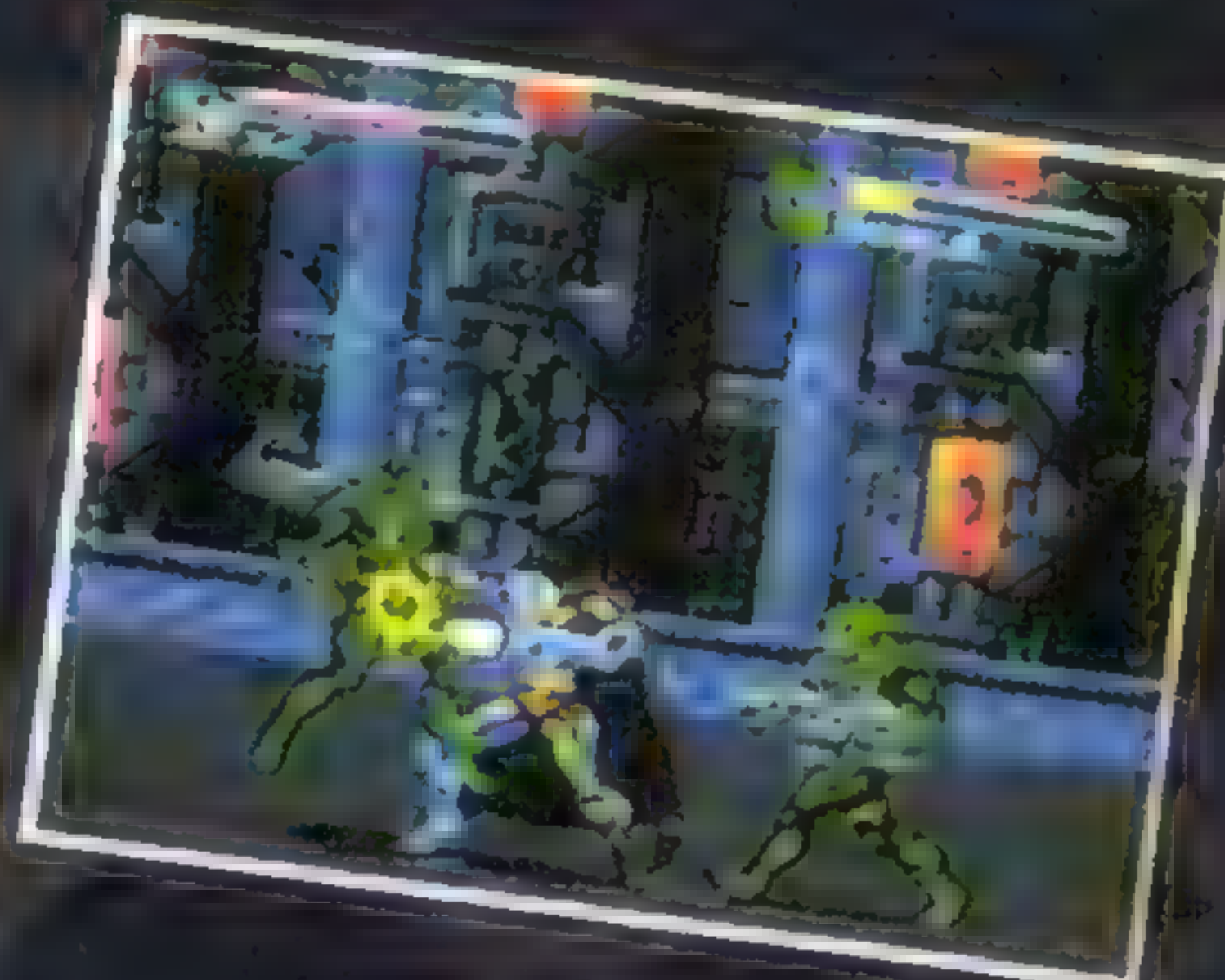
GREETINGS FROM HELL, WISH YOU WERE HERE: TWO SCENES FROM THE ORIGINAL DOOM AND, LOWER LEFT, DOOM II.

THE DEATH AND RETURN OF

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The Ten

Most Violent

Video Games

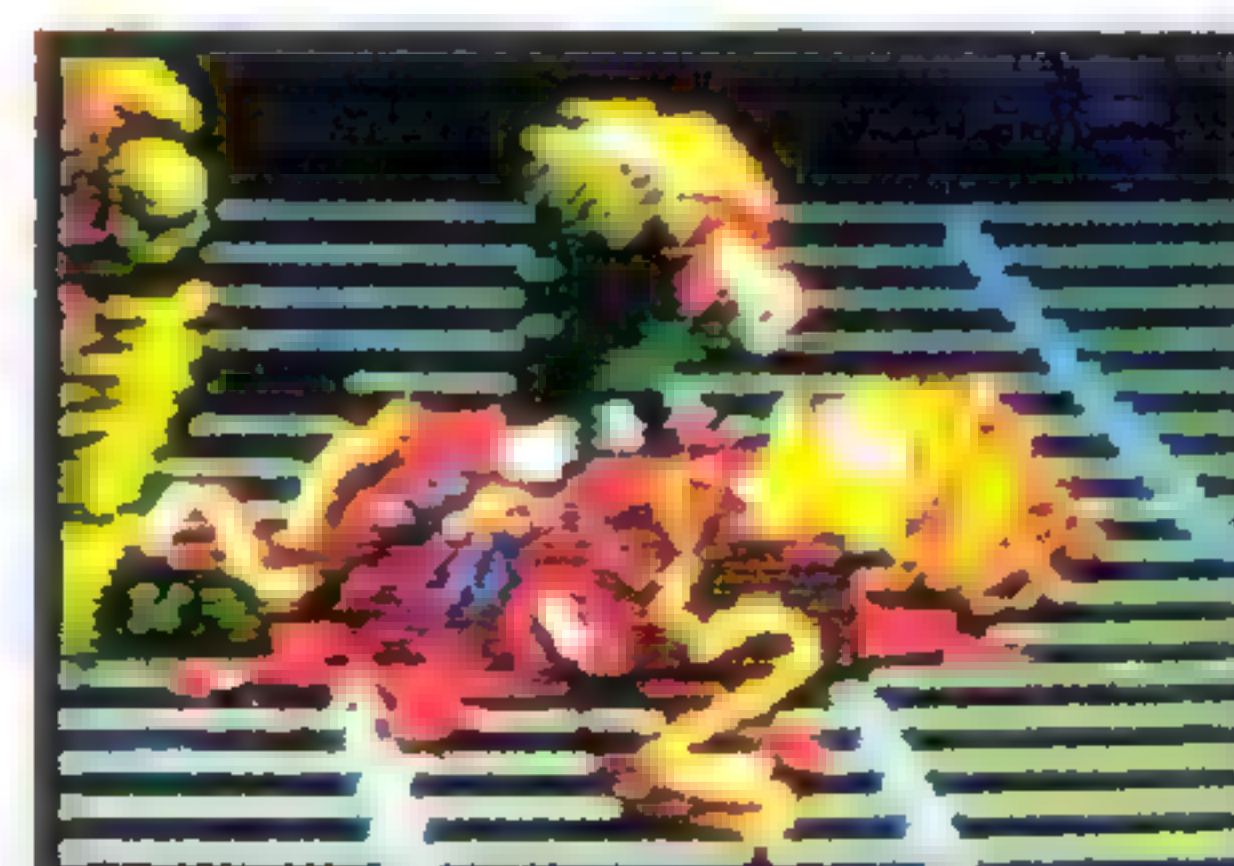
by Dan Amrich

Common—it's not the graphics that make a game special. It's not the sound samples or the gameplay. It's not the manufacturer, the megas or the money. It's the violence.

That's right—violence, blood and gore.

Games are the only place you can **inflict pain** and be rewarded for it—and there's nothing we appreciate more than a game where your sole objective is to **kill, maim, destroy or, best of all, rip out a still-beating heart.**

Here are our favorites: 10 video/computer games guaranteed to vent your deeply recessed serial killer tendencies and **outrage your parents** at the same time. Proceed on an empty stomach.





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1



MORTAL KOMBAT II

(Midway, arcade; Acclaim, Genesis, SNES, Game Gear, Game Boy)

Sub-Zero's spine-ripping Fatality in the original MK sent the Senate into a tizzy, and creators Ed Boon and John Tobias responded by topping their own act with **ripped torsos, bloody decapitations, exploding bodies, electrocutions, pools of acid** and much, much more.

2



ETERNAL CHAMPIONS

(Sega, Genesis)

Conspicuously absent from the instruction manual, the super-violent Overkill finishing moves were quickly discovered by alert gamers. **Drive-by shootings, fatal earthquakes, deadly tentacles**—there's plenty of ultra-violence buried in here.



3

ROAD RASH II

(Electronic Arts, Genesis)

Speed and bleed. If racing a bike at 140 MPH while yanking opponents out of the way with a metal chain sounds like fun—and how could it not?—this one's for you.



DOOM

(id Software, PC, Atari Jaguar and Genesis 32X)

A colony on Mars. One man. Many demons, many monsters, **many flying heads**. Your ammo: spiked knuckles, chain saws, shotguns, rocket launchers, and some crazy-big assault weapon called the BFG 9000. It's kill or be killed—our money's on the demons.

4



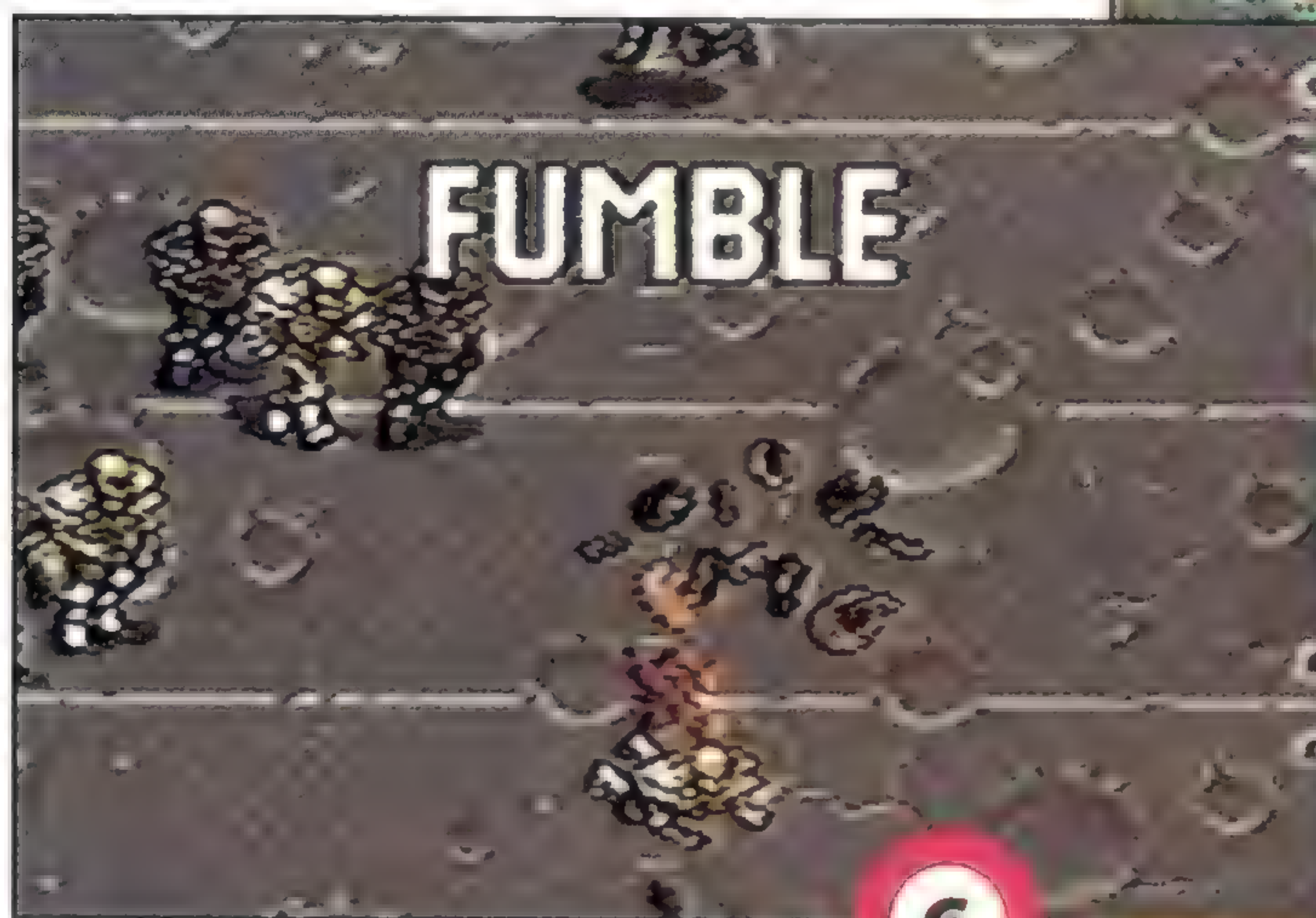
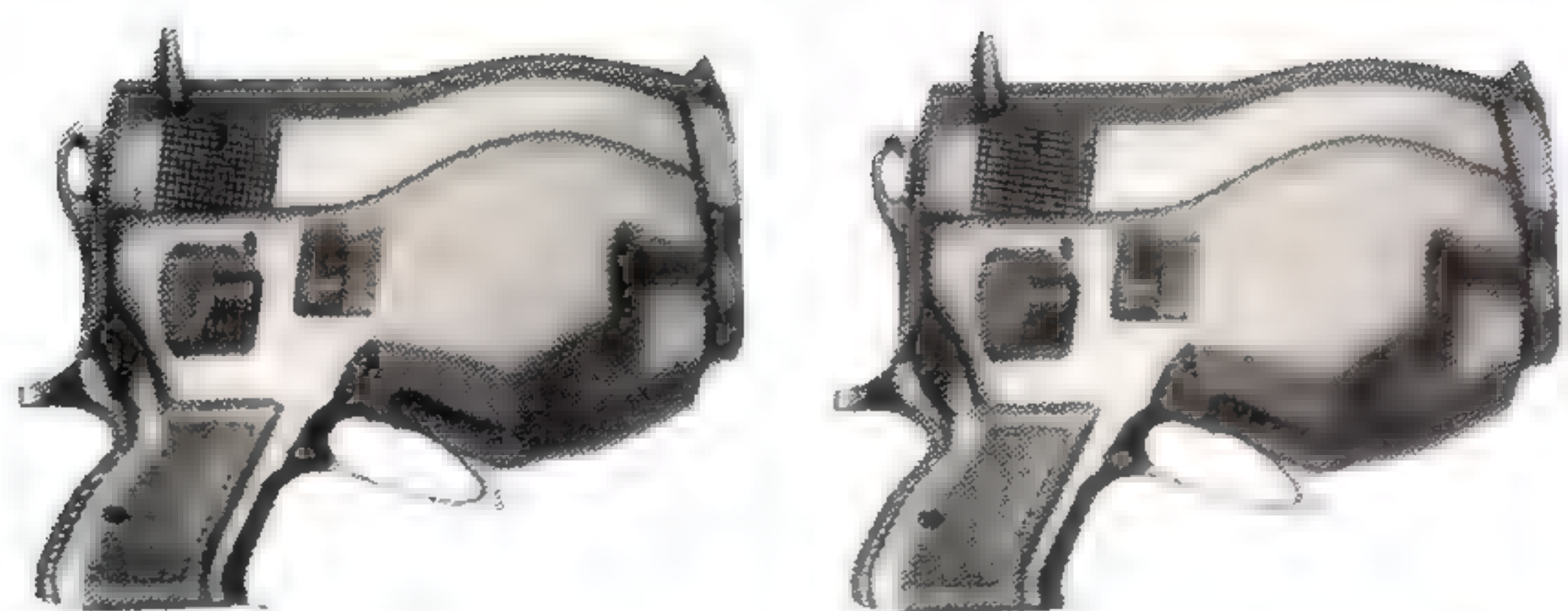
BLOODSTORM

(Strata, arcade)

Where *Time Killers* only explored, BloodStorm explodes. Players get points for each limb removed from their opponents, and there's a variety of unsavory ways to permanently dispatch your fallen enemy. Violence unparalleled.

5





6

MUTANT LEAGUE FOOTBALL

(Electronic Arts, Genesis)

Who needs to score touchdowns when you can just **rip the other team to shreds**? And what's this ball for, anyway?

ISLE OF THE DEAD

(Merit Software, PC)

A poor-man's *Wolfenstein 3D*, this first-person ammosfest features regenerating jungle-dwelling zombies who gleefully **feast on your flesh** if you don't get them fast enough. Better still, when you exit the game, you witness your own shotgun suicide.

8



ROBOCOP VS. THE TERMINATOR

(Virgin, Genesis)

This game was also released for the SNES, but didn't contain half the blood n' guts of its Sega cousin. Don't forget that secret MA-17 code to increase the **gore level to gushing proportions**.

7

LETHAL ENFORCERS

(Konami, Genesis, SNES and Sega CD)

Hundreds of digitized actors **die of lead poisoning** (heh, heh) as you lay down the law. Now, if that Justifier gun would only work with 90210....

HARVESTER

(Merit Software, PC CD-ROM)

Welcome to the sleepy farm town of Harvest, where having your **spine removed from your body is considered a natural cause of death**. "Can't live without a spinal column," says one character. "Nothing unnatural about that." Nope.

9



10



X-MEN 90210

Uncanny comic writer Scott Lobdell gives Flux the lowdown on his hot new Marvel title, **Generation X**

DYLAN, BRENDA AND KELLY WITH SUPERPOWERS—WHAT A HORRIBLE THOUGHT. But writer

Scott Lobdell remains oddly calm in the face of snickering references to *Generation X*, the latest monthly series in Marvel's best-selling group of X-Men comics, as *X-Men 90210*.

"You could do worse than being compared to 90210," says Lobdell. "The TV show is about an ensemble cast dealing with themselves and with each other, which is sort of what we're doing with *Generation X*."

As evidenced by his work with *Uncanny X-Men* and *The Adventures Of Cyclops & Phoenix*, Scott Lobdell's mature style of writing has quickly become the backbone of the X-Universe. What's the secret of his success?

"One of the things we have in our favor is that a lot of the Johnny-come-lately X-clones don't have any history between their characters," says Lobdell. "Other companies have started out with a #1 issue where everybody acts like they've known each other for thirty years, but you just can't manufacture that from nothing. With the X-Men, we've seen these relationships develop, not merely been told they exist."

—BY CHRIS GOLDEN

PHOTO BY HARRY HELEOTIS



TM

MORTAL KOMBAT[®] II

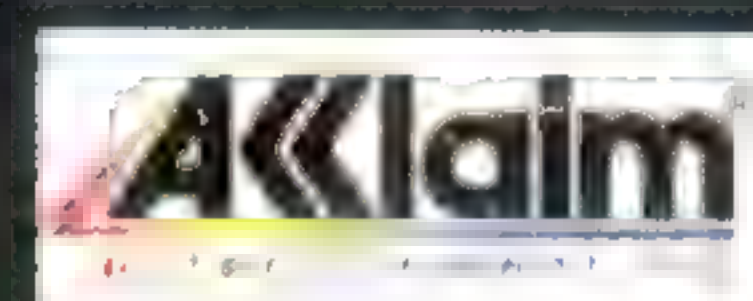
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PUNK

Screaming guitars, latex monster heads, Styrofoam cities and little cla



JUST WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO SELL A MILLION RECORDS?

Tons of high-tech guitar gear? A pretty boy frontman? A six-figure recording budget? How about a really good song?

Actually, all you need is a box of clay, some chicken wire and a borrowed video camera. Just ask the kings of comic-core, Green Jelly. With those simple ingredients, the band filmed a modern metal version of the "Three Little Pigs" fairy tale, featuring a leather-jacketed big bad wolf who rides around on a Harley and menaces three condo-dwelling bovines. Their claymation efforts earned themselves a platinum album.

Even a year after breaking sales records and every rule in the rock n' roll book, the band that made pork out of clay and turned it to gold still values clay and rubber more highly than guitars. "You just can't beat good latex," grins Green Jelly frontman Bill Manspeaker.

Manspeaker strolls through Ooz Jelly, the band's multi-million dollar, state-of-the-art digital video and audio production facility on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. Once owned by the late guitarist Frank Zappa, the building and its street-side walls are decorated with paintings of the group's stage personas: Marshall Staxx, Sadistica, Piñata Hed, the Cowgod and Shitman. It looks less like a wall and more like a thirty-foot, stucco comic strip.

The production studio inside is like a giant playhouse for this eleven person group. There's a stop-motion animation room that brings life to clay and plastic creatures, a sound stage, a digital editing bay and a 3D computer graphics and animation room.

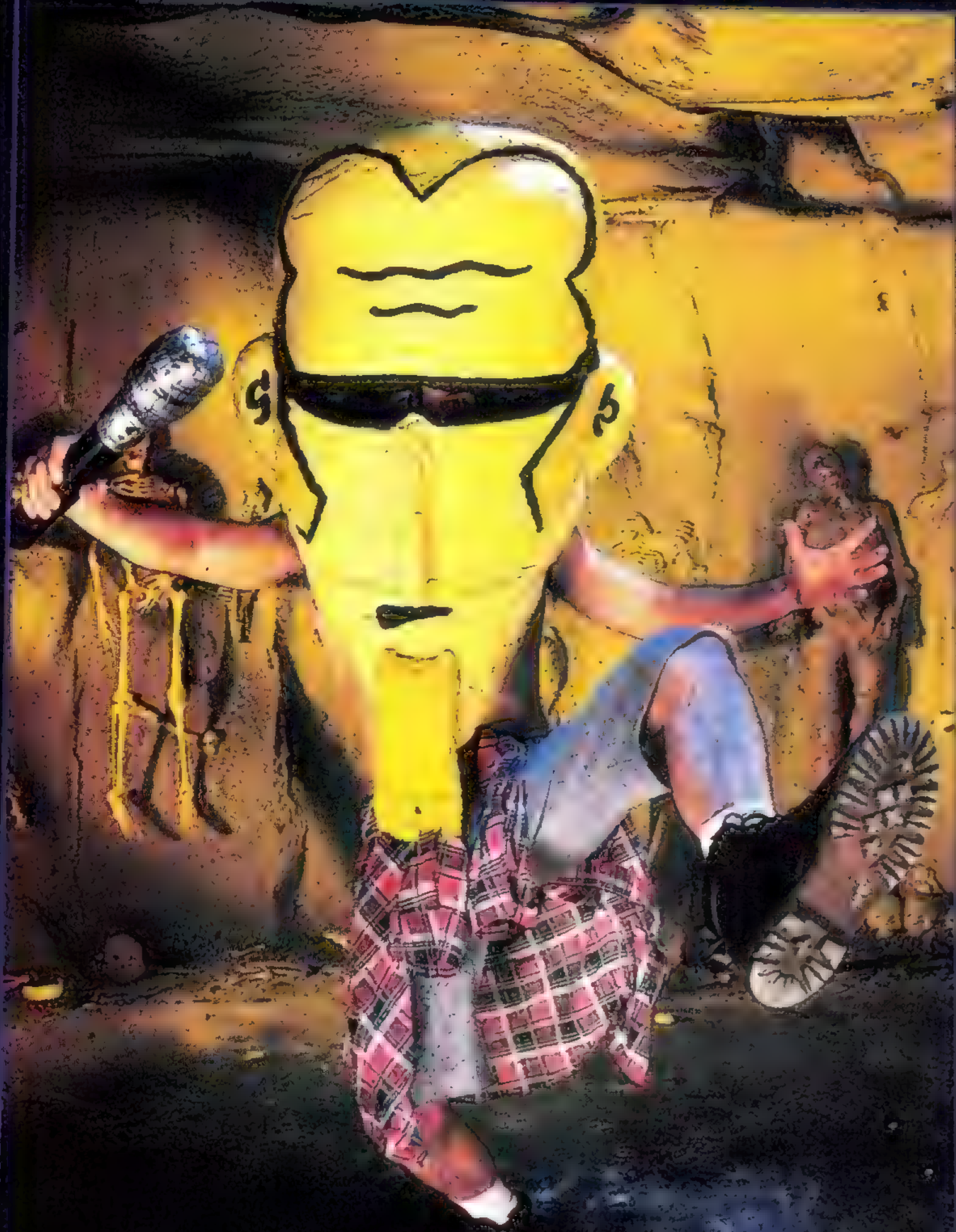
"Anything we can think up, we can bring to life," boasts Manspeaker. Everything the band produces, be it characters, costumes, videos, set designs, computer animation or stop-motion photography, is handled by the multi-talented Jellys themselves. "Everyone does four or five different things. One day you'll be a Cowgod, the next day you'll be a bass player—or a carpenter, camera operator or set designer."

Every room in this rock n' roll labyrinth is buzzing with a project. Festooned with all sorts of rock,

pigs all under one roof. Join us on a tour of **Green Jelly's** new high-tech multimedia studio.

STORY BY JEFF GILBERT

PHOTOS BY JOHN EDER



PIÑATA HED



SUPER ELASTIC



BILL MANSPEAKER



T.O.A.H.



ORANGE KRUNCH



THE MEN BEHIND THE MASKS: (L TO R) JOE CANNIZZARO,

movie and cartoon memorabilia, Ooz Jelly is like Toys "R" Us for twisted adults: framed and autographed Hanna-Barbera animation cells, an original Frank Kozik *Racer X* print, *Alien* models, piles of comic books, cartoon furniture, toy ray guns, Flintstones chess sets, fan mail and artwork, GWAR posters and platinum records. "There are days when I don't even want to leave this place, it's so much fun," says Manspeaker, playing with a rubber monster model.

Currently in production at Ooz Jelly is a long-form video which will tell the story behind the band's new album, 333. Evil new Green Jelly foes like Orange Krunch, T.O.A.H. (pronounced "Toe"), Moronic Dictator and Karkuss are being created for the home video and a late 1994 road show. In addition to the album and video, Green Jelly's heroes and villains are the subject of an upcoming DC comic book series. The band also supplied the song "Carnage Rules" for Acclaim's new SNES and Genesis video game, *Spider-Man & Venom: Maximum Carnage*. There's even a project to develop and produce a television pilot for MTV.

"To think this all started with three little pigs," cracks Manspeaker. "I still can't believe it sometimes."

FLUX: How did your music end up on the *Maximum Carnage* video game?

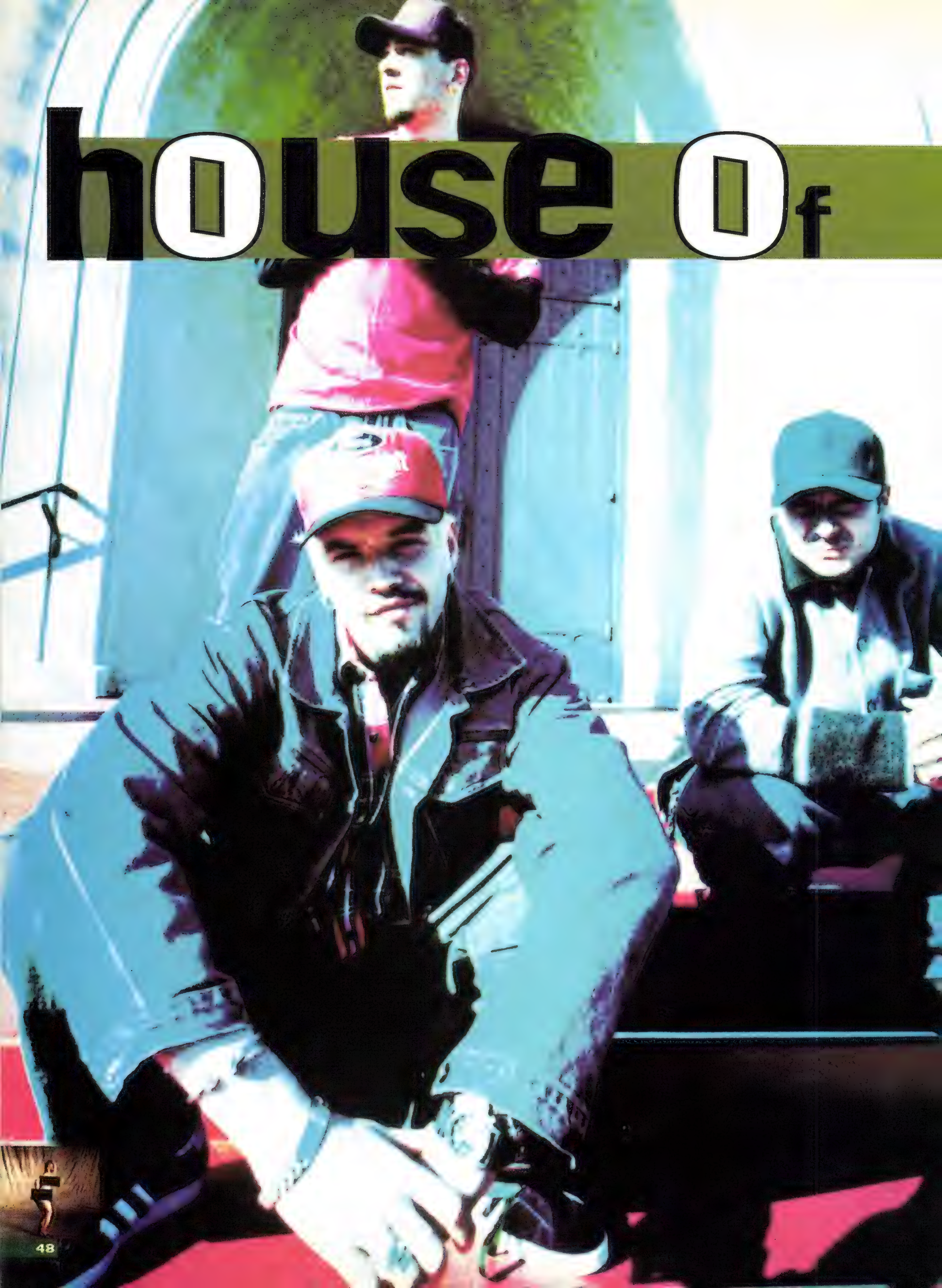
BILL MANSPEAKER: Marvel Comics was going to make a TV commercial for the game, and they asked a friend of ours, who happened to be working on the commercial, if he knew of any bands that could do the music for it. He suggested Green Jelly, so we made this really cool soundtrack for the commercial. Marvel loved it and asked us if we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 97



GARY HELSINGER, STEVEN SHENAR AND BOB WEIDER.

house of



Style

Tracii McGregor

House Of Pain's Danny Boy O'Connor on punk rock, hip hop politics and the problems of being Irish gangsta rappers.

It was the summer of '92.

Hip hop was feenin' for something new;

something fresh and different to take

the place of the mediocre lyrics and

dead, generic beats that were clog-

ging the airwaves. Enter House Of

Pain, a new rap group from the west

coast who gave hip hop the kick in

the ass it so desperately needed.

Pain's music was hard, it had integrity, and it had a hint of political and cultural consciousness—it was, in essence, rap at its finest. Imagine the public's surprise when the first House Of Pain video, "Jump Around," splashed all over MTV and revealed the group to consist of two white Irish boys—Eric "Everlast" Schrody and Danny Boy O'Connor—from around the way in L.A.'s San Fernando Valley.

Everlast, as evidenced by his days of being down with Ice-T & The Rhyme Syndicate, had a serious knack for rocking the mic. After shedding his pretty boy image and hooking up with Danny Boy, a former punk rock singer, Everlast and crew decided to take hip hop to another level with songs that hailed heroic Irish leaders and patriots. This refreshingly atypical approach won House Of Pain worldwide props.

Now it's the summer of '94. Just two years after their

sizzling debut, Danny Boy and Everlast have returned with a ferocious new album entitled *Same As It Ever Was* (Tommy Boy). FLUX recently caught up with Danny Boy to discuss the group's sophomore effort, the future of hip hop, and the prejudices against white Irish rappers.

FLUX: Danny Boy, kick a little history on House Of Pain.

DANNY BOY:

Me and Everlast went to school together. He had this solo project with Ice-T, but that kind of fell through. Everlast was doing his album, and Ice had so many other artists at that time—it was mayhem trying to get something out. After high school got out I started putting this group together, and I was the singer. Everlast used to drop by and he'd be rapping over our stuff and screwing around with lyrics and it just started happening. The next thing you know, it was like, "Yeah, we can do this!"

FLUX: Describe House Of Pain's sound.

DANNY BOY: It's hard to describe, really. It's like a demo tape sound. I've always liked that—the way B-side songs sound. It just seems that with a B-side you can take more risks. The single "Jump

Around," from our first album, was the demo version straight from [Cypress Hill producer] Muggs' garage. We didn't even worry about redoing it for the album. Record companies think if you put something out it has to represent everything you're about, but it really can't. We go in and write what's on our mind at the time and leave it alone. A lot of times I'll go back and listen to it and be like, "What was I thinking?"

FLUX: I understand you were once really into punk music.

DANNY BOY: Yeah, in high school I listened to groups like Ill Repute, Bad Religion, and a lot of local L.A. bands like Excel, Beowolf and Suicidal Tendencies. I've always been into music that was harder.

FLUX: In some ways, punk is similar to hip hop—both are music of resistance.

DANNY BOY: Imagine being white in '82 or '83 and listening to hip hop—it was the same thing as me listening to punk ten years ago.

FLUX: One of the unusual things about the band is, rather than coming out as white boys singing about black issues, like Vanilla Ice or Young Black Teenagers, you came out with the whole pro-Irish vibe.

DANNY BOY: Back in the day, I'd be like one of the only white kids at the jams. Then Public Enemy, which I think is one of the most important hip hop groups ever, came out and set off a whole bandwagon of people trying to be like them, and taking it even



farther. All of a sudden, it wasn't cool for me to be at those jams—I was now the devil. So, for us, the Irish thing is just a backdrop to who we are and where we're from, and a way of showing that we're not trying to be anything that we aren't.

FLUX: Being white, is it difficult to be considered legit in the rap world? You must deal with a lot of criticism and judgment.

DANNY BOY: You can't control it. You've just got to accept that everything you're doing is to your satisfaction and your standards. People are gonna say what they want to say. The bottom line is that we work hard at what we do, and we do exactly what we think is right. If people don't

like us for that, screw 'em. I ain't got nothing to say.

FLUX: As white boys in rap, what is House Of Pain's role in preserving hip hop culture?

DANNY BOY: To stay true. Trust me, we had plenty of opportunities to grow 'do's or put on make-up. That's how people like Vanilla Ice blow up. And I also understand that not everybody can be hardcore, not everybody likes hardcore. There's got to be something to balance out the scale. Someone's gotta do it, but it ain't us. For us, as long as we do what we feel is real, and not just to sell records, we be all right. What we set out to do is make solid hip hop, not no Top 40 shit.

FLUX: How do you respond to the constant criticism about Everlast's change from clean cut poster boy to hip hop bad boy?

DANNY BOY: At 17, Everlast was molded into what Warner Bros. wanted him to be. Nobody can say they wouldn't have done the same thing—at that age, in high school, making that kind of money, what else can you do? I don't make any excuses for what he did because I would've been wearing a pink tutu if they said they were gonna give me all that money.

FLUX: Let's talk more about *Same As It Ever Was*. Did you approach it differently than your first album?

DANNY BOY: With this album we did the exact opposite from how we did the first album. I don't think we have any "Jump Around"s on this album. I hope people don't get upset, but that was something we did two years ago. It was good for what it was, but we don't want to go through that again.

FLUX: Who did most of the production?

DANNY BOY: Lethal produced 80% of the album, Mug-

gs did like two tracks, the Baka Boys did a track and Diamond D did a track called "Word Is Bond."

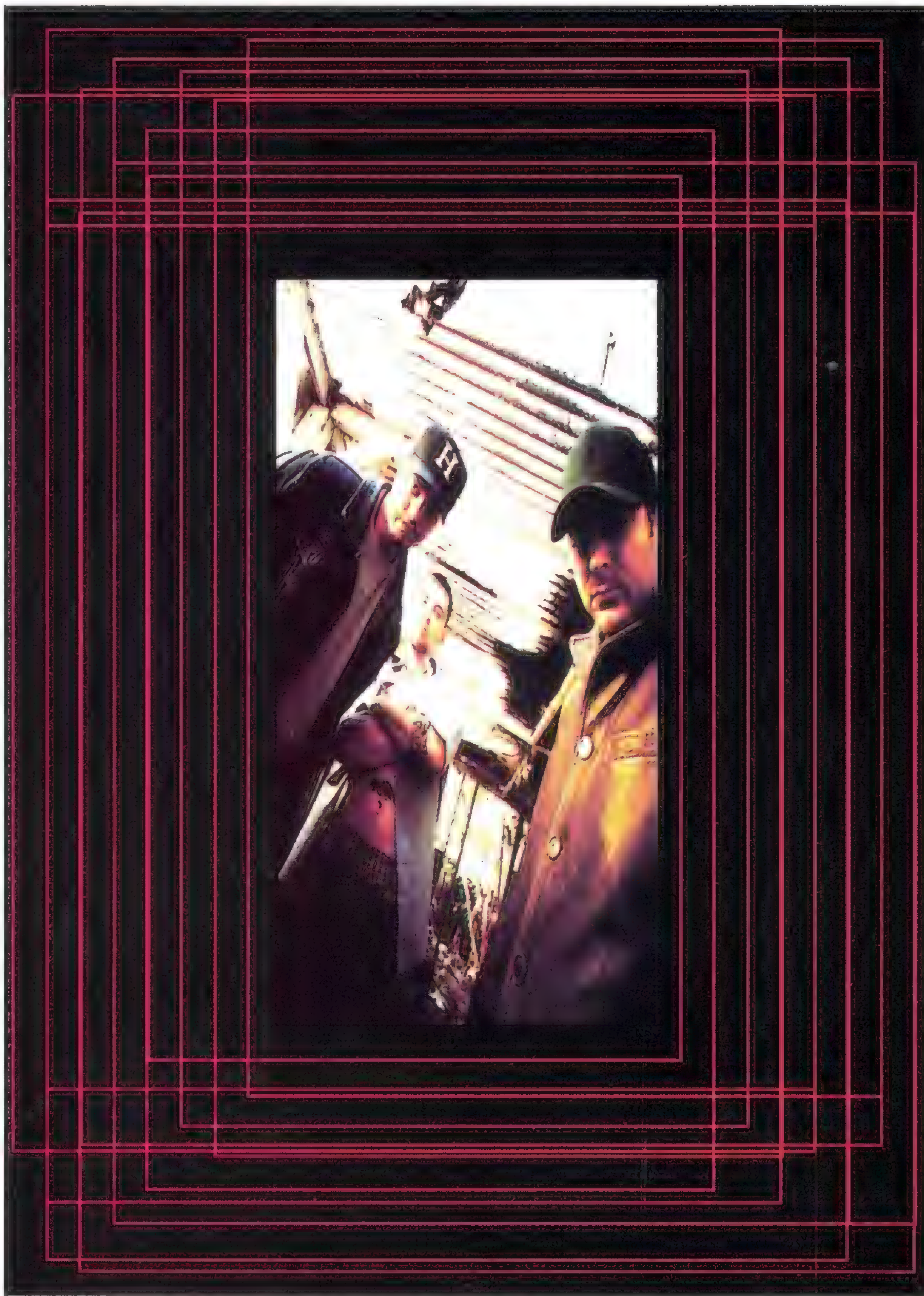
FLUX: Let's talk about the current state of hip hop. How does the new album fit into the scheme of things?

DANNY BOY:

The funny thing about rap is that, just when you think you've heard it all, someone will set it off again with something new. And that's the thing that Cypress Hill did that helped us get to where we needed to go. And that whole weed thing took off with Dr. Dre and *The Chronic*. Nobody was talking about that. Public Enemy, Slick Rick, De La Soul, even the Beasties

when they first came out had the same effect. Then there's always that two year period where there's no movement. Like right now there's no movement. People are waiting for that one big act to lead hip hop somewhere else.

We were part of last year's thing and we're doing music for this year, but not at that capacity. I wouldn't want that—it's a horrible responsibility. I hope people just accept our new album for what it is—that they see the progression and that we stood fast. The second album is difficult because you gotta prove to people that you're worthy and not just a flash in the pan. And that's exactly what we did.



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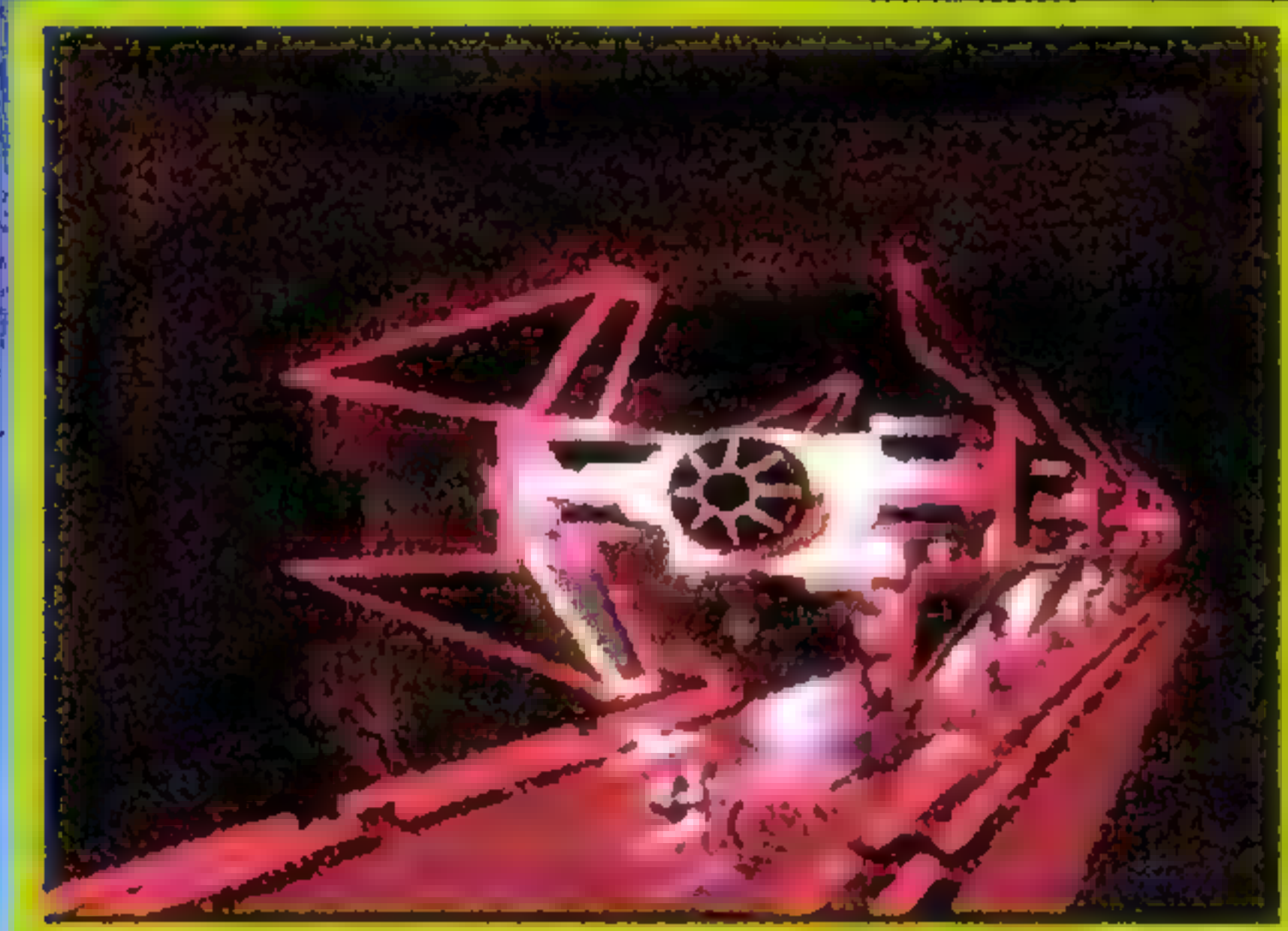
ADMIT IT. The coolest thing about the Star Wars trilogy was the Empire. Ah, those sterile Stormtroopers, with their gleaming white body armor and deadly blasters; the neat-as-a-pin officers eager for a chance to be strangled by Darth Vader; and, of course, the Lord of the Sith himself, with that broken-respirator voice and helmet which seemed to get shinier every film. They looked so fierce and acted with such order and loyalty, and yet you knew deep down that they were the scum of the galaxy.

And all you ever wanted was to be one of them, to help them crush the rebellion with one swift stroke—and now, with LucasArts' *TIE Fighter* for the PC, you can. Hot on the heels of last year's smash hit *X-Wing*, *TIE Fighter* gives Imperial Navy pilot wanna-bes the chance to fly some of the best starfighters ever to dock with a Super Star Destroyer, including TIE Fighters, TIE Bombers, TIE Interceptors, plus all-new TIE Advanced fighters and TIE Defenders.

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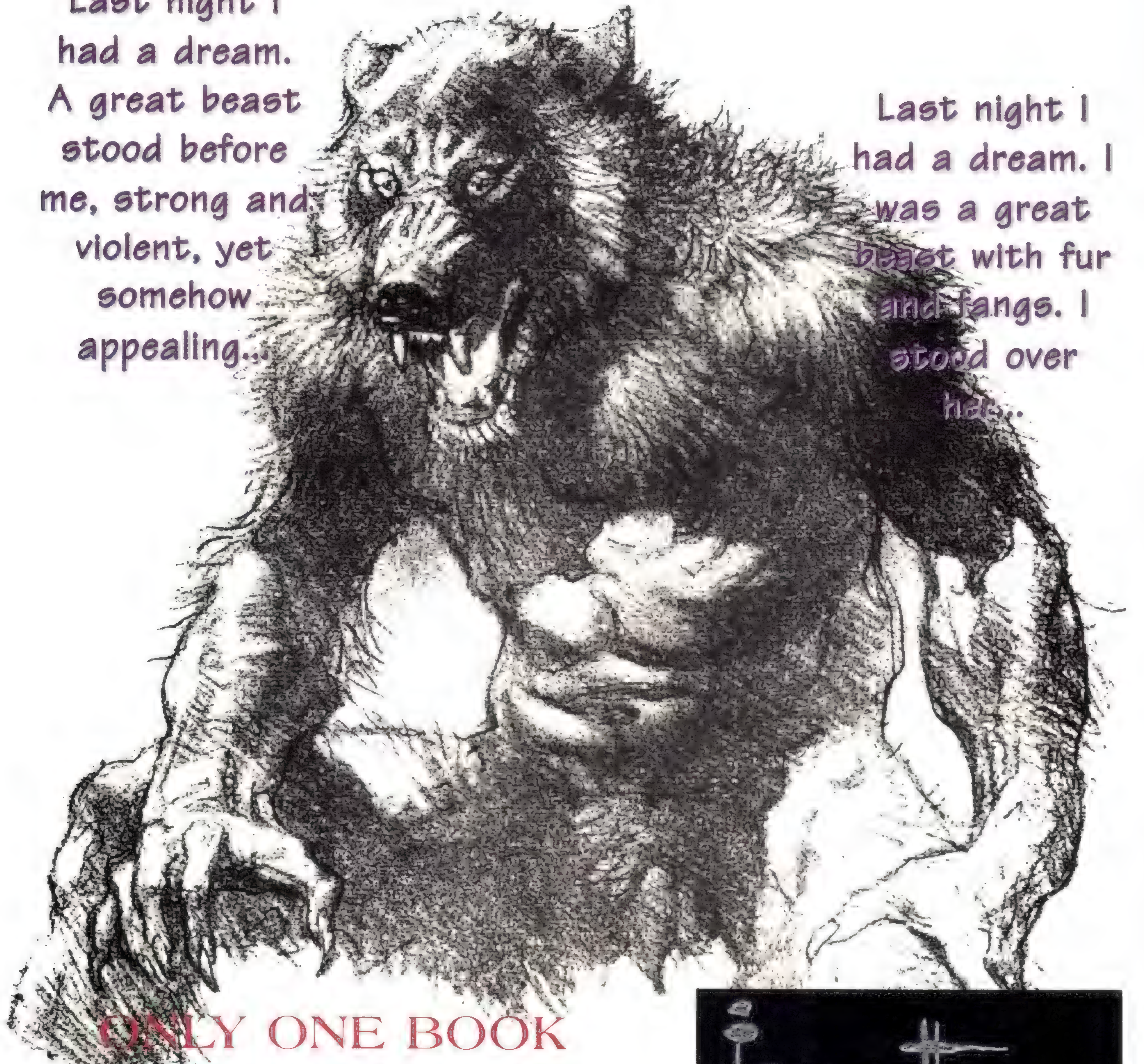
Yeah, the Dark Side is the place to be.

—DAN AMRICH



Last night I
had a dream.
A great beast
stood before
me, strong and
violent, yet
somehow
appealing...

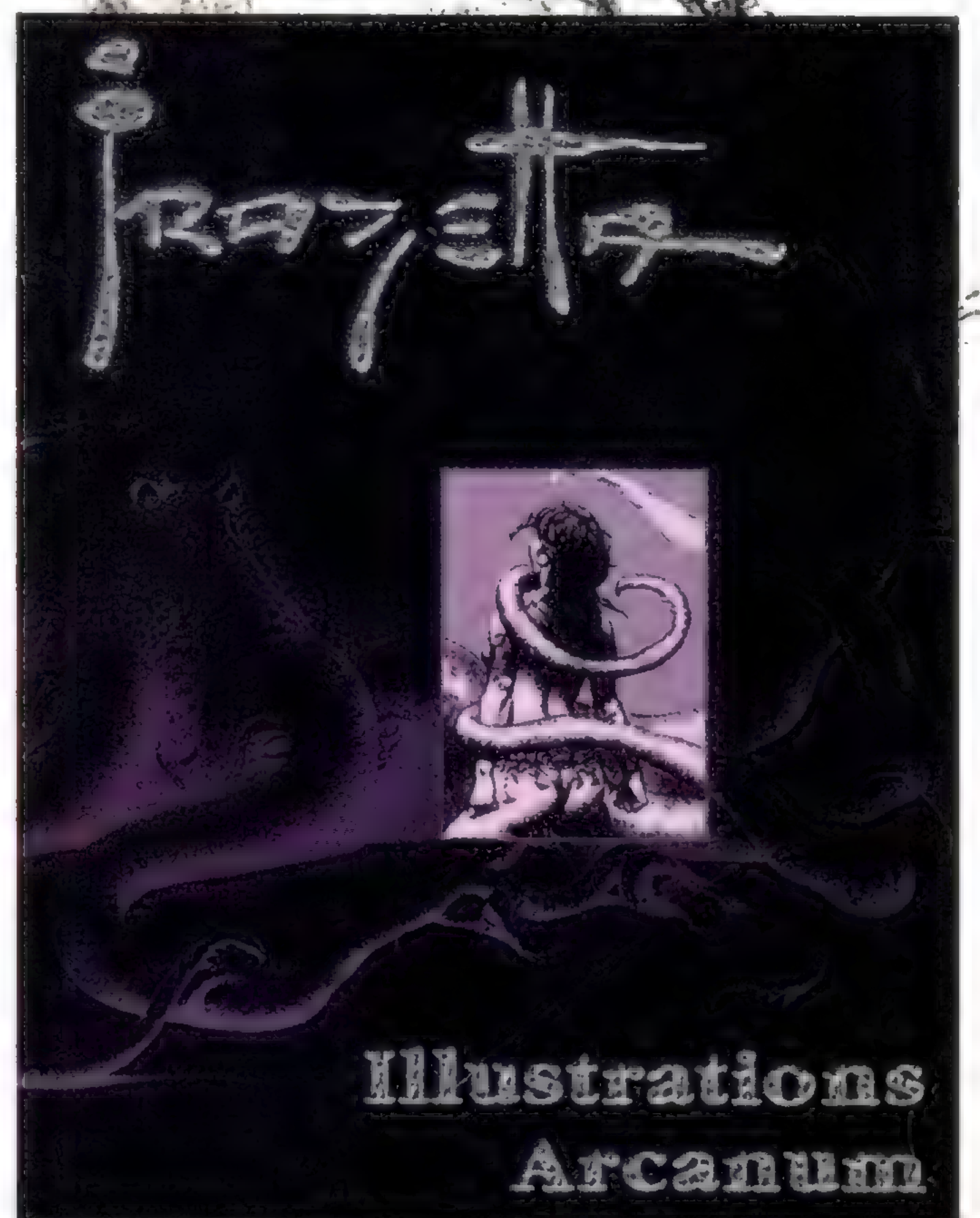
Last night I
had a dream. I
was a great
beast with fur
and fangs. I
stood over
her...

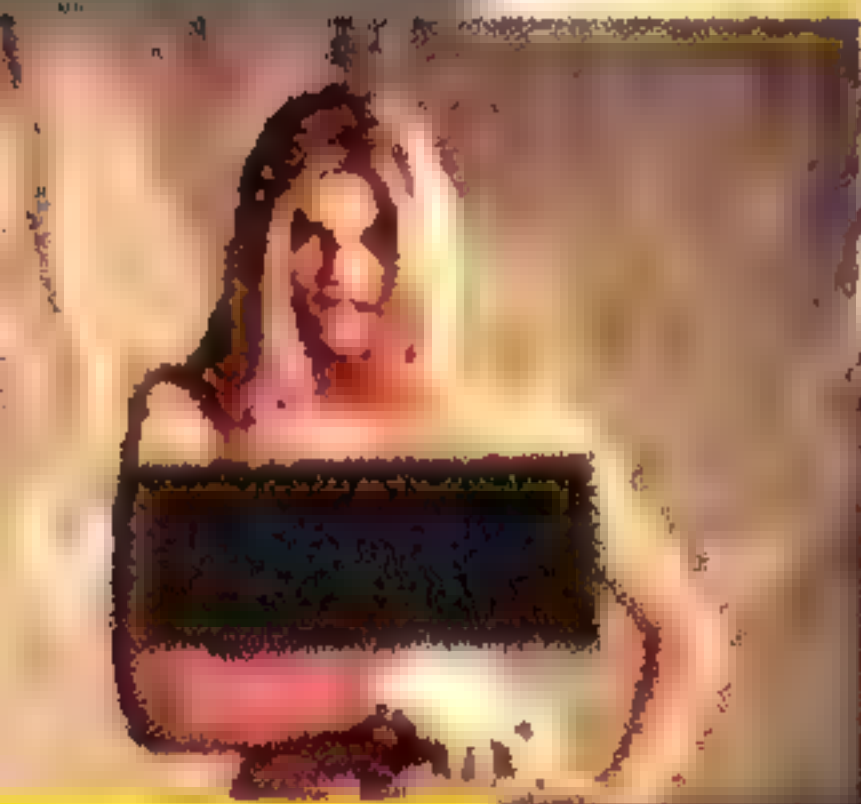


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by Kenneth Li

lettering by Kevin Henson

snag a can of Krylon and go bombing with TC-5, New York's Most Notorious Graffiti Crew

"If you get caught bombing in the wrong neighborhood," Juice warns, "you'll be in jail for a whole week."

"It's a very organized crime," whispers a younger artist.

It's two in the morning and New York's most hardcore graffiti crew



Photos by Jez Smith

has convened at the fenced-off, concrete yard of Public School 97. There are 12 guys in all, some of them aerosol artists, others just hanging out, swigging 40's and toking fat blunts. The crew waits for the arrival of the Krylon

spray paint and a ladder. Tonight's project: finishing touches on a tribute mural for a gunned-down friend.

Juice and Doze, veteran graffiti artists and co-leaders of the TC-5, one of the oldest, largest and most notorious graffiti crews in New York City, oversee the project. "Take the white and outline what you're doing," booms Doze, the resident aerosol tech. The nervous teen perched atop the rickety ladder, one of the younger artists lucky enough to contribute, quickly does what he's told.

"To be down with the five, you don't have to burn, [*meaning to do the best piece on a wall*] and you don't even have to be good at piecing [*standard graffiti art*]," confides Juice. "You just gotta have heart."

Since first gettin' together in 1969, TC-5—known to insiders as The Crazy 5—has been "burning" up the New York City scene, America's birthing ground of graffiti. Together with a host of other crews over the course of three decades, TC-5 has forged a full-fledged art form from what was, in

the past, either a hobby or pointless vandalism.

Walls and the sides of buildings are the canvas of choice for today's graffiti artists, but a generation ago, their sprawling images mainly covered the exteriors of subway cars, in the form of top-to-bottom paintings known as "burners."

"For the outsides, we used strictly Rusto [*Rustoleum*] and Krylon paint," says Doze. "Rusto in the spring and summer and Krylon for the winter. It has a better consistency for cold weather."

"For the insides, we used to make our own ink out of kerosene, Speed Ball screen-printing inks, a little alcohol, some spot remover and some black starter ink used for rubber stamps," Doze reminisces. "We called it 'Incredi-Ink' because you couldn't even think about buffing [*removing*] it. It would go through the buff and our shit would still be up. Cleaners had to knock out the windows to get our work off."

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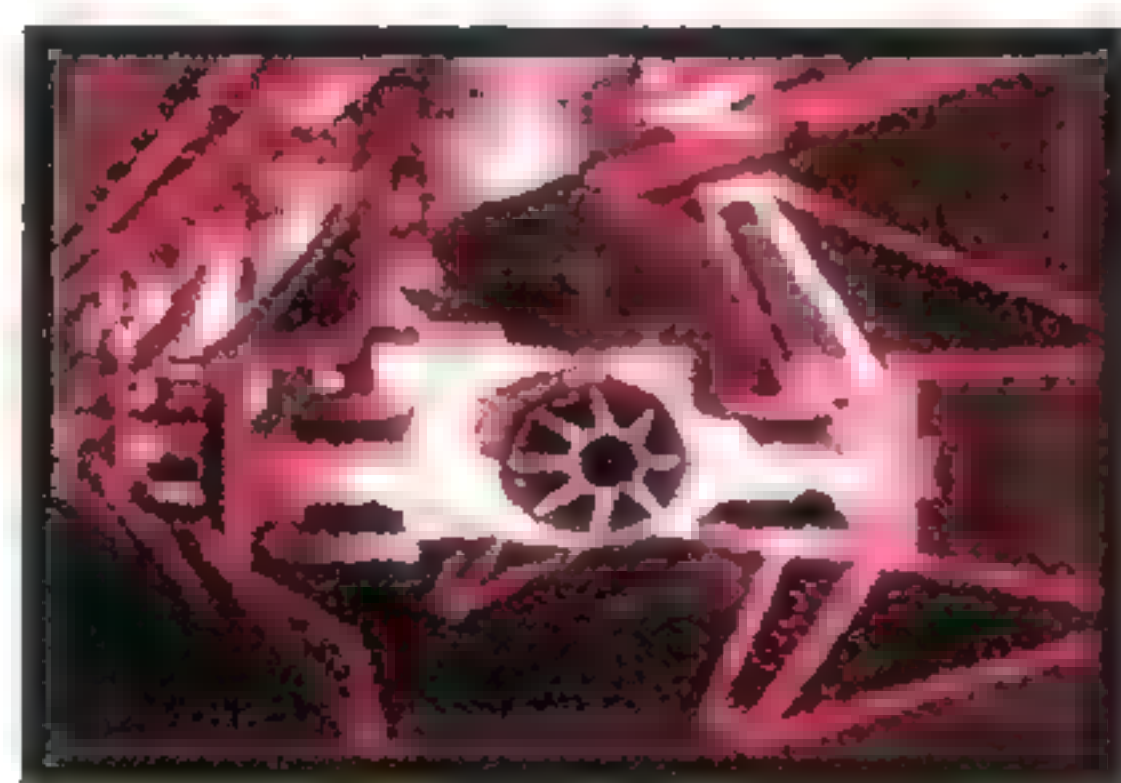
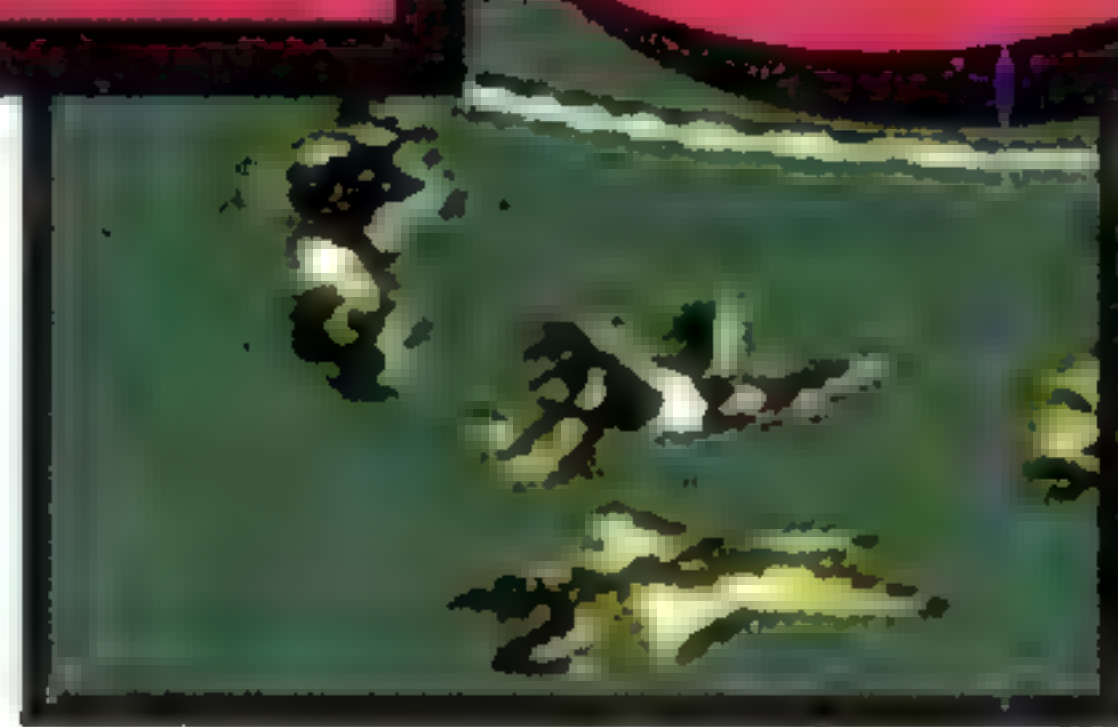
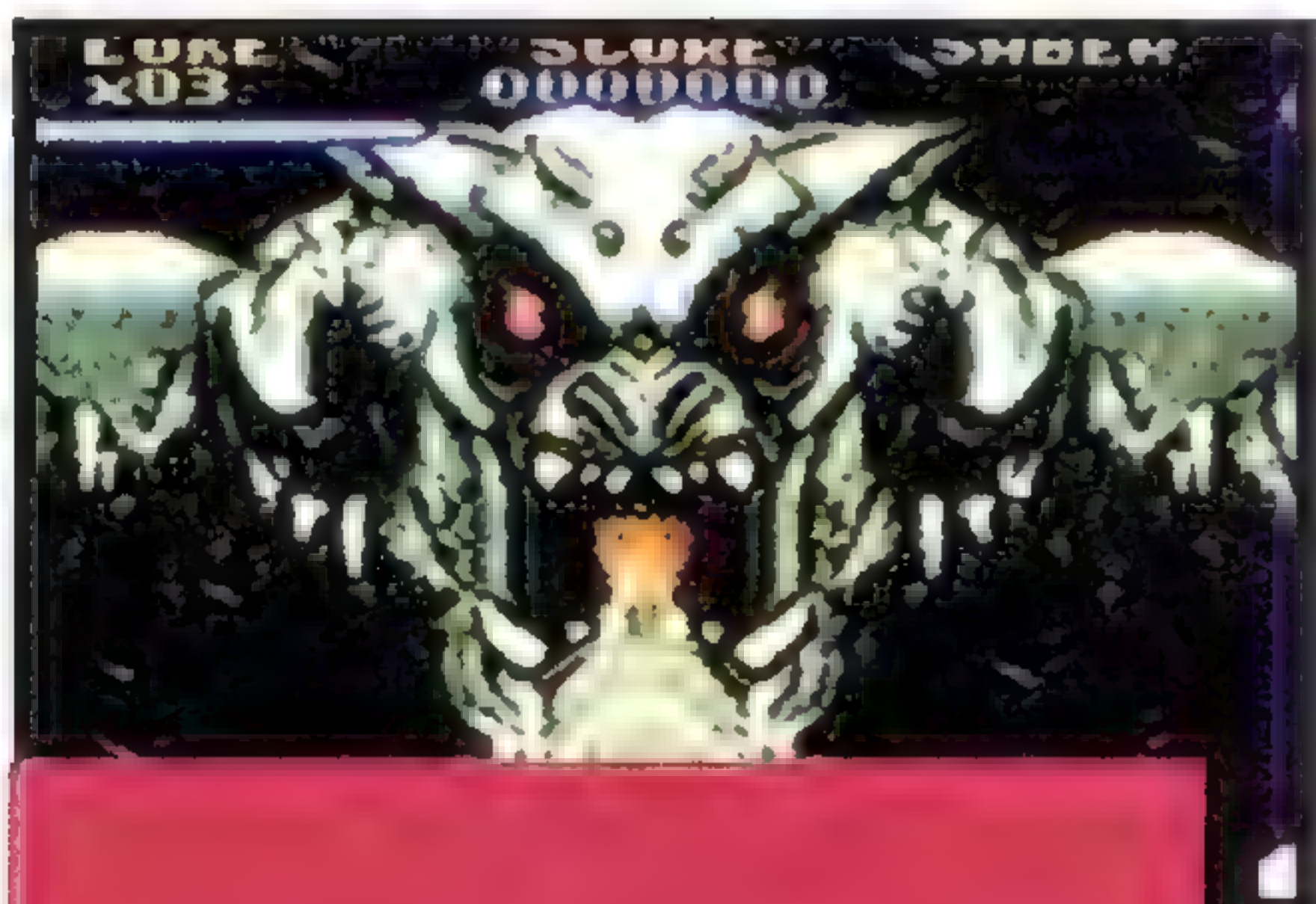
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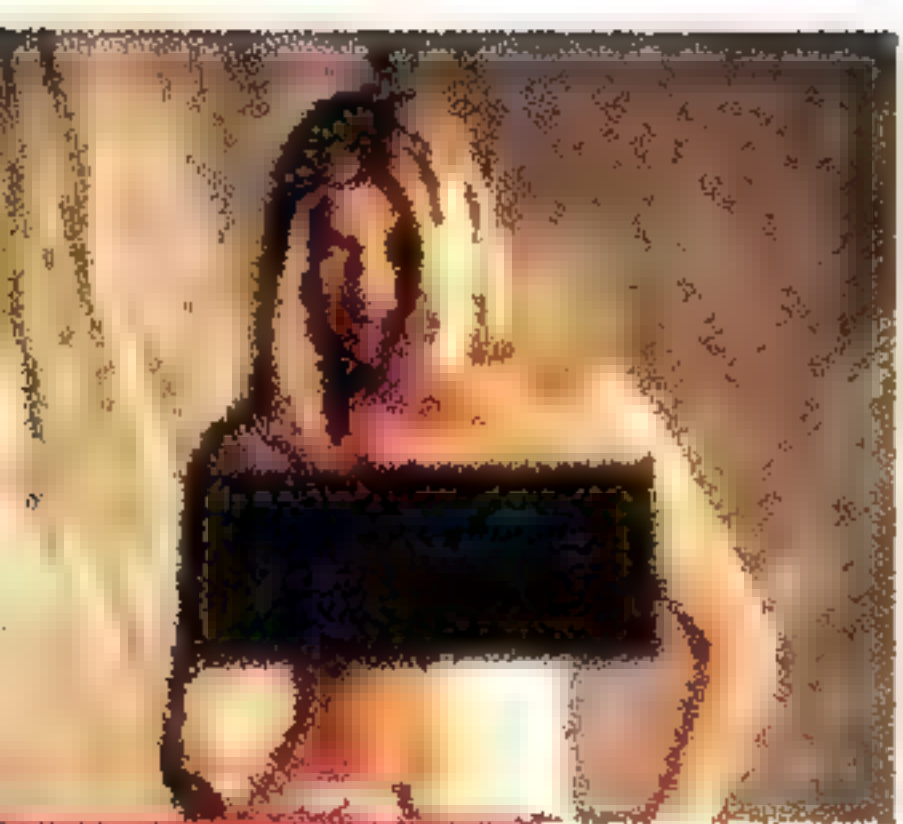
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the Top Ten TRIPS for the Top Ten games



by Dan Amrich



The hottest tips, tricks and secret codes for 10 of the

rock 'n' roll racing (Interplay, SNES/Genesis)

1. On Division B of every planet (the first division), load up on missiles, engines and armor. But on Division A, don't spend any money. Keep winning races and saving cash so you can buy a new, faster car on the first race of the next planet.
2. (SNES) Wanna find a Lost Viking? At the player selection screen, hold down L, R and Select as you scroll through the characters. He'll pop up right between Tarquinn and Snake, and he's got better attributes than any other driver.
3. (SNES) Go to Hell! Hold down L, R and Select as you scroll through the planets in "Vs. Mode," and the final planet, Inferno, should appear as one of your selections.
4. (SNES) To hear all of Larry "Supermouth" Huffman's comments, go to the options menu and scroll down to "Larry On." Press the L and R buttons to scroll through his sound bites. To make Larry say a sentence, press Select. He'll say "Snake" followed by the last tested phrase.
5. Race to win. Sending a rocket up someone's tailpipe sure is fun, but if you miss, you're in second—and you'll have just missed making an extra \$3,000.
6. Don't be in a rush to get to the front at the start of a race; the first few yards are a firefight, and it's best if you start slow and stick to the back of the pack. This way, you can watch the other drivers blow each other away, and within a lap, you'll be in first by process of elimination.
7. Use physics to your advantage: hit Turbo on your way out of a turn for maximum acceleration.
8. (SNES) For tighter turns, use both the D-pad and the L & R buttons in conjunction.
9. On the last lap of the race, let all your weapons fly—especially any mines that could snag trailing opponents.
10. Since some tracks feature alternate routes or inter-sections, it's very easy to get lost by taking a wrong turn. Just because you can turn doesn't mean you should. If in doubt, always go straight.



doom

(id Software, IBM PC)

1. Never charge into an area blindly; stick your head through a doorway and quickly retreat, ready to blast anything that might follow you out. You'll hear your ene-



my growl if they've spotted you, and you can prepare yourself for the attack.

2. Try to go where you don't think you can go—always check all walls for

secret doors. They're often subtly marked with a light or a slightly different pattern on the wall.

3. Those enemy fireballs getting you down? At any point in the game, type IDDGD; it'll access God Mode, and you'll be indestructible

4. Similarly, IDKFA gives you a full complement of ammo and weaponry.

5. If you can't find all the keys to a level, type in IDSPIS-POPD to walk through walls.

6. To find the chain saw in Episode One ("Knee Deep In The Dead"), find the switch on the column surrounded by acid in the Nuclear Plant. That will open a door to a dimly-lit catacomb area. Find the piece of wall on the west side of the maze that *doesn't* make the searching-for-secret-doors sound (it's the one right behind the green armor), and fire a few rounds into it. A passageway will appear, leading to a large tan room. Push the red button on the far wall to lower the central platform, and grab the saw. Go crazy.

7. If you can't find it, type in the cheat code IDCHOP-PERS—the chain saw's all yours.

8. A low-tech tip: raise the contrast on your monitor to lighten the game's gloomy atmosphere. This will help you see more of your surroundings.

9. Your enemies are tough, but stupid. If they accidentally shoot one of their own, they'll quickly forget about you and turn their firepower against each other.

10. The final level of Inferno is deceptively simple. An entry tunnel empties into a main cavern, which contains nasties like a Baron of Hell in the upper left and a handful of Cacodemons in the upper right. Don't waste your time with them. To the immediate right is the final boss, a giant metal spider-like creature. Peek around the corner of the entry tunnel and aim your plasma rifle down the tunnel. The boss is toast, in seconds flat, and you win.

most popular SNES, Genesis, PC
and arcade games.

FIFA: Increase your **offensive drive** by pressing **R five times, L and R.**

fifa international soccer

(EA Sports, SNES/Genesis/Sega CD)

1. (SNES) Super Kick: At the opening Game Options screen, enter B, A, then B eight times to increase your



entire team's kicking power by 25%.

2. (SNES) Super Offense: Increase your offensive drive by pressing R five times, L and R.
3. (SNES) Super Defense: Ditto on the defense with the opposite of that code—L five times, then R and L.
4. (SNES) Super Goalie: For an unbeatable netminder, enter A five times then Y five times.
5. (SNES) Invisible Walls: By entering Y, Y, Y, X, A, A, A, B, the game creates "invisible walls" around the field, so the ball never leaves play or heads into the stands.
6. (SNES) Crazy Ball: X, A, B, Y, Y, B, A, X makes the ball wobble around and generally defy the laws of physics.
7. (SNES) Crazy Curve Ball: Enter B, A, R, B, Y, L, and you'll be able to steer the ball while it's in the air with the L and R buttons.
8. (SNES) Dream Team: The ultimate code—enter A, A, B, B, Y, Y, X, X. Your team will be totally pumped up on offense, defense, speed, kicking and a slew of other attributes.
9. (Genesis) To rack up some impressive-looking scores, enter the Game Genie codes RZZB-66XE and GBVA-DAZY. Each player's goal is now worth a whopping 8 points.
10. (Genesis) For a consistent scoring method, control the ball in the opponents' penalty box (the chalk lines surrounding the goal) and wait to get tackled. You'll be rewarded with a penalty kick. When you kick (and this also applies to regular game play), aim for the upper left of the goal (hold the pad diagonal up/left)—the goalie has a difficult time blocking there, and you'll score just about every time.

robocop vs.terminator

(Virgin, Genesis) [all codes are Genesis only]

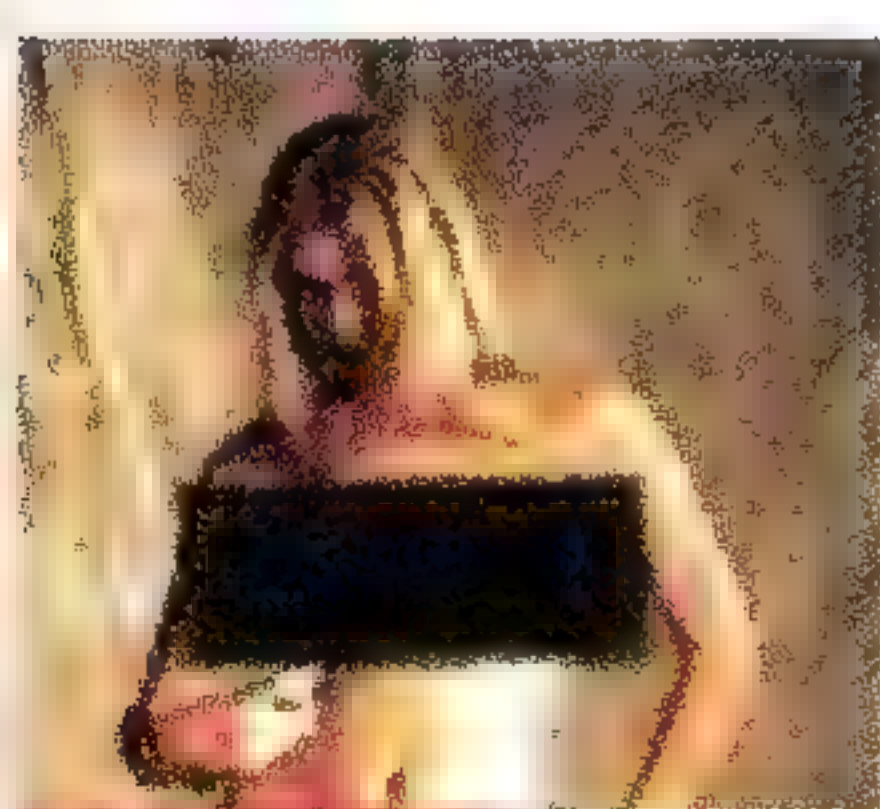
1. Press pause and enter C, B, A, B, B, A, B, B, C, B, B, C, C, B, B, C, B, C, A, C, C, A, A, A, B, B, B, A, C, A. This activates the original ultraviolent version of the game that Sega turned down—complete with screaming female enemies, flaming skeletons and tons o' blood.
2. Jump and walk faster in Turbocop mode. To access it, pause the game and enter A, B, C, C, B, A, C, B, A, C, B, A, A, A, C, A, C, B, C, A, C, A, C, A, B, C, B.
3. 54 lives can be yours by pausing the game and hitting C, C, A, A, B, B, C, C, A, A, B, B. If you do it right, you'll see a secret screen featuring programmer John Botti.
4. For 100 lives, enter NRLB-TAC8 on your Genesis Game Genie.
5. For immortality, enter the Turbocop code, then go all the way to the left of the screen on level one. Hit Up and C, and the screen will display a photo of the "M.I.T. Network." You're now immune to enemy fire
6. Need a full stash of weapons? During the game, pause and B, A, C, C, C, A, B, B, A, C, C, C, A, B. Then, unpause, and hold Down, A, B and C all at once. The weapons icons will shuffle at the top of the screen; let go of the buttons when your favorite weapon appears.
7. Press pause and enter A, B, C, C, C, B, A at any time. Push



Down and then C, and you'll drop through the floor! Re-enter the code every time you wish to drop.

8. There's a secret level buried in level two. Halfway through the level, you'll drop from a suspended wire to behind a building. Move around a bit and you'll hear Robo pick up some powerups; go all the way to the left of the building to enter the secret OCP offices (which just happen to be crawling with T-101 exoskeletons).
9. To make each Robocop head worth 8 extra lives, use the Game Genie code ACAV-VATR.
10. Game Genie code A4RB-TA20 gives you infinite continues.

ROBOCOP: 54 lives can be yours by pausing the game and hitting C, C, , , B, B, C, C, , , B, B.

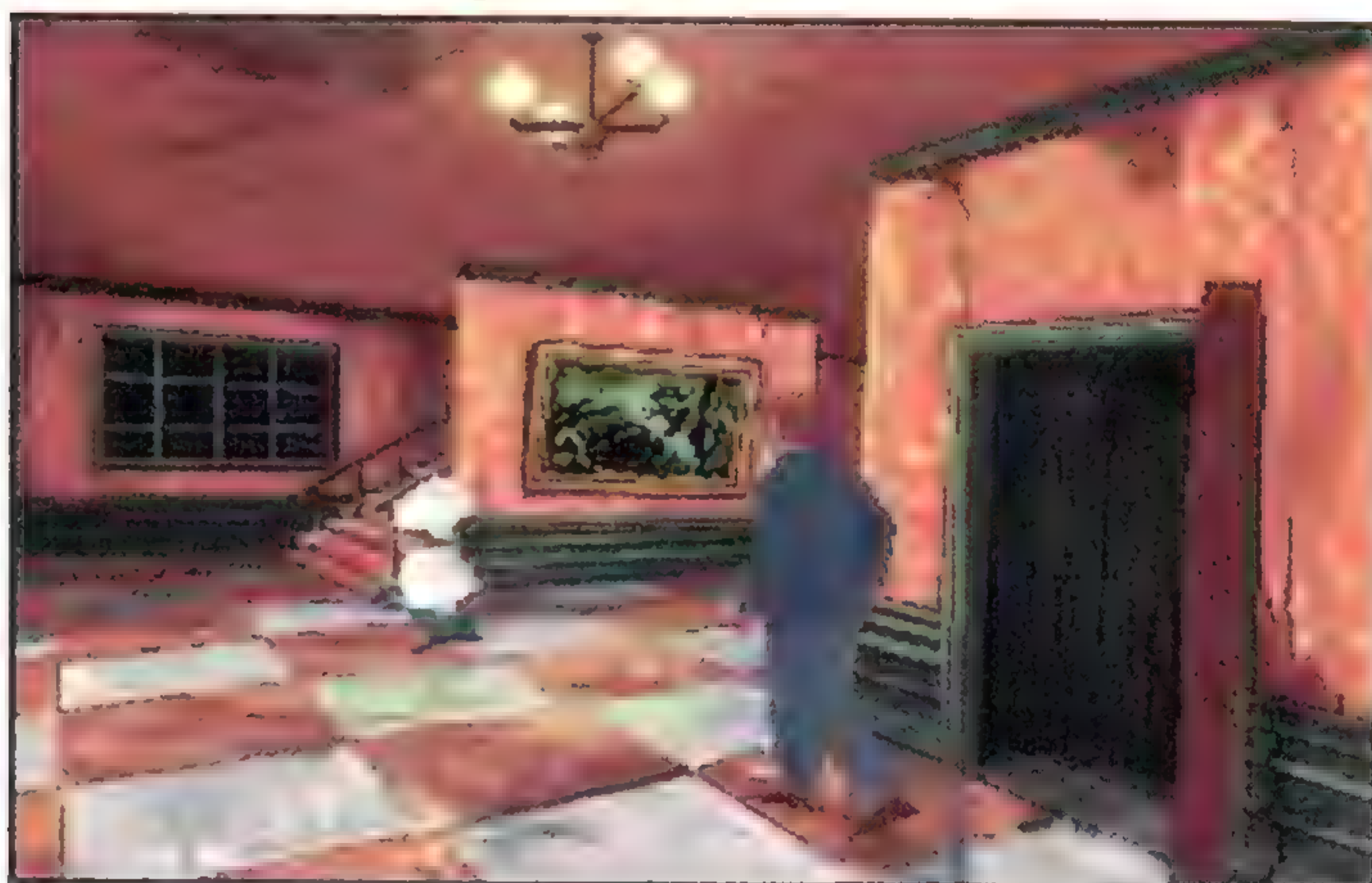


ALONE 2 It's entirely possible to force the guards to **shoot each other**—make use of it.

alone in the dark 2

(Interplay/Infogrames, PC)

1. In the hedge maze, diamonds are a detective's best friend.
2. It's entirely possible to force the guards to shoot each other—make use of it. It can save you lots of ammo and frustration.
3. The living branches in the hedge maze can be pruned with the sword-stick. Remember to keep backing up as you fight, though, or they'll grab you.
4. The hedge maze statue isn't picture-perfect...but it should be. Make sure you've got the grappling hook and rope to fix it.
5. Striker's corpse won't help you unlock the large metal door in the underground cavern, but some newspaper, a pipe cleaner and a little clever thinking might.
6. The waiter will warn you to stay off the dark squares in the main hallway, but due to the odd perspective, it might take you a few tries to get it right. From a standing position, Carnby always starts walking with his right foot; make sure you're positioned correctly
7. The guards making merry in the room adjacent to the kitchen don't have to be taken care of right away; wait until you visit the attic and defeat the white gymnast. He'll give you a holiday gift to throw down the chimney.
8. If you can't pick up the amulet, you haven't done everything in the house you need to do. Make sure to play the pipe organ twice.
9. As Grace, feed seeds to the parrot to acquire some juicy-info. Then leave the parrot's room and head to the left. You'll find a small dark space where you can hide from the pirate. Let him pass, then run to the ladder at the other end of the hall.
10. The captain's staff will come in handy when dispelling the evil force field around the pipe organ. But before you can do that, you'll need to change the walking stick into a magic wand, of sorts...



bloodstorm

(Strata, arcade)

1. Five hits in a row will leave your opponent stunned. Combos are the key!



2. On any background, win two matches in a row without hitting Block to fight the invisible secret character Shadow.
3. To fight the secret character Craniac, hold down Block and press Up three times on the Black Armada background. You'll jump back to the platform in the background. Push Up to return to the regular playfield. Do this two more times and watch for Craniac to arrive in the background, then quickly jump to the rear platform again to fight him.
4. Press Up, Up, Up, Block after winning a match on the Scorch HQ background to fight Wraith. The machine will display "Wraith Found" and you'll battle him in the Southern Abyss.
5. Another secret character, Blood, appears when you win the first round of any match flawlessly. After the match is over, Blood will explode from your fallen enemy's corpse.
6. To perform the ultra-bloody, leg-ripping Sunder move for Hellhound, Freon and Fallout, press Down, Down/Away, Away and Front Arm.
7. To keep the violence fresh and lively, try uppercutting your stunned opponent into the fans in Cyberia, or throw 'em into the horns of Polaria as a finishing move.
8. A cool 4-hit combo for Fallout: Down + Back Arm, quick Back Leg, Toward + Front Leg, then throw your gauntlet.
9. Tempest's Death Move, the Exorcism, is Down, Down/Toward, Toward and Back Leg.
10. After a victory, you can enter a joystick/button sequence and access secret messages. For instance, entering Up, Down, Up, Down, Up, Down, Up, Down and Block gives you the game's version number, while two Rights and Block makes the machine invite you to "Pucker Up Your Cheeks And Blow."

BLOODSTORM Win **two matches** in a row without hitting Block to fight the invisible secret character Shadow.

TIE FIGHTER: Redirect power from the engines rather than cutting the throttle.

tie fighter

(LucasArts, PC)

1. If you can disable an enemy ship, it can't fire at you—and that's good enough for now. Take care of other live targets in the area, then go back and finish off the half-dead ones.
2. Remember, you're not out there alone—talk to your wingmen with the Shift key commands (especially Shift-A, "Attack Target") and have them do some of your dirty work.
3. Flying into a head-on battle in a shieldless TIE Fighter isn't the smartest thing to do. Attack enemy craft from another angle instead.
4. Accurate shooting is rewarded with point bonuses, and poor accuracy earns you a penalty. Don't fire randomly just to hear the sound effects.
5. The Emperor doesn't like wussies. If you call for reinforcements on any mission, expect to be docked 5,000 points. Also, if you play the game with Invulnerability or Unlimited Ammo options, your score will be severely reduced.
6. A common sense tactic: if you're attacking a capital ship in a fighter without (or with no remaining) missiles, aim for its guns before trying to take out the whole ship.
7. Alternate between lasers and missiles whenever possible—this way, your lasers will have time to recharge and you'll never be without an offensive weapon...well, at least until you run out of missiles.
8. As in *X-Wing* and *Wing Commander*, don't let a small fighter lead you too close to its freighter. You don't want the guns



- of a speedy fighter and an entire mothership coming at you.
9. In cases where you need to slow down (like escort missions or slow-moving targets), redirect power from the engines rather than cutting the throttle. This way, your speed is reduced and your shields and cannons can use the leftover energy to recharge faster.
 10. *TIE Fighter* has a camera feature—use it. Film your missions and analyze your movements later; it's the best way to steadily improve over time.

stunt race fx

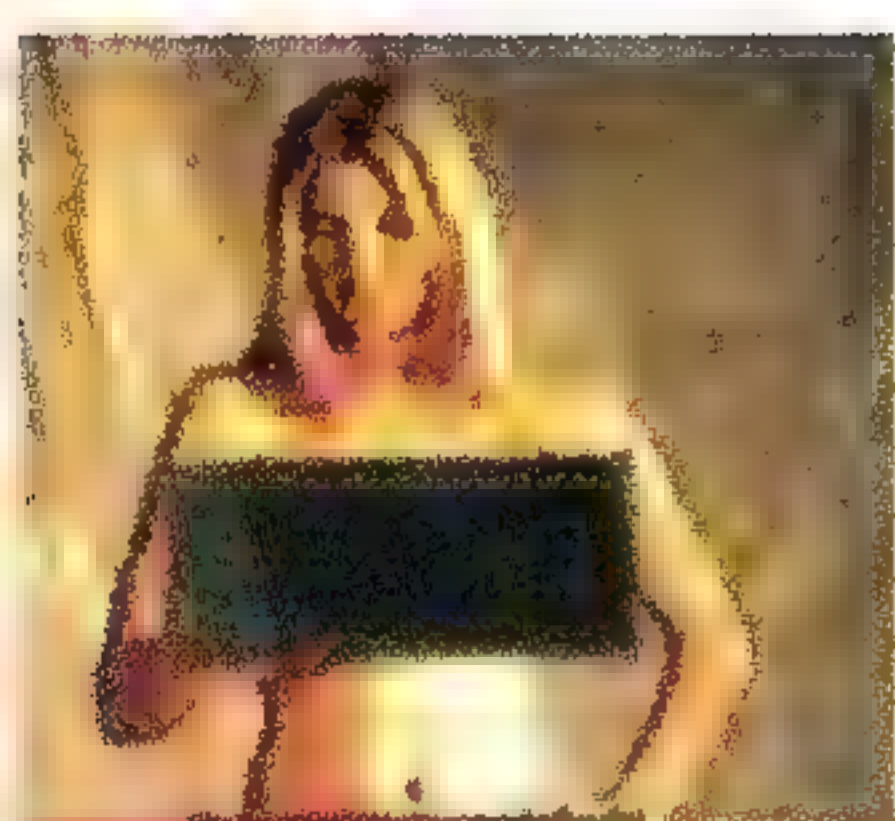
(Nintendo, SNES)

1. Each car has its own attributes that make it worthwhile, so experiment with them all (not just the F-Type) to learn their nuances and master the game.



2. Just like in *Rock 'N' Roll Racing*, using the L and R buttons as you enter a curve will keep you from skidding into the outside wall and keep your turns nice and sharp. It's tricky to get the hang of steering this way, but it pays off.
3. At the beginning of the Speed Trax bonus course, decide which goal you want to achieve: extra time (achieved by going through the gates) or an extra car (head straight for the finish line and don't look back!).
4. Of the three viewpoints, the overhead view is easiest. It gives you a larger view of the track, and therefore more time to plan for the course ahead.
5. At the starting line, don't hit Boost until you've got your tires rolling. A burnout on the starting line isn't what you want—it will cost you some time.
6. The 4WD is far and away the best choice for the Stunt Trax. The other vehicles are lighter and just can't take the track's abuse, and they break apart too easily.
7. The 18-wheeler on the bonus tracks is a handling nightmare. Go too fast and you'll find it impossible to steer through all the gates. Find a balance between speed and control for max points.
8. You don't have to hit the red repair and blue boost gems head-on. Tag them with the corner of your tire and you'll grab them.
9. Simple but important: Don't accelerate going into turns, or you'll fly right past them. Let go of the gas just before you turn.
10. During a jump, it's a good idea to aim the nose of your vehicle in the air by pressing Up or Down. If you are properly angled to the pavement when you land, your car will sustain little or no damage and zip along at top speed.

STUNT RACE FX: Don't accelerate going into turns, or you'll fly right past them.



SUPER EMPIRE: To start with all Jedi powers, press X, B, B, Y, X, , , X at the opening screen.

super empire strikes back (JVC, SNES)

1. For a Debug mode, at the title screen, press A, B, Y, X, A, B, Y, X, A, B, A, B, Y, X, X, Y, A, B, Y, X on controller one. Vader's voice should respond with "Impressive." Now, during the game, press the L and R buttons at the same time on controller two. When in Debug mode, you can change the stage, area, health, lives and weapon. Also, hitting Start on controller two during play instantly clears the stage!
2. To start with all Jedi powers, press X, B, B, Y, X, A, A, X at the opening screen.
3. Pressing X, Y, B, B, B, X, A, Y, Y, B, A, X, Y at the opening screen gives you 99 lives.
4. For an unlimited supply of thermal detonators, enter A, X, B, X, X, A, Y at the title screen.
5. There are multiple hidden areas above the Hoth caverns. Look for breaks in the ceiling overhead, then jump. You'll get sucked up into secret areas with hidden powerups.
6. In the asteroid field, a red dot on the radar means there's a TIE on your tail. Bank hard to one side, then swerve back to the original position. The TIE should be in front of you now, green on the radar and dead meat in your sights.
7. Here's a cool 1-up loop for the first level of Hoth. Head Luke and his Tauntaun for the large breakaway bridge. Fall into the pit underneath, and push to the left. You'll land on a series of eight invisible platforms! They contain four 1-ups. The only way to get out is to die, but you've still gained three extra lives, and you can keep using this trick until you have 99 lives.
8. Han's got a 1-up loop, too, in the Carbon Freezing Chamber. Jump into the large pit and onto the Freeze lamps. Use them as stairs to get down, jumping from lamp to lamp, until you hit bottom. To the right, you'll find a secret room with a web-like structure in the background. Shoot around it to find 1-ups, grenades, hearts and more. Jump off the ledge and die; you'll reappear just above the secret room and can do it all over again.
9. To skip to the final battle with Darth Vader, enter A, X, B, A, Y, X, B, A, A, X, B, B, Y, X at the title screen, or use password SWPMSS. And don't use your blaster against Darth Vader; just like in the movies, he'll deflect your shots and aim



them back at you!

10. Press the Y button four times at the opening screen; Vader will say "Impressive." Now you can rotate the intro crawl screen with the L and R buttons.

nba jam tournament edition (Midway, arcade)

1. For maximum player power, hold Down and simultaneously press Turbo, Pass, Shoot and Start at the "Tonight's Matchup" screen
2. Goal tending's not fair, but it is fun. To get away with it most of the time, hit any button 24 times at the "Tonight's Matchup" screen.
3. What's better than Big Heads? HUGE Heads. At the "Tonight's Matchup" screen, hold the joystick Up, then



press and hold Turbo and Steal. Players' heads will be, well, huge.

4. For teeny-weeny players, hold Down/Right on the joystick and press the pattern Turbo, Shoot, Steal three times at "Tonight's Matchup."
5. Play as Knicks superstar center Patrick Ewing on any team available in NBA Jam by entering PAT AUG 05 at the initials screen.
6. Likewise, the Seattle Supersonics' high-flying, rim-rockin' Shawn Kemp can be played on any team by entering KMP NOV 26.
7. For Golden State Warrior and NBA Rookie of the Year Chris Webber, try WEB MAR 01.
8. World Champion Houston Rocket (not to mention the NBA's Most Valuable Player) Hakeem "The Dream" Olajuwon's initials are HAK JAN 21.
9. Mortal Kombat designers Ed Boon (EJB FEB 22) and John Tobias (TOB AUG 24) are buried in here, too. Watch for the Raiden lightning that swirls around them throughout the game.
10. Finally, play as those sexy cheerleaders! Designer Mark Turmell reports they were in the original arcade Jam, but very difficult to access. Now, it's easy: Kerri Hoskins is KER OCT 10, and Lorraine Olivia is LOR FEB 20. Hubba, hubba.

NBA JAM TE: Play as the cheerleaders!
Kerri Hoskins is **KER OCT 10**, and Lorraine Olivia is **LOR FEB 20**.

You want the best and you got the best—the ultimate group of

The Dream

Okay, picture this. You're completely, 100% responsible for hand-picking the players for the next Olympic basketball team. Forget stats, forget public opinion, forget salaries. It's just you and your brain. Cool, huh?

So who do you pick? Bird? Retired. Barkley? Big mouth. Jordan? Baseball geek. Starks? ir ball. Not so easy, now, is it?

Luckily, these problems don't happen in comics. To put together a Dream Team of superheroes, there's only one rule to follow—you take the best of the best, no matter how pathetic (or dead) they've become in recent times. If you want Captain America, you've got him. No one retires here. If you want the Blue Beetle (not that anybody would), he's all yours, dude.

And that's exactly what we've done here. We've scoured our comic book collections and assembled the biggest, baddest, roughest and toughest group of superheroes into one awesome Dream Team. So, without further ado, here it is—Team Flux!



team mascot

HELLBOY

Mike Mignola's Hellboy character is just too cool not to make the team. He combines the best attributes of some of comicdom's most popular characters—top notch detective skills, an intimate knowledge of the supernatural and the strength and balls to kick ass when necessary. He's held the title of "world's greatest occult investigator" for 50 years, an enduring career most of today's characters would find difficult to match.



team travel agent

VOID

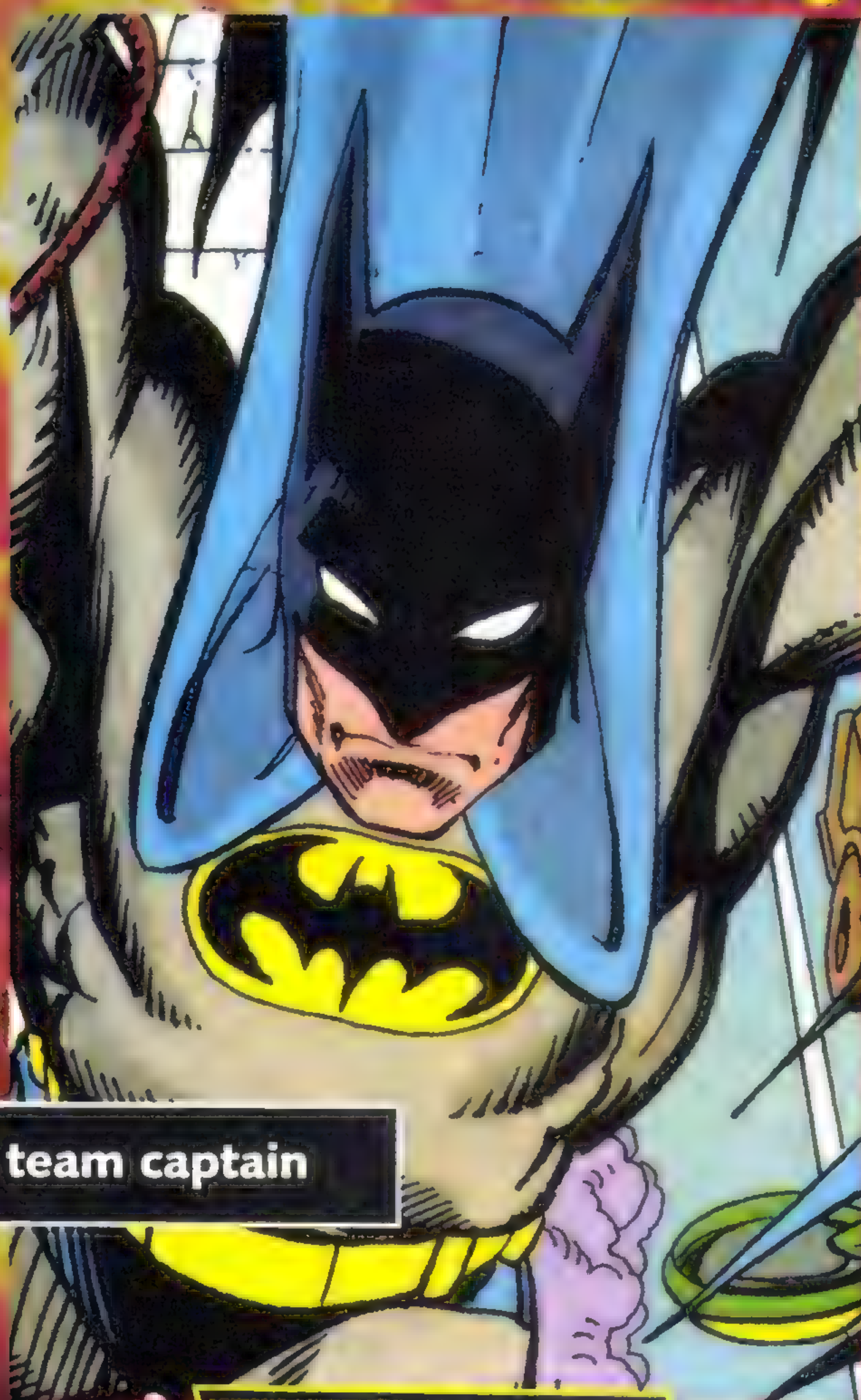
Void is, in many respects, quite possibly the most important member of WildC.A.T.s, and she'd be an invaluable addition to Team Flux. The Reynolds-wrapped ice queen is not only a powerful psi whose clairvoyant abilities enable her to predict the future (an important edge in combat), but she is also a teleporter the likes of which Nightcrawler has only seen in his wet dreams. She could take the whole team wherever they wanted, whenever they wanted. Even backstage at an STP concert. Way!



superheroes in the friggin' universe! Presenting...Team Flux!

Team

by Chris Golden



team captain

BATMAN

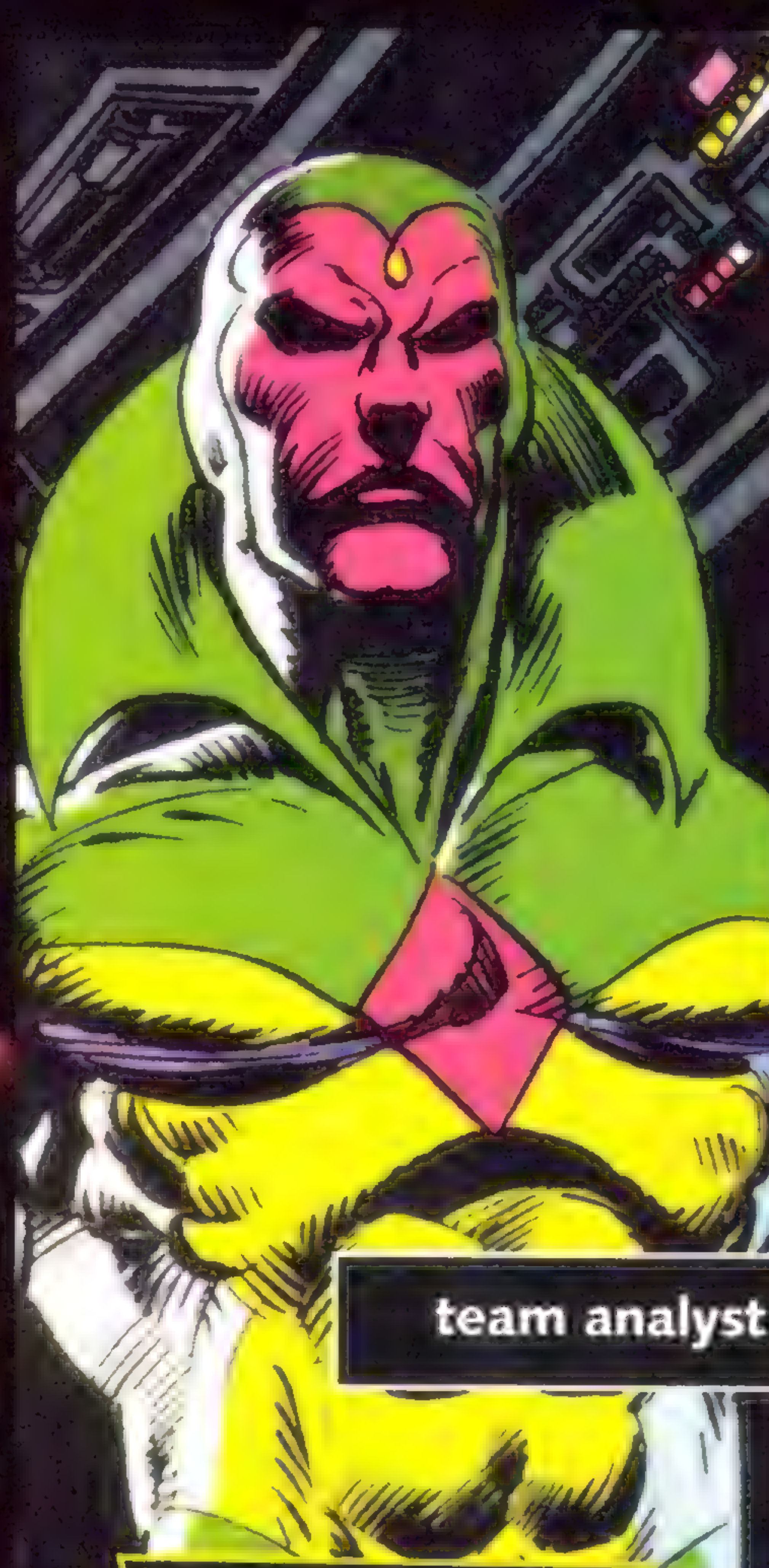
Before you ask, we're talking Bruce Wayne here (none of this "new Batman" Jean Paul Valley crap). The world's greatest detective and an incredible hand-to-hand combatant, the original Dark Knight is always calm, cool, collected and ready to kick some major ass in a crisis. His experience and naturally imposing demeanor make him the only choice for team leader. And if the team needs an HQ—where better than the Bat Cave?



team power pack

SOLAR

Raw, unadulterated energy is what Solar brings to Team Flux. He's virtually immortal and endowed with almost endless power. His scientific expertise is also a great asset to the team—but mainly he's the first line of defense against even the most powerful of villains, particularly those on a cosmic level. There is one potential snag, however. As we learned in *Deathmate*, the good doctor's chemistry with Void has explosive potential. Talk about mind-blowing sex!



team analyst

VISION

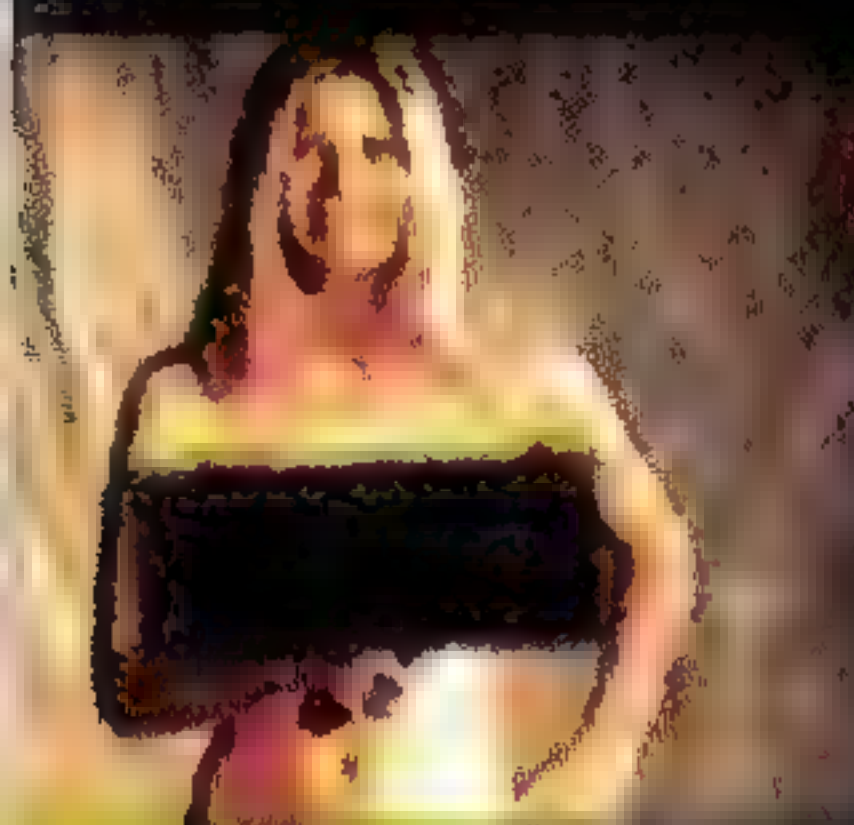
Vision, a member of the Avengers, has that computer brain, capable of just about anything and perceptive beyond all human conception. Factor in his natural strength, and the ability to control the density of his body, and you have yet another extraordinarily formidable foe, able to whup the majority of your super-powered degenerates.



SMASHING

From underground punks to MTV favorites—ten years

THE MANY FACES OF DEXTER HOLLAND





The Offspring

are punk rock's latest success story, and nobody could be more surprised than the band themselves. As their recent album, *Smash* (Epitaph), sells by the truckload, these four friends from high school continue to play it fast, loud and raw.

The rebellious progeny from ultra-suburban Orange County, California, the Offspring have been together for over a decade. They used to make fun of rock stars, but they know better than to laugh now. Their single, "Come Out And Play (Keep 'Em Separated)," has matured into a monster hit, their album is quickly approaching platinum status, and it's safe to say that the Offspring have all the qualifications for being larger-than-life rock stars—minus the arrogant attitude.

In a recent conversation with FLUX, Offspring singer and chief songwriter Dexter Holland revealed himself as a man clearly embarrassed by all the

PUNK KINGS

since their inception, the OFFSPRING finally have a **Smash**.

fuss, and shares with us his thoughts on fame, lighter fluid and his secret double life.

FLUX: How does it feel to have a hit on your hands?

DEXTER HOLLAND: We really shy away from the whole success thing because that's not why we started this band. We were just playing punk rock, and doing it for years and years with no recognition. We did it because we loved the music and enjoyed what we were doing. Whatever happens now is nice—it's great—but we try not to take

STORY BY DAVID GRAD

PHOTOS BY B.J. PAPAS

it too seriously.

FLUX: Are you surprised at how popular you've gotten?

HOLLAND: Oh, absolutely! When we recorded this album, our last one had sold maybe 15,000 copies, so the possibility of us getting played on the radio or anything like that was pretty much nonexistent. Especially because this kind of music is not generally considered acceptable by the mainstream—so, for something like this to happen, it really took us by surprise.

FLUX: What do you think is unacceptable about the Offspring?

HOLLAND: The fact that we don't play by the rules. We don't do the stuff that everyone wants us to do. We don't play the big shows for the big ticket prices. We don't do the long guitar leads and the big extended outros of the songs and say "thank you, good night!" after every show. We don't want to do that. This is punk rock—and punk rock has never been accepted.

FLUX: That's part of its political element to punk music. Are your songs themselves socially conscious as well?

HOLLAND: I'd say they're more topical than straight political. But that's another thing that's good about punk rock. There's something in it that you can digest. It might not necessarily have a heavy message, but when you hear the lyrics, it makes you think a little. It addresses something that's relevant.

FLUX: That's certainly the case with "Come Out And Play." What inspired you to write that song?

HOLLAND: I was sick, stuck in bed for a whole week. I was trapped watching horrible daytime talk shows. One day Montel Williams had on these kids who said they had to bring guns to school to protect themselves. And I was thinking how ridiculous that was, and the more I thought about it, the more I realized that it would make a cool song.

FLUX: Tell me about

the song "Bad Habits," which is about shooting at people who cut you off on the road. Has that song been an inspiration to anybody?

HOLLAND: Oh, God, I hope not! We'll see what happens with it. On our last record, we did a song called "Burn It Up," which was about a pyromaniac. It was kind of silly, not serious at all, and we played this show and these kids showed up with this charred can of lighter fluid with "To the Offspring" written on it, and they said how they had burned something down for us.

of getting a Ph.D. in microbiology at the University of Southern California. True?

HOLLAND: I've taken a leave of absence. Originally, this band was a side project, something that was fun to do—but it's turned into more than that. The important thing about this is not to let anyone write your ticket. People in school look at me and say, "I can't believe you're in a band," and the guys in the band say, "I can't believe you're in school." You don't have to limit yourself to one thing or be different from anything you want to be.

FLUX: Before *Smash* took off, was the Offspring something you saw pretty much only as a hobby?

HOLLAND: Yeah, definitely. It's the only way we could have stayed together. If we had wanted to make it, we would have done something more mainstream in the first place. We did this because we were friends and we would be at each others' houses on



THE OFFSPRING: (L TO R) GREG K., DEXTER HOLLAND, RON WELTY, NOODLES.

People will always take stuff too literally, but it just makes them look stupid because it's really obvious that's not what we mean. People like "Bad Habits" because it's a release and they like the cussing.

FLUX: Do you attribute any of the band's success to MTV exposure?

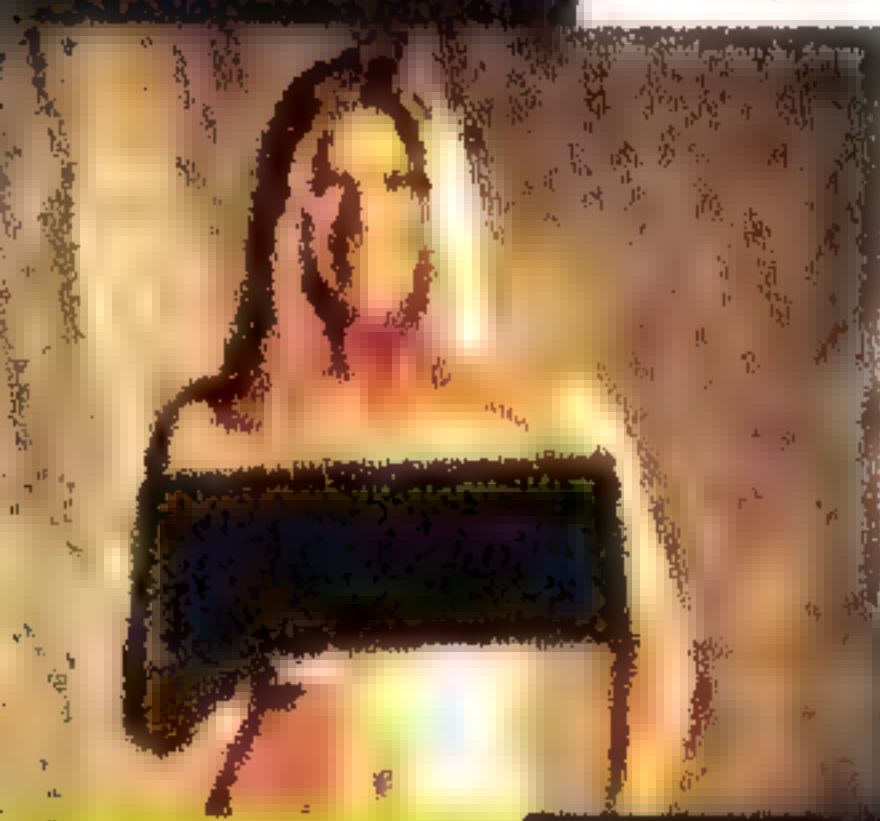
HOLLAND: No. Most people don't realize that. We already had a strong fan base in the snowboard, skateboard and surfing crowd when this record came out. I really think that kids like us because of the whole album, not just the single.

FLUX: Word has it that you're in the process

the weekend, drinking beer or something—it was just a fun thing to do.

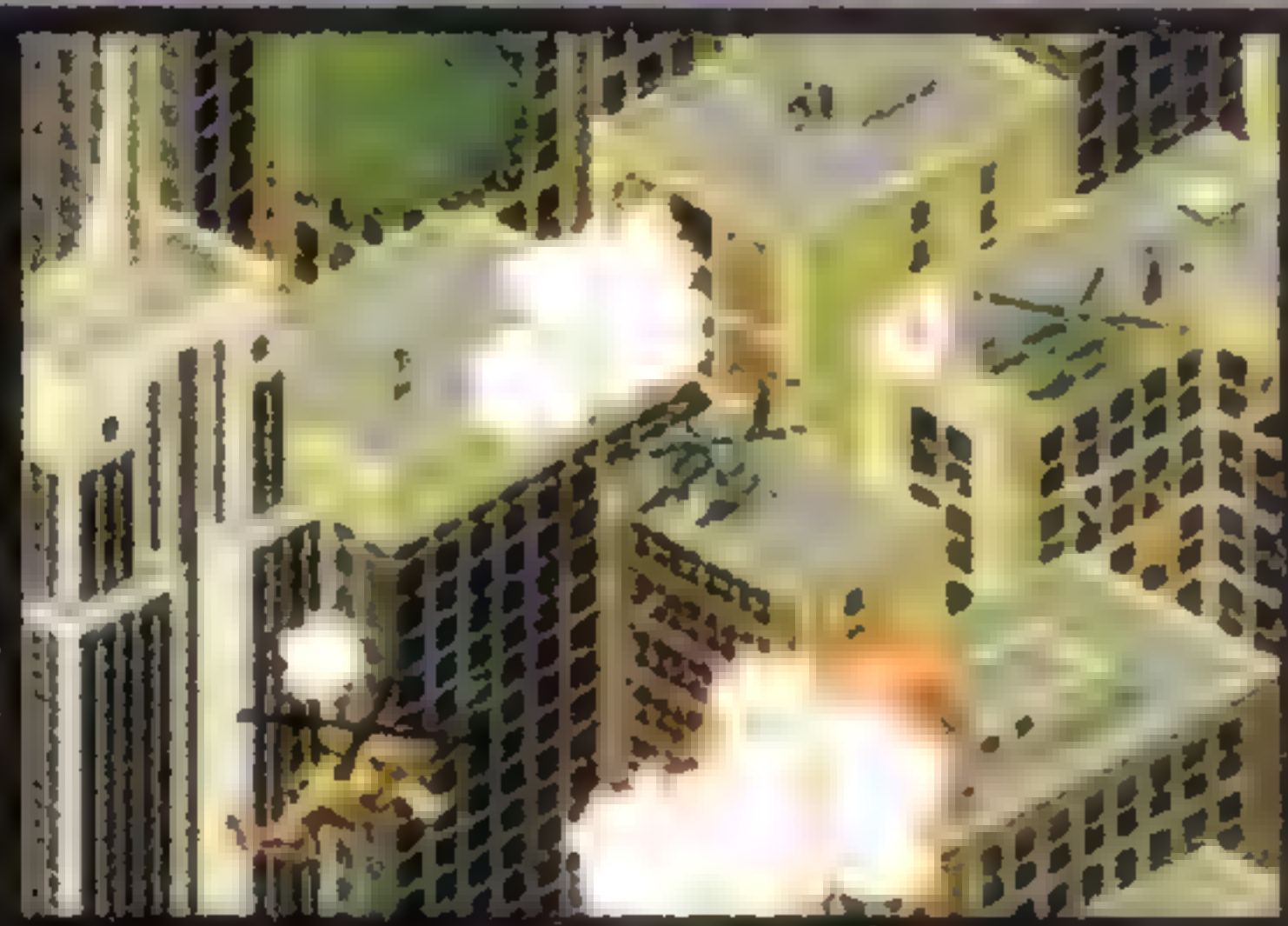
FLUX: What does the band have planned for the future?

HOLLAND: The way this band has always worked is by not thinking past our next show—take it one day at a time and see what happens. We don't know how far this is going to go. We could be history by the end of the year. People could be so sick of that "keep 'em separated" line that they may hate us for the rest of eternity. Then I'd have to go back to school and avoid the public for the rest of my life. **X**





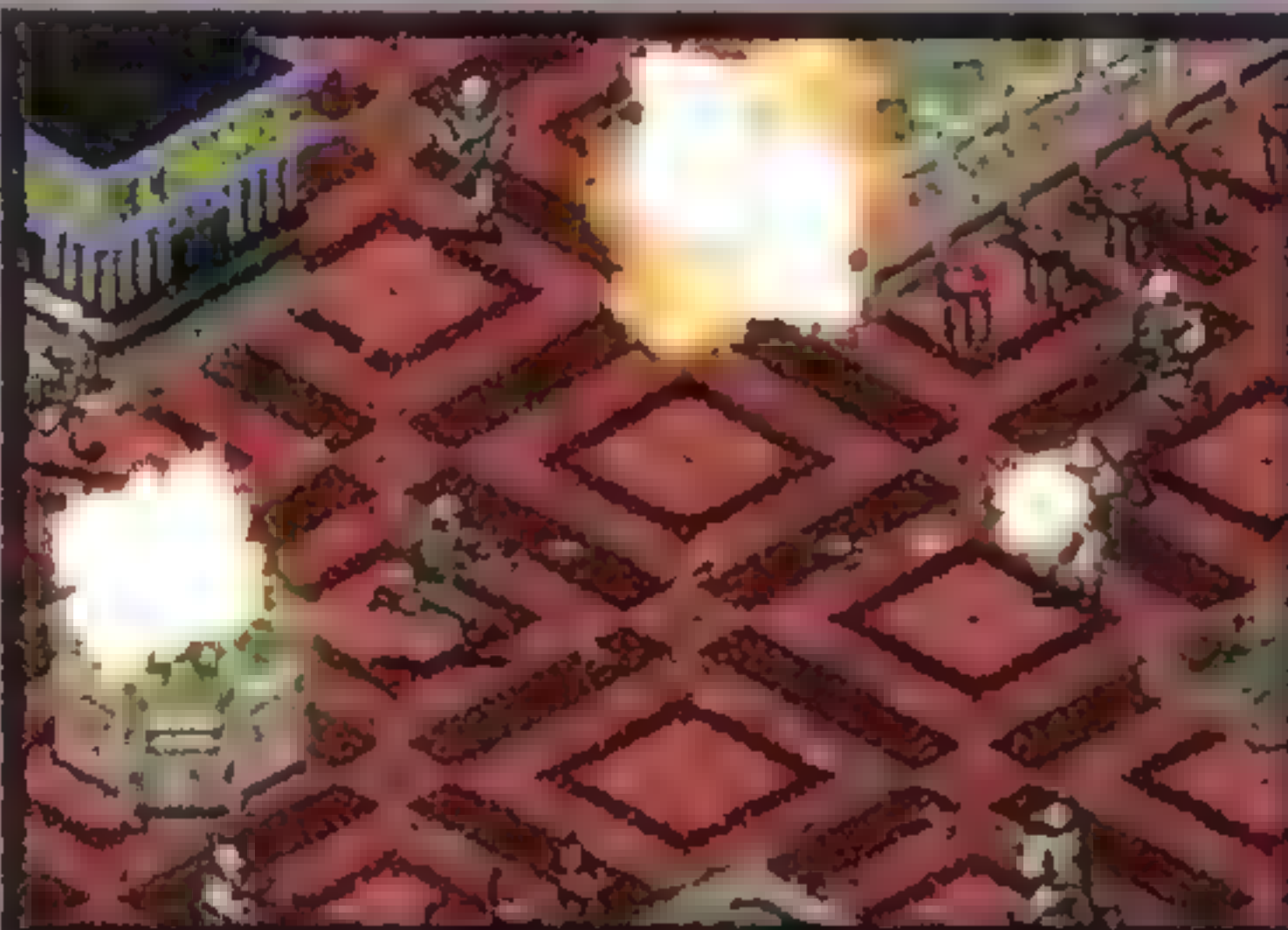
THIS TIME YOU HAVE HOME FIELD ADVANTAGE



New York has more terrorists than rats. New transport chopper and ground assault vehicle aid in massive exterminations.



Added firepower of next-generation attack chopper guarantees invading terrorists will leave more than their hearts in San Francisco.



First-ever fight-on-foot capabilities with grenade launchers show the enemy they're gambling with their lives. Viva Las Vegas!



More levels than before including occupied Baja oil rigs. Good thing you've got enough vicious weapons to make the North Koreans jealous.

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ELECTRONIC ARTS

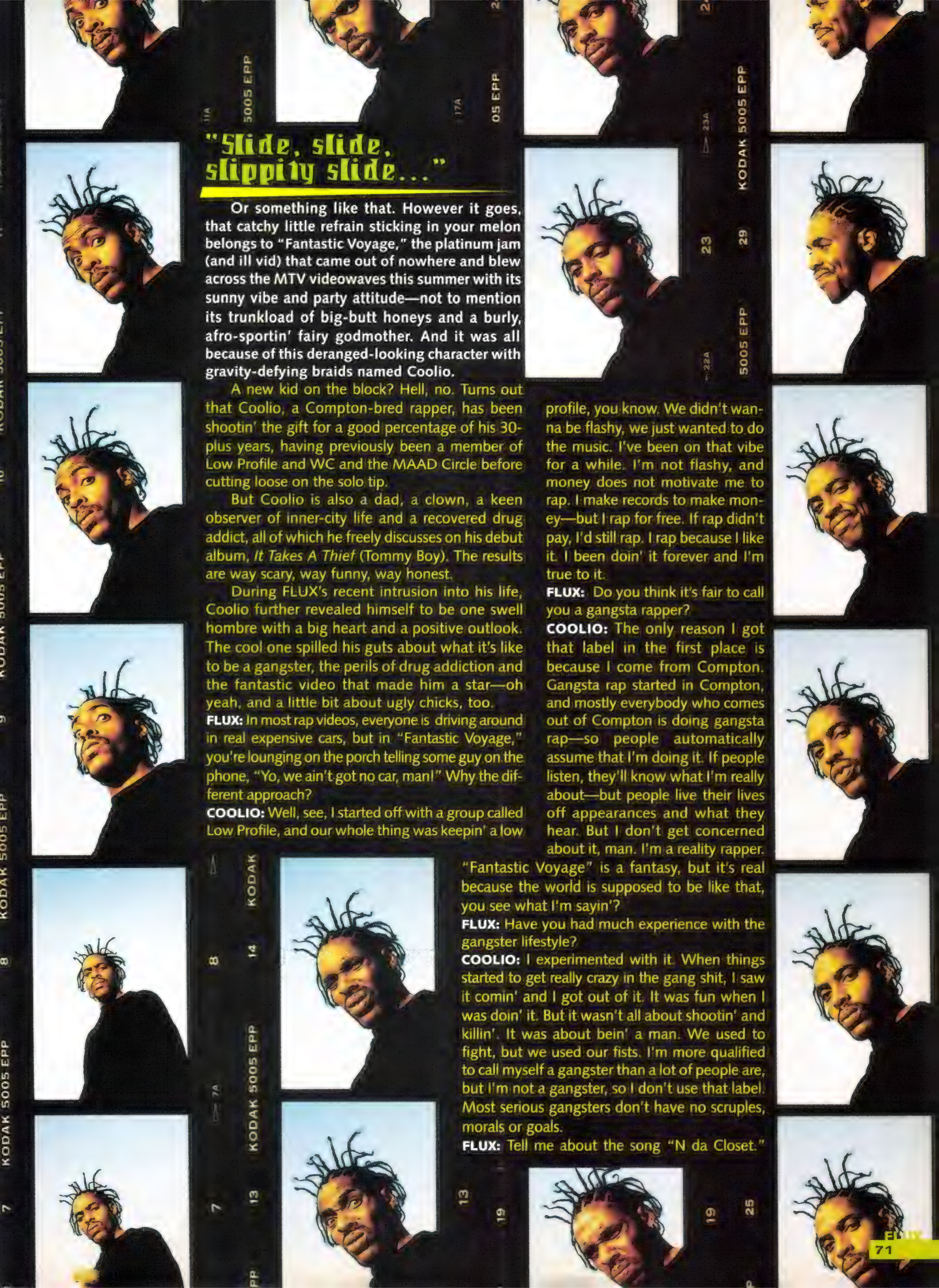
THE WIZARD

by John Reynolds
photos by Micheal Miller
illustration by Kevin Henson

RAPPIN'
WITH
COOLIO
ABOUT
HIS WILD
RIDE FROM
ROCK
BOTTOM
TO THE
TOP OF THE
CHARTS

11A 11 10A 10 9A 9 8A 8 7A 7

KODAK 5005 EPP 29 28 27 26 25



"Slide, slide, slippity slide..."

Or something like that. However it goes, that catchy little refrain sticking in your melon belongs to "Fantastic Voyage," the platinum jam (and ill vid) that came out of nowhere and blew across the MTV videowaves this summer with its sunny vibe and party attitude—not to mention its trunkload of big-butt honeys and a burly, afro-sportin' fairy godmother. And it was all because of this deranged-looking character with gravity-defying braids named Coolio.

A new kid on the block? Hell, no. Turns out that Coolio, a Compton-bred rapper, has been shootin' the gift for a good percentage of his 30-plus years, having previously been a member of Low Profile and WC and the MAAD Circle before cutting loose on the solo tip.

But Coolio is also a dad, a clown, a keen observer of inner-city life and a recovered drug addict, all of which he freely discusses on his debut album, *It Takes A Thief* (Tommy Boy). The results are way scary, way funny, way honest.

During FLUX's recent intrusion into his life, Coolio further revealed himself to be one swell hombre with a big heart and a positive outlook. The cool one spilled his guts about what it's like to be a gangster, the perils of drug addiction and the fantastic video that made him a star—oh yeah, and a little bit about ugly chicks, too.

FLUX: In most rap videos, everyone is driving around in real expensive cars, but in "Fantastic Voyage," you're lounging on the porch telling some guy on the phone, "Yo, we ain't got no car, man!" Why the different approach?

COOLIO: Well, see, I started off with a group called Low Profile, and our whole thing was keepin' a low

profile, you know. We didn't wanna be flashy, we just wanted to do the music. I've been on that vibe for a while. I'm not flashy, and money does not motivate me to rap. I make records to make money—but I rap for free. If rap didn't pay, I'd still rap. I rap because I like it. I been doin' it forever and I'm true to it.

FLUX: Do you think it's fair to call you a gangsta rapper?

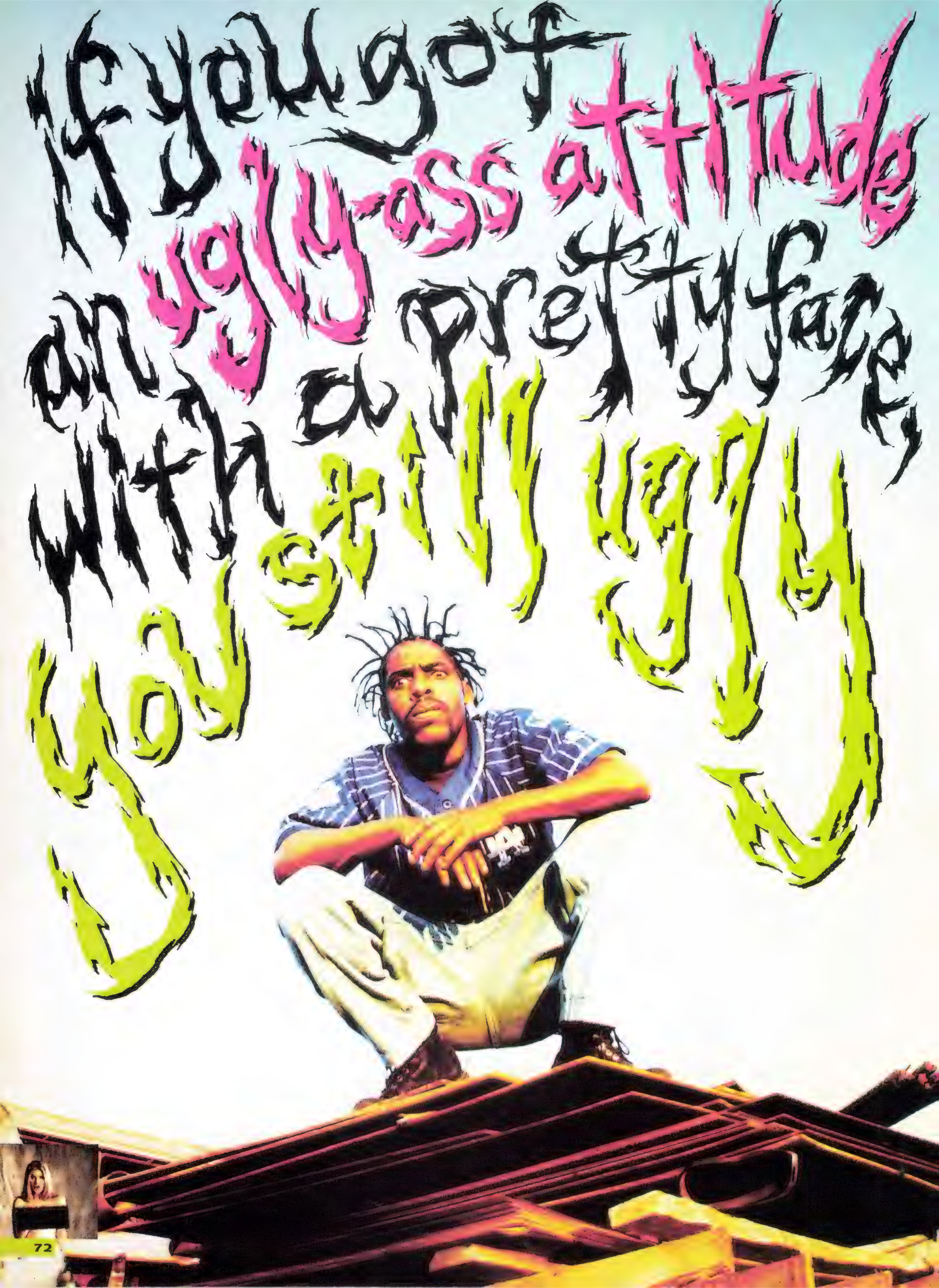
COOLIO: The only reason I got that label in the first place is because I come from Compton. Gangsta rap started in Compton, and mostly everybody who comes out of Compton is doing gangsta rap—so people automatically assume that I'm doing it. If people listen, they'll know what I'm really about—but people live their lives off appearances and what they hear. But I don't get concerned about it, man. I'm a reality rapper.

"Fantastic Voyage" is a fantasy, but it's real because the world is supposed to be like that, you see what I'm sayin'?

FLUX: Have you had much experience with the gangster lifestyle?

COOLIO: I experimented with it. When things started to get really crazy in the gang shit, I saw it comin' and I got out of it. It was fun when I was doin' it. But it wasn't all about shootin' and killin'. It was about bein' a man. We used to fight, but we used our fists. I'm more qualified to call myself a gangster than a lot of people are, but I'm not a gangster, so I don't use that label. Most serious gangsters don't have no scruples, morals or goals.

FLUX: Tell me about the song "N da Closet."



What do you mean by the "closet?"

COOLIO: The closet is the place where you're hiding and doing things that you don't want people to know about. The reason why I decided to write something like that and put it on an album is that it was something I actually went through, and I was thinking maybe it could help some people who have the same problem I had. Maybe those people could get some inspiration. It's not a save-the-world song, but it's maybe a save-a-few-crackheads song. It was just something I wanted to talk about. I'm not afraid to talk about it, and the more I talk about it, the better I feel.

FLUX: Is it at all uncomfortable to be so honest about yourself on a record?

COOLIO: About smoking? Hey, I was smoking cocaine. I was a crack-head. Well, maybe not a crack-head—crack wasn't out yet. But we were smokin' base when it first came out, rock cocaine. We used to roll it in weed—we called it a "premo." I used to be at work, high as hell, and the only thought that was in my mind was when my break was gonna come so I could go smoke some more premo. Eventually I lost my job and I started doing shit to get it, man. It just changed my life, and it brought me down real bad.

FLUX: How did you get clean?

COOLIO: One morning, after smoking all night and then kinda comin' down off the high, I walked past the mirror and saw myself. I was like, "Damn, is that you?" I started talking to myself in the mirror, like, "Man, you better get your shit together." The next day, I hustled a couple-hundred bucks, bought me a damn plane ticket and got the hell out of L.A. I went up to Northern California and, in like two days, got a job working at an airport doing, of all things, pre-board screening. [laughs]

FLUX: As a former drug addict, can you describe what it feels like?

COOLIO: First, it's a serious head rush.

Then you start coming down, and about ten minutes later, it becomes a need. So, after that first hit, it's nothing but a desire for another hit. And another hit and another hit and another hit. And you keep going until you're broke or you pass out or you get some bad dope and bust your heart.

It's not life man, it's existence. Living is when you can do more than just pay your bills; you can go to the movies sometimes and do other things. Existence is when you're barely making it. It's like being in another world. You isolate yourself, you don't want people to see you, you don't want your friends to know. I was hidin' out, man. I was in the closet, for real. People would come over, and I'd look out the window to see who it was, and if it wasn't somebody coming with some dope, I'd pretend like I wasn't there. I did some crazy shit, and I don't ever want to go through that again. Never. For anybody that's doing it, you can stop if you have mind power. It's totally mental.

FLUX: To shift gears a bit, let's talk about another song on the album, "Ugly Bitches."

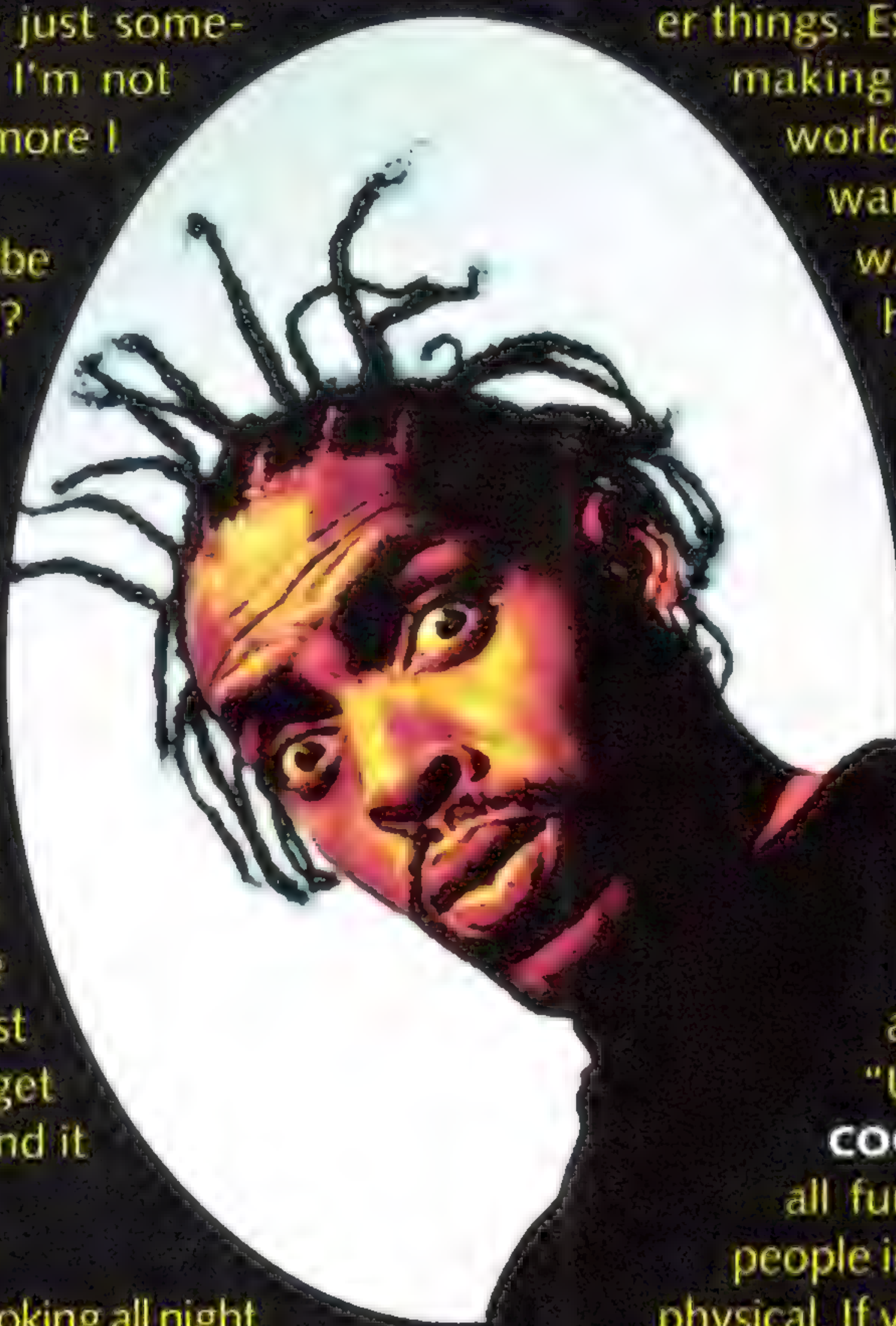
COOLIO: "Ugly Bitches" is definitely all fun and all bullshit. There are ugly people in the world. And ugliness isn't all physical. If you got an ugly-ass attitude with a pretty face, you still ugly.

FLUX: But the song is funnier when you think of it in terms of physical ugliness.

COOLIO: Yeah—I like to think of it that way, too. [laughs] But I didn't write the song to disrespect women, man. I wrote it for fun.

FLUX: When people finish listening to *It Takes A Thief*, what do you hope they'll think about Coolio?

COOLIO: That he's real. That's it. That's all I want. It's okay to be yourself, and that's how I live my life—being myself.



GAME REVIEWS

MORTAL KOMBAT II

SNES (Acclaim)/Genesis (Arena)

Simply put, buying two cartridges and a CD of *Mortal Kombat* in an attempt to get the one true arcade version sucks. When it was announced that the same developers would be working on the home versions of *MKII*, gamers were naturally more than a little skeptical. But fans fiercely loyal to either Sega or Nintendo shouldn't worry—programmers Sculptured and Probe seem to have learned from their past mistakes, and both versions of *Mortal Kombat II*

are pretty darned accurate to the coin-ops.

MK purists will be thrilled to know that both versions feature levels of blood comparable to that of the coin-op. Arms spurt, heads roll, blood gushes (without secret codes, no less). No more arguing about what color the sweat is. Also, all the Fatalities, Babalities and Friendships have made the transition intact—every finishing move for every character is perfectly in place. Secret characters like Jade and Smoke peek out from the forest, Noob Saibot appears after 50 wins, Kano and Sonya still can't seem to break free from their chains, and Dan "Toasty!" Forden

sneaks in to help heat things up.

Where the original *MK* carts failed (poor SNES control and lackluster Genesis graphics),



MKII succeeds. The 64 Genesis colors are bright, vibrant and—in all honesty—not that far off from those on the 256-color SNES. Liu Kang's intense orange fireballs, Kitana's shimmering blue outfit and Cage's neon green projectiles will surprise most skeptics.

The SNES version also atones for its previous sins. Hey, Nintendo owners—this blood's for you! Plus, with wicked-tight control, characters jump without hesitation and combos are pulled off without a hitch. (As a bonus, the SNES offers a hidden two-player Endurance option; at the Start/Options screen, hold L and R and press Start to access it.) As in the first *MK* cart, Genesis programmers were forced to leave out all but a handful of the speech soundbites; but the SNES offers sound that's faithful to the coin-op. Among the Nintendo-only samples are the round number announcements, the fighters' names, "Fatality," Raiden's yell, Shao Khan's "Superb" and many other little bits of sonic wallpaper.

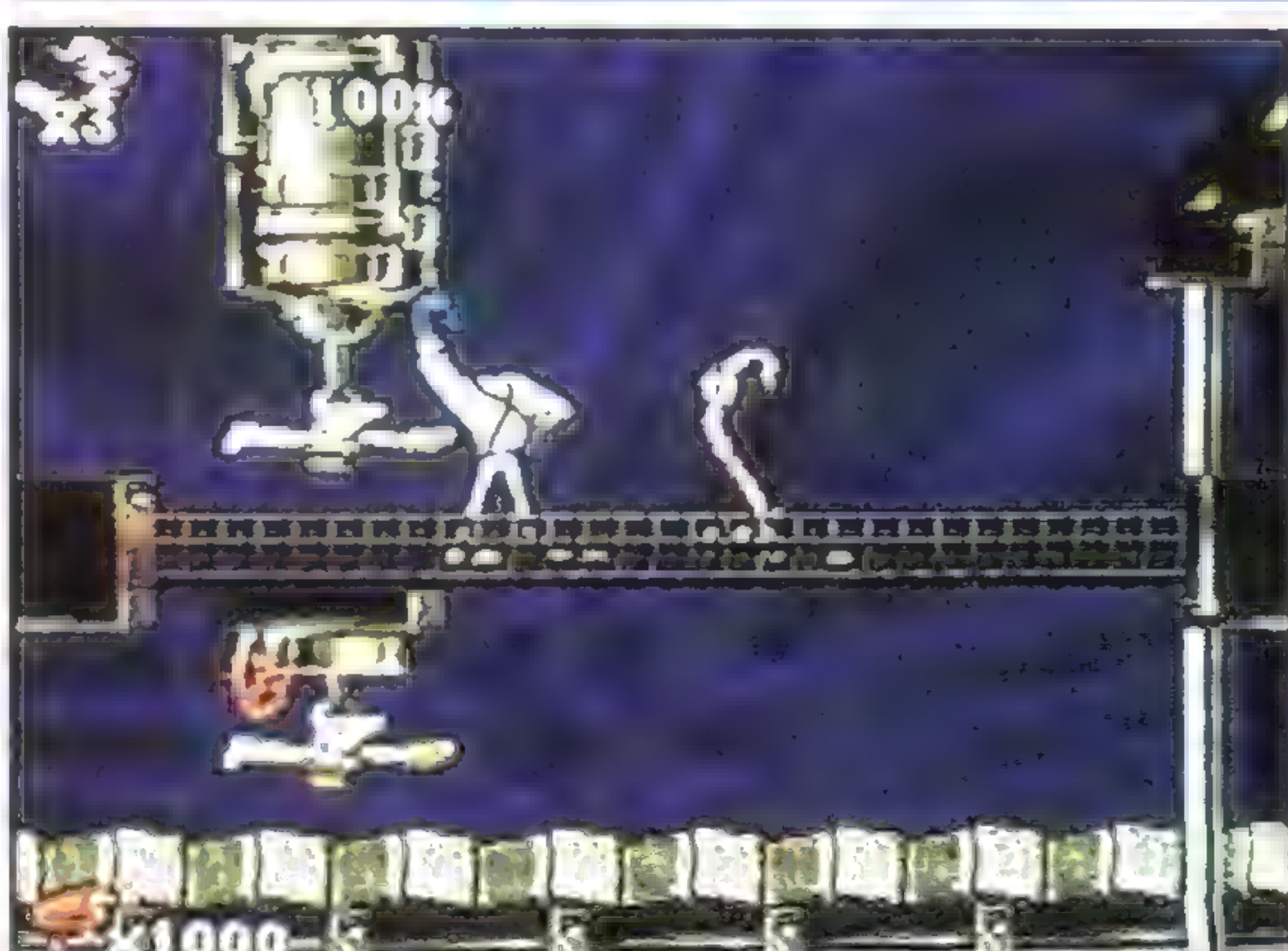
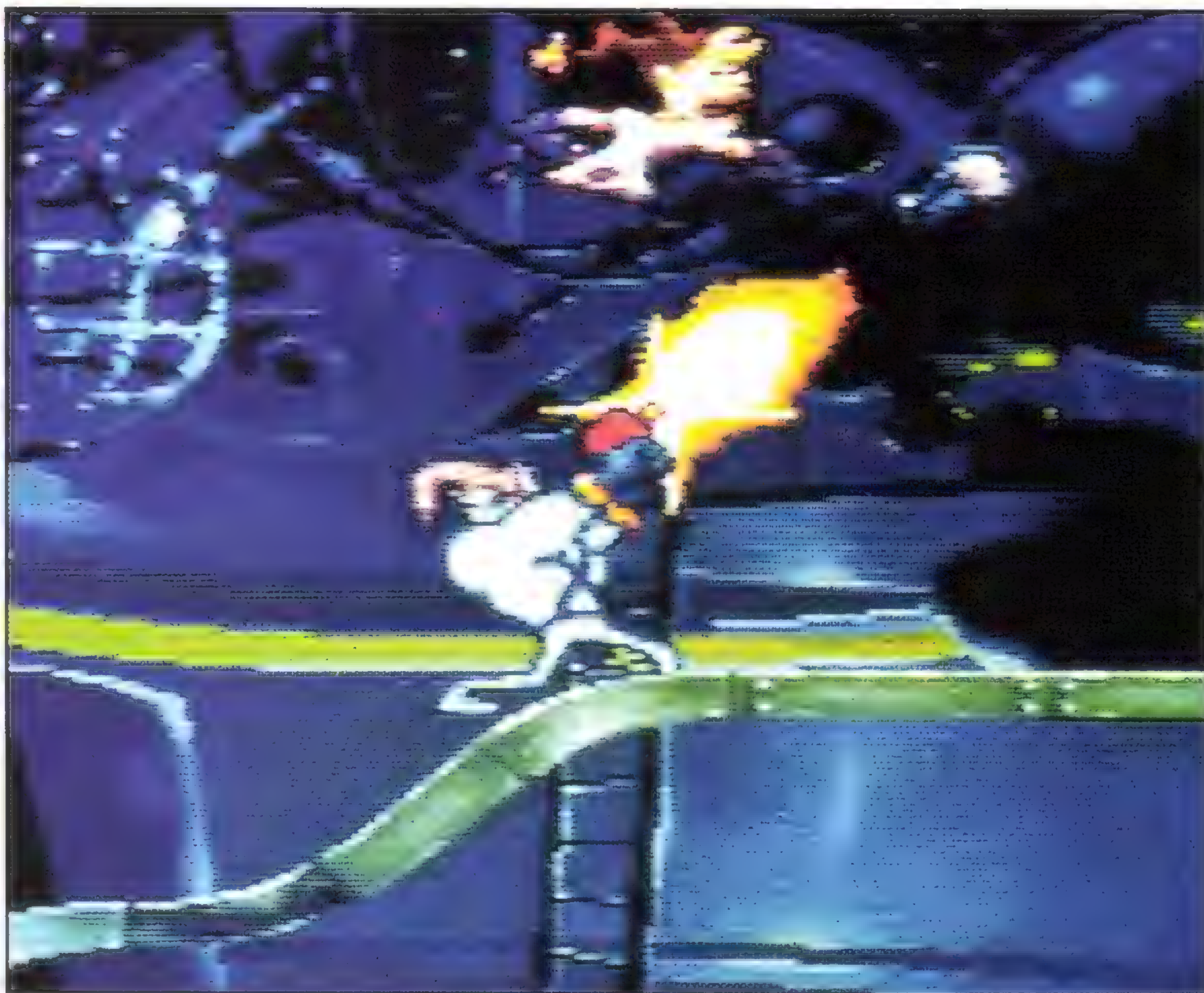
Granted, neither cart earns a flawless victory, but discrepancies are mostly minor—like revised opening sequences or the lack of a pause button during actual Kombat. On the Genesis, gamers can uppercut with the Low Punch button and Jade fights at the Portal instead of Goro's Lair; the SNES version suffers from slightly slower gameplay and a tiny lag between the "Fight!" announcement and actual brawling.

Sound like nit-picking? It is. Even though the SNES version has some decided advantages over the Genesis, both carts *feel* the way *Mortal Kombat II* is supposed to feel. They both look great and play even better. Somewhere, a senator is crying. —DAN AMRICH

EARTHWORM JIM

Genesis (Playmates)

BOINGGG! Since when did anybody make games this good, let alone newcomers like Playmates and Shiny Entertainment? This game has all of the unit-selling oomph of the original *Son-*

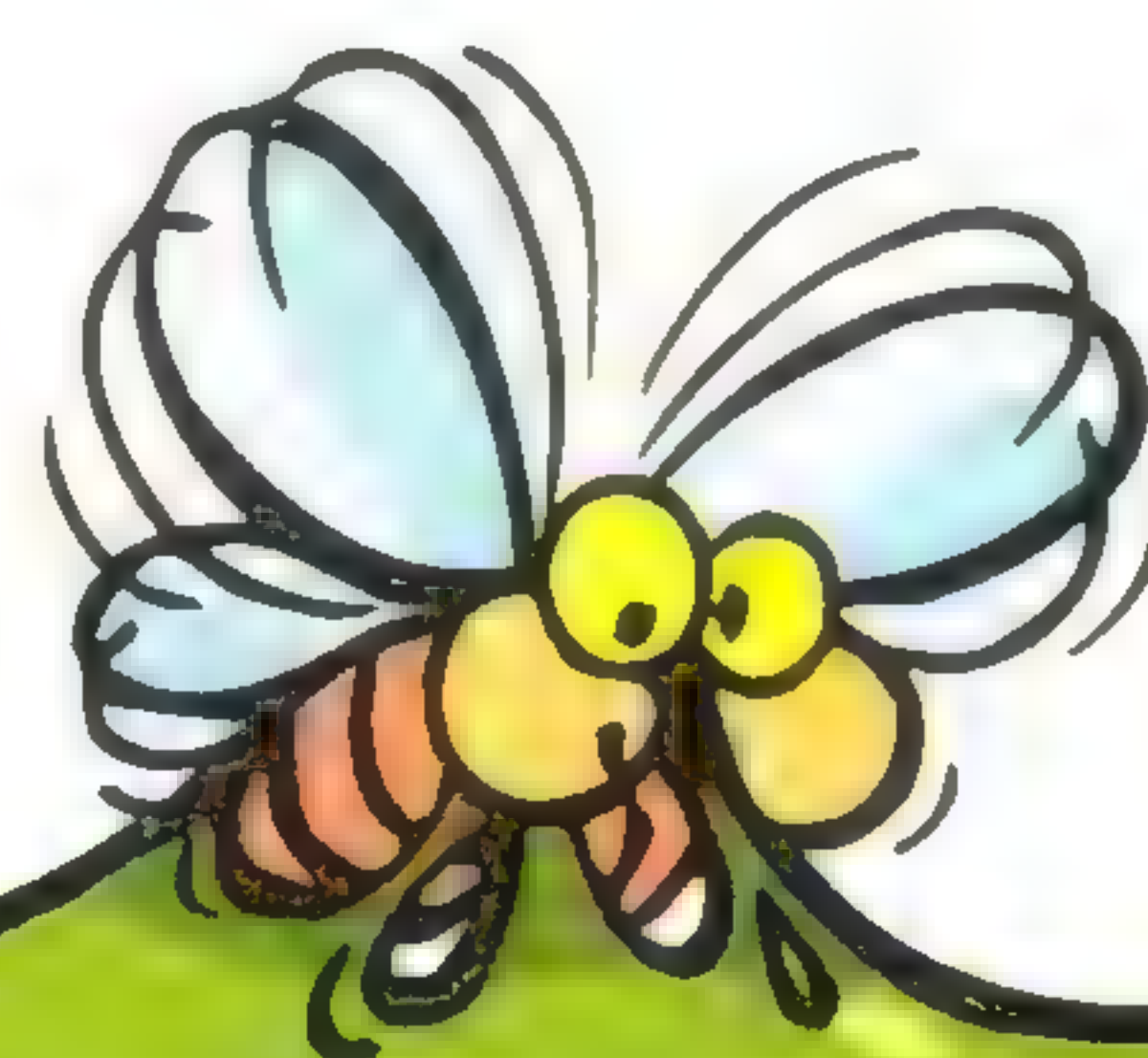


ic and *Super Mario Bros.*, without the flaws of those two carts (limited replay value and a dorky on-screen hero, respectively).

Unlike *Sonic*, you could play *Earthworm Jim* all day. In fact, you probably should. Why bother eating, studying, or socializing? Hell, sleeping will probably be off your list, anyway.

And Earthworm Jim is no dork. Sure, he's a worm, but he's a worm who kicks major ass. (And wouldn't you rather be a worm than a friggin' plumber?)

The gameplay is, basically, scrolling jump n' shoot, with the difference being that the motion scrolls in all four directions—it's no left-to-right



GAME REVIEWS

sleepwalk—and our hero Jim is, well, a mutant worm. Which means he has legs, but also a prehensile head. And a gun. Jumping up near a rope bridge will allow you to grab it with your head, and then go hand-over-hand across it. Look for hook-and-pulley systems that you can grab with your head, too; to propel your pulley across the tightrope, you have to fire your gun in the opposite direction of motion—action-reaction, that sort of thing.



Oh, did I mention he has a gun? And a whip? Both of which he'll need. Because there are all kinds of weird and nasty critters out to cut him into fish bait, Jim has to be prepared. If you fire wildly on automatic, your gun's charge runs out quickly and regenerates slowly, but you can pick up spare ammo along the way; you can also grab atomic power pills to boost your flagging health, which starts at 100 per cent and then drops as crows, junkyard dogs, and trash-can monsters stomp on you.

Drawn in supremely whimsical cartoon style, with the kind of silky-smooth animation that you've seen before in, say, Sega's version of Disney's *Aladdin*, *Earthworm Jim* simply looks beautiful. Thigh-slapping cinemas (keep Jim in the same place too long and he jumps rope, or points his gun at himself and blows off his head, etc.) and backgrounds out of John Kricfalusi's (*Ren & Stimpy*) "too wacky to use" file complete the graphic effect; terrific sampled sounds round out the presentation. And *EWJ*'s control system

is simple and intuitive—you'll figure it out in seconds, but it'll take a while to really rock out on it.

But don't worry—you'll want to spend the time with this one. Don't bother to reshelve it after you're finished playing, because you'll be slapping in the cart again in about an hour—that's the kind of game *Jim* is. Worms all over the world would give *Earthworm Jim* a thumbs up, if they had thumbs; since they don't, I'll do it for them. JIM RULES.

—JEFF YANG

URBAN STRIKE

Genesis (Electronic Arts)

When it comes to military strategy shoot-'em-ups, there's no finer series than Electronic Arts' *Desert*, *Jungle*, and now *Urban Strike* trilogy. *Urban* picks up where last year's *Jungle*



Strike left off, only this time the action takes place in American territory. Once again, you're at the controls of a heavily-armed attack helicopter, and your job to thwart the advances of an international terrorist. Like its two predecessors, the game is divided into stages, each broken down into specific missions (rescuing hostages, taking out radar sights, leveling buildings, transporting cargo, etc.). It's a thinking-man's military adventure cart that poses a great challenge to even the sharpest gamer, yet offers more than enough blow-everything-to-bits action to

appease those with itchy trigger fingers.

Pretty much the biggest quibble you can have with a game this good is that it's basically the same thing the third time around. No improvements were made in the admittedly top-notch areas of graphics and control, and the sound, strangely enough, has taken a slight dip in quality. The only significant difference between *Urban* and *Jungle/Desert* is the addition of ground missions, in which you become a foot soldier exploring corridors and wasting whatever needs to be eliminated. For these missions, the perspective of the game changes from the standard birds-eye to a close-up, just-above-ground view of the action. Bonus points for creativity aside, the problem is that this part of the game isn't much fun. The controls are awkward, the graphics bland, and the tasks not particularly engaging. Plus, by switching to an entirely new perspective, you're no longer playing the game the way it was meant to be played.

Urban Strike isn't as difficult as *Jungle*, nor is it as mentally challenging (figuring out what to do is a snap, especially for those familiar with the originals). Beyond that, it's basically more of the same—and, in this case, that's a major plus.

—ALEX RICO

SHAO FU

SNES (Electronic Arts)

What do sports stars do in the off-season?



Michael Jordan plays baseball and golf. (What's next, hockey?) O.J. Simpson...studies law. And now, Shaquille O'Neal plays video games—from the inside. The 7'1" b-ball superstar left *NBA Jam* behind to create, and star in, *Shaq Fu*, EA's new 16-meg martial arts brawler. And, as you might expect when sports stars leave their team behind for fame and fortune, Shaq's lost some of his magic.

Poor control makes characters seem to hesitate before jumping, and that split second often causes an immediate and painful death. Plus, the computer isn't the fairest of opponents; watch out for cheesy corner traps. And because the slick animation was achieved by shrinking the sprites, the result is a sadly diminutive appearance of the towering slam-master.

But if Shaq's magic's been a bit dimmed, luckily those animaniacs at Delphine Software still have theirs. The same super-smooth graphics found on Delphine's *Flashback* give this game a visual edge over the pack of generic fighting titles. Delphine filmed Shaq and the cast of actors for over 40 hours to create...well, not *FlashShaq*, but something pretty darn close. Running at 30 frames per second, the eight characters' fighting stances, special moves and diagonal jumps are amazingly fluid.

Shaq Fu still deserves to be seen, and any fighting fan will enjoy giving it a try. Besides, how many other chances are you going to get to beat Shaquille O'Neal to a pulp?

—BRIAN CARNEGIE

STUNT RACE FX

SNES (Nintendo)

Yes! Somebody at Nintendo finally figured out that we don't care about the realism of the RPM indicator or the amount of torque the car has—we just want to abuse some damn vehicles! *Stunt Race FX* cheerfully chucks all automotive logic way, way out the driver's side win-



dow and leaves you racing house-sized monster trucks, teeny coupes and twitchy Formulas through hairpin racetracks, *Road Runner*-style desert canyons, flooded tunnels, nightmare city freeways, fields of sculptured ice and "Stunt Trax" like miniature golf courses in Hell. You can even race (hey, why not?) a lumbering, unresponsive 18-wheeler. With fluid movement (compliments of the FX chip), goofoid cartoon physics (blast the monster truck's horn and watch the cab fly clean off the wheels), and a complete disregard for why in God's name you would ever want to race a Formula car with eyes off a jump-ramp into a star-shaped balloon, this game is terrific for action and laughs and terrible as practice for your driver's test.

—CHRIS HUDAK

LA RUSSA BASEBALL '95

Genesis (EA Sports)

EA struck out big time last year with *Tony La Russa Baseball* for the Genesis. Now, the company that wrote the book on 16-bit soccer, hockey and football takes another swing at the National Pastime. Unfortunately, EA's latest attempt at a baseball cart (succeeding *MLBPA*



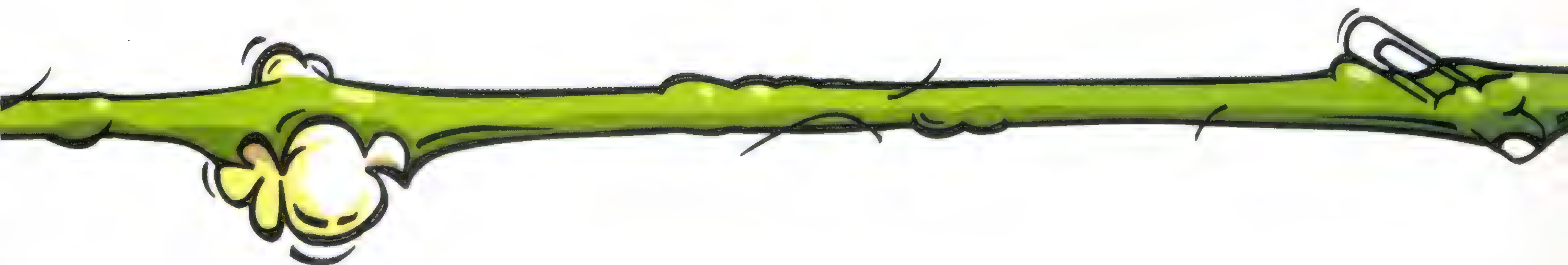
Baseball, *Super Baseball 2020* and the original *La Russa*) is another big whiff.

Compared to some of the better baseball carts that



have surfaced recently, including *Hardball '94* and *ESPN Baseball Tonight*, *La Russa '95* has little going for it. And what few good qualities it does offer have all been done before, and better. The game play is jerky (not a smooth animation in sight), the graphics dull and the perspective way, way off (reaching base takes, like, two seconds, and the outfielders throw balls in high, rainbow-like arcs). Simple things like hitting the ball and controlling pitches can be overly difficult. It all adds up to one unrealistic—and unnecessary—baseball cart. Hit the showers, EA.

—JOE RICHTER

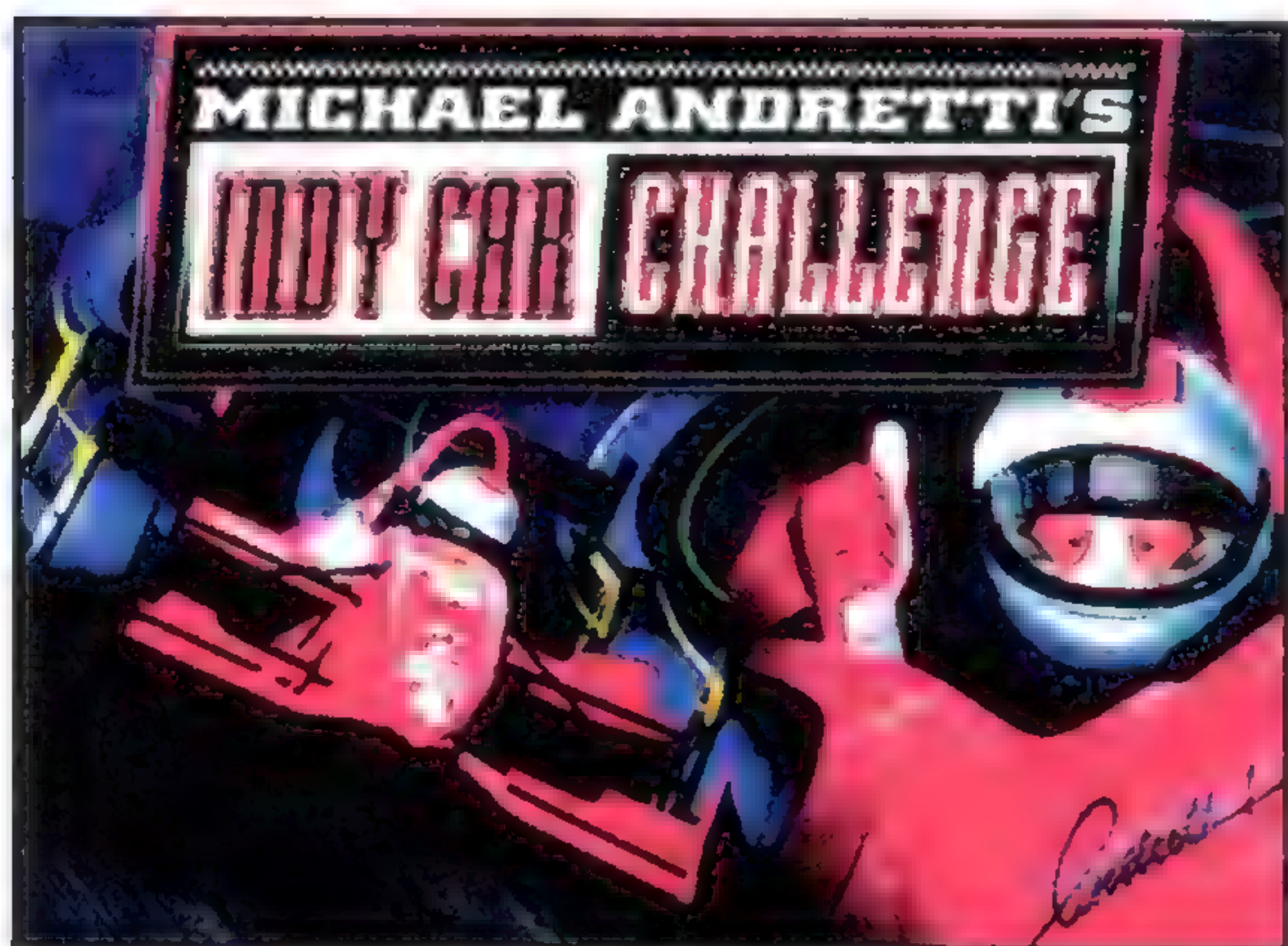


GAME REVIEWS

MICHAEL ANDRETTI INDY CAR CHALLENGE

Genesis (BulletProof Software)

Now, I'm going to preface this review with a comment: Sports cars can be realistic, and they can be fun; very few manage to score highly on both. Why? Because the mind-boggling complexity of any game more challenging than, say, shuffleboard means that a super-"realistic" game tends to suffer from thick-rule-book-itis, dense gameplay, and incredibly confusing control systems. (In my book, anything with more button and pad combinations than



Defender should automatically get the gong.)

On the other hand, "fun" sports sims that totally ignore realism have little appeal to hardcore fans. Blood and sweat should fly when a boxer delivers a hook to the chin. Sprinters should not be able to run 60 miles per hour, unless they've taken massive amounts of steroids. And baseball players should go on extended strikes when you impose a salary cap on your team of zillionaires.

No, really, though. Realism, as any electro-sport fan will tell you, is important. So, how does one achieve a balance? Simple. Keep the realism in the gameplay, and forget about statistics and averages and crap like that—if it feels right and moves right and looks right, it is right.

Michael Andretti feels right, moves right, and looks right. Racing fans will not be disap-

pointed. You'll love the smooth controls and zippy pace; it's challenging to learn, and satisfying to master. Handle curves just right, or find yourself in spinout hell, and remember to watch your fuel meter or you'll run out before reaching the pit. All of this is fairly academic for a racing game, of course. What's different about *Michael Andretti* is that it offers non-racing fans a whole new way of enjoying a dumb sport, which I call Speedway of Doom.

You see, MAR has one thing that most other race sims don't: a reverse gear. It also allows full 360 rotation of your car (in fact, if you spin out, you may find yourself facing the wrong way) giving you the option of heading backwards along the course—into oncoming traffic. This opens up two interesting possibilities, both of which kept me playing the cart for several hours: in *Speedway of Doom: Psycho Driver*, you take the course going in the opposite direction and try to hit as many cars as possible. Unfortunately, ICC doesn't offer any crash effects other than a vague crunching noise. Still, it feels a lot like *Death Race 2000*, which can only be good. In *Speedway of Doom 2: Reversal of Fortune*, you shift into reverse, and try to take the entire course backwards—a near impossibility despite the route-map in the upper left hand corner. It's harder to hit the other cars that way, but you pay a price, as they say, for innovation.

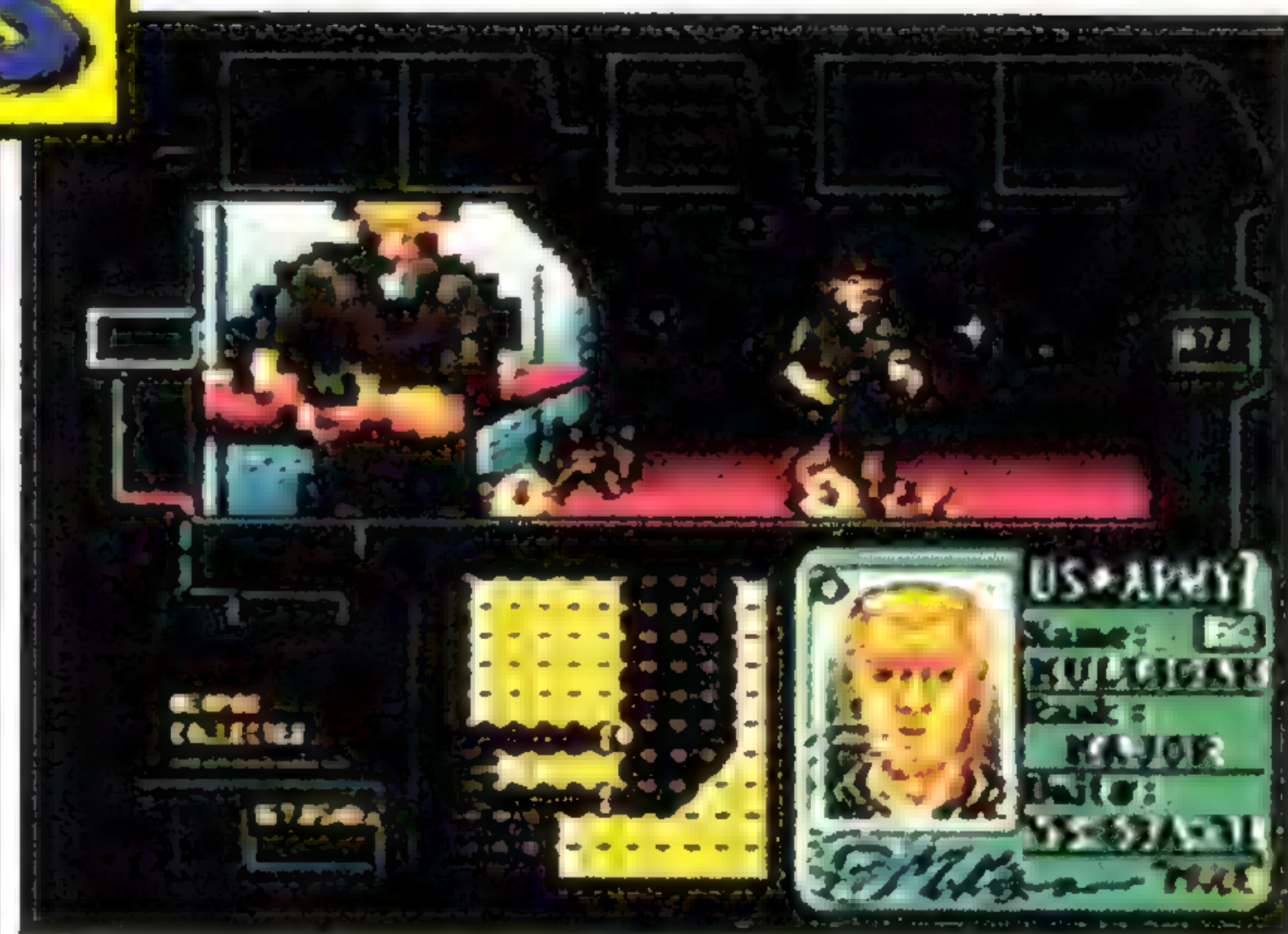
However you enjoy it, ICC is worth a try. Just stay outta my way.

—JEFF YANG

ZERO TOLERANCE

Genesis (Accolade)

With the rampant success of recent PC games like *Wolfenstein 3D* and *DOOM*, first-person 3D shooters have become all the rage. *Zero Tolerance* is the first such game to hit the Genesis, and all in all is a decent *DOOM* clone. The concept here is simple: explore a maze of corridors



and rooms and blast anything that moves. Along the way, you'll collect weapon upgrades and health power-ups and occasionally have to perform certain small tasks like putting out fires in order to proceed. Oh yeah, and you'll have to avoid those pesky gunmen hiding around every corner, waiting for the chance to fill you with lead.

While *Zero Tolerance* does an adequate job of recreating the thrill of exploring and the gratuitous violence of *Wolfenstein 3D* and *DOOM*, it seems to have forgotten what made those games so damn exciting (like searching for keys to unlock doors or flipping the right switch to overcome an obstacle). In *Zero*, you merely walk around, shoot things, pick up items and try not to get hit—that's about it.

Still, the dizzying 3D feel of *DOOM* has been wonderfully recreated here, enhanced by some smooth scaling, swift controls and even a touch of light sourcing. The walls and surroundings lack graphic detail, but the fluid movement more than makes up for it. For those without a PC who have yet to experience *DOOM*, *Zero Tolerance* is a worthy 16-bit substitute.

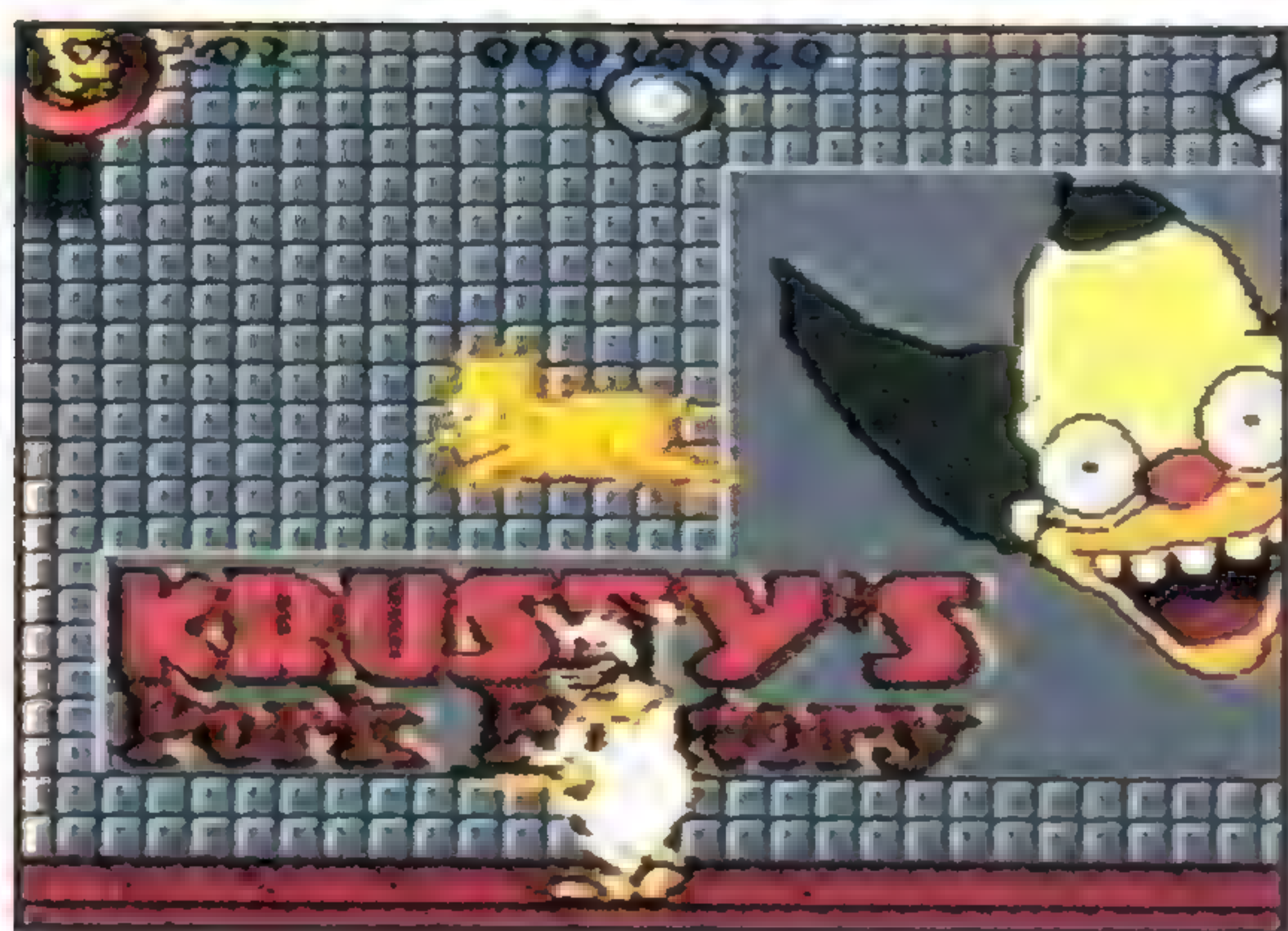
—ALEX RICO

VIRTUAL BART

SNES (Acclaim)

The phrase "virtual reality" brings to mind images of big, clunky headsets, gloves with wires coming out of them and 3D glasses that would give little kids nightmares. Pretty much the last thing you'd think of is Bart Simpson. But





that hasn't stopped Acclaim from calling their latest *Simpsons* cash-in *Virtual Bart*; another case in which a hot cartoon character and a trendy catchphrase don't always add up.

In *VB*, the spikey-yellow-haired trouble-maker gets involved in Martin's virtual reality experiment at the school science fair and must travel through six vastly different worlds in order to free himself from the computer system. But *Virtual Bart* is not what the title implies—it's merely a collection of mediocre mini-games that don't add up to a cohesive whole.

For example, the Doomsday Bart scenario, featuring a post-meltdown Springfield, looks like a bad *Road Rash* clone with some minor Mode 7 effects thrown in. Dino Bart wanders around the Jurassic era, mostly getting injured by other dinos (and his own modern stone-age family). Later, Baby Bart must swing between trees to catch an ice cream truck. In Virtual Class Picture, Bart attempts to lob tomatoes at his classmates. Pork Factory Pig Bart...oh, just forget it, it's pointless. And that's the key. None of these small contests are all that fun, interesting or even remotely connected, so why would anyone bother playing through all six to finish the game?

Don't be fooled by the promising title; *Virtual Bart* is heavy on the Bart but way too light on the Virtual to justify its association with cutting-edge technology. This one's for *Simpsons* diehards only, and even they might want to think twice.

—DAN AMRICH

BUBSY II

Genesis (Accolade)

Move over, Sonic—Bubsy's back. Yes, that egomaniacal, pants-less bobcat who threatened to take over the 16-bit platform gaming genre last year with *Bubsy In: Claws Encounters Of The Furred Kind* has returned for an all-new adventure.

Like its predecessor, *Bubsy II*—at 15 levels with an endless assortment of secret areas—is one huge cart and a great challenge every step of the way. Graphically, the game shines with some of the best character animations in the biz (despite some lackluster backgrounds), and the controls are top notch.

New additions include the option of selecting different areas to conquer, mini-



games like "Frogapult" and "Armadillo Drop," and a reusable hole which allows Bubsy to quick-escape a particularly nasty level. Lucky Bubsy also now has weapons at his disposal, including a screen-clearing smart bomb and a Nerf Ballzooka, and he collects trading cards which can be used as currency in the Gift Shop. In all, there are enough new features to keep *Bubsy II* from being a mere rehash of the original—yet enough of the same to keep *Bubsy* purists from yowling.

If you're sick of that little blue hedgehog and love Godzilla-sized, non-stop action platform games, do yourself a favor and give the bobcat a shot.

—RICHARD DeLARATO

TETRIS 2

SNES (Nintendo)

It's always hard to improve on a classic, but if there's money to be made, people will try. Such is the case with Nintendo's *Tetris 2*, finally available for the SNES. It's a fine game, if somewhat puzzling for all the wrong reasons.

In essence, *Tetris 2* is *Tetris* plus



Columns. Instead of clearing entire rows of bricks, players only need to line up three blocks of the same color (sickly pastel shades of pink, blue and yellow—how big is that SNES color palette again?). There's also a cool two-player split-screen variation on the standard game, and a Puzzle option, which is basically a string of Tetris trick shots: players are given a scenario and must figure out how to remedy it in one or two clever moves with predetermined blocks.

One of the joys of the original *Tetris* was that it was so easy to learn yet difficult to master. *Tetris 2* is simply difficult to learn. There are many specific rules that involve arrow-filled blocks and flash blocks that aren't properly explained in the manual; as a result, it takes a good hour of playing to understand why you're either losing or winning.

Still, once you figure out how to play, *Tetris 2* is, like the original, addictive and challenging. And some form of *Tetris* on the SNES is better than none.

—DAN AMRICH



Coming soon from

Interplay

Or don't play at all.

BALLZ

Genesis (Accolade)

Okay—polygons are all the rage, and Sega's *Virtua Fighter* has people lined up waiting to ooh and ahh while they beat each other to death. How do you cash in on the trend without forcing people to buy expensive new hardware? Well, that takes *Ballz*. By choosing to assemble their



fighters from spheres rather than polygons, PF Magic and Accolade were able to sidestep standard technical limitations (no complex shading to worry about) and create a smoothly-animated, truly original fighting game for the Genesis.

Each of the 16 characters and bosses—including a caveman, a rhino and a ballerina—boast over 15 moves, many of them cartoonish, from literally pounding your opponent into the ground to dealing out a really good spanking. Suffice it to say this is one game Capcom won't sue over—*Ballz* bears almost no resemblance to the genre-setting *Street Fighter* series whatsoever. In an industry that constantly rides bandwagons, the addition of *Ballz* is quite refreshing.

If the globular characters don't catch you off guard, the almost constantly rotating 3D arena will. This is no mere 2D side-by-side fight; characters jump all around the coliseum, continually scaling up and down in relation to their position in virtual space. Video screens surround the arena, flashing insults and advice amidst other random images. Seeing all this cool stuff happening at once on the lowly Genesis is downright surreal.

On the other hand, the music blows and it can be difficult to distinguish between fighters—after all, they're made up of just balls. Still, the uniqueness of the game compensates for these minor flaws. At least until the real VF comes home with the Saturn, *Ballz* is sphere to stay.

—DAN AARICH

VAY

Sega CD (Working Designs)

Working Designs scored big last year with *Lunar*, the first decent RPG for the Sega CD. They unabashedly reincarnate *Lunar*'s successful formula (wouldn't you?) in the new title *VAY* (rhymes with "lie"), and fans of the first game will want the second. It's another strong Japanese-converted role-player. This time around, gamers take up

the mantle of Prince Sandor, who saw both his family brutally murdered and his bride kidnapped by invaders from the interstellar Danek Empire (bad day for 'ol Sandor). Naturally, you've got to round up some friends and defeat the Daneks, but you'll need the Legendary Armor of Vay to do it. Your adventure will not be easy.

The interface is just as comfortable as it was on *Lunar*, with the bonus of sharper and more detailed graphics. Battle sequences are now viewed from a head-on perspective, not sideways. In addition to the crisp, heroic music,



there are 12 minutes of quality Japanese animation—with the mouths of the characters *actually in sync* with the dialogue. Go figure.

If you liked *Lunar*, *Vay* is a worthy succes-



sor. While the plots are different, the gameplay between the two games is essentially the same—and, quite simply, that means more of a good thing.

—JULIAN CARMIGIE

PAC MAN 2: THE NEW ADVENTURES

SNES (Namco)

Pac-Man machines aren't exactly commonplace in today's arcade scene. And those that do exist are generally considered "chick games," suit-

able for planting a little sister or girlfriend at while you go and play a hairy-chested bout of *Mortal Kombat IV: Attack of the Brain-sucking Freaks*, or whatever. But what's gone at the 'cades can have a second life at home, and Namco, the yellow quarter-hog's original creator, are attempting to do just that. And so: The Pac is Bac.

2Pac (as I started calling it) sure ain't an updated version of *Pac-Man*. In fact, it's not like anything you've ever seen. You might find it frustrating. You'll probably think it sucks. But at least you won't be able to write it off as just another cheapo game clone. The innovation here is that, unlike every other video game ever invented, in *2Pac* you *don't* control the on screen character. It does what it wants; your job is to make it want to do what you want to do. Hold it—back up a sec.

First off, *2Pac* isn't a maze game, it's a side-scroller, and more of a puzzle game than an actioner. As a result, it doesn't keep score, you can't jump, grab, or shoot, and about half the time you're playing you just sit there, completely at a loss as to how to prod the little yellow cretin into doing something worthwhile.

Meanwhile, the controls—a "look" button, which allows you to try to get Pac-Man's attention and a "slingshot" button, which lets you shoot a rock at whatever the cursor is hovering over—are awful; moving the cursor with the joystick is like steering a car with a blunt pole (try

playing *Lethal Enforcers* with the joystick and you'll know what I mean). But the reason why you'll probably think the game blows is this: it's not a game, it's an interactive cartoon. If you ignore him entirely, Pac-Man will wander around on his own and eventually trip over something or step on a rake. Oh, joy.

So: Would you enjoy watching a *Pac-Man* cartoon over and over? 'Nuff said. Nice try, Namco. Quit screwing around with funky interfaces and make a game that's fun to play.

—JEFF YALOW



SCORCHING SEGA GIVEAWAY

How many times have you wished that you could take your entire Genesis/Sega CD system with you to your grandmother's house out in the country? Or to a hotel on vacation? Or even make a simple switch from one room in the house to another? Let's face it—your existing Genesis and Sega CD units just aren't ideal for transport. We know, it's a real problem—and here's the solution!

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RECORD REVIEWS

GRAVEDIGGAZ

6 Feet Deep (Gee Street Records)

From the opening strains of the hip-hop tortured Funeral March on "Just When You Thought It Was Over," you know that the Gravediggaz are comin' with some ill shit. Delve deeper and you'll find that bandmembers Fruitkwan and the legendary DJ Prince Paul (both formerly of Stetsasonic) plus Too Poetic, and Wu-Tang Clan founder Prince Rakeem have created a veritable Necropolis of gothic hip-hop, a mausoleum of cryptic lyrical visions and nightmarish musical tracks.

Prince Paul utilizes a mixture of thick funk, deep soul and flashes of eerie mid-Seventies horror film-styled ambiance to create a dense, haunting soundscape over which Fruitkwan, Too Poetic and Rakeem bust rhymes as though possessed by demonic forces. With song titles like "2 Cups Of Blood" and "Rest In Peace," you might think the Gravediggaz are death-obsessed, but it's merely a tool to pull you in to where you can discover their music's deeper meaning. There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide—so sit back, relax and open your mind as the Gravediggaz take you on a trip to the other side.

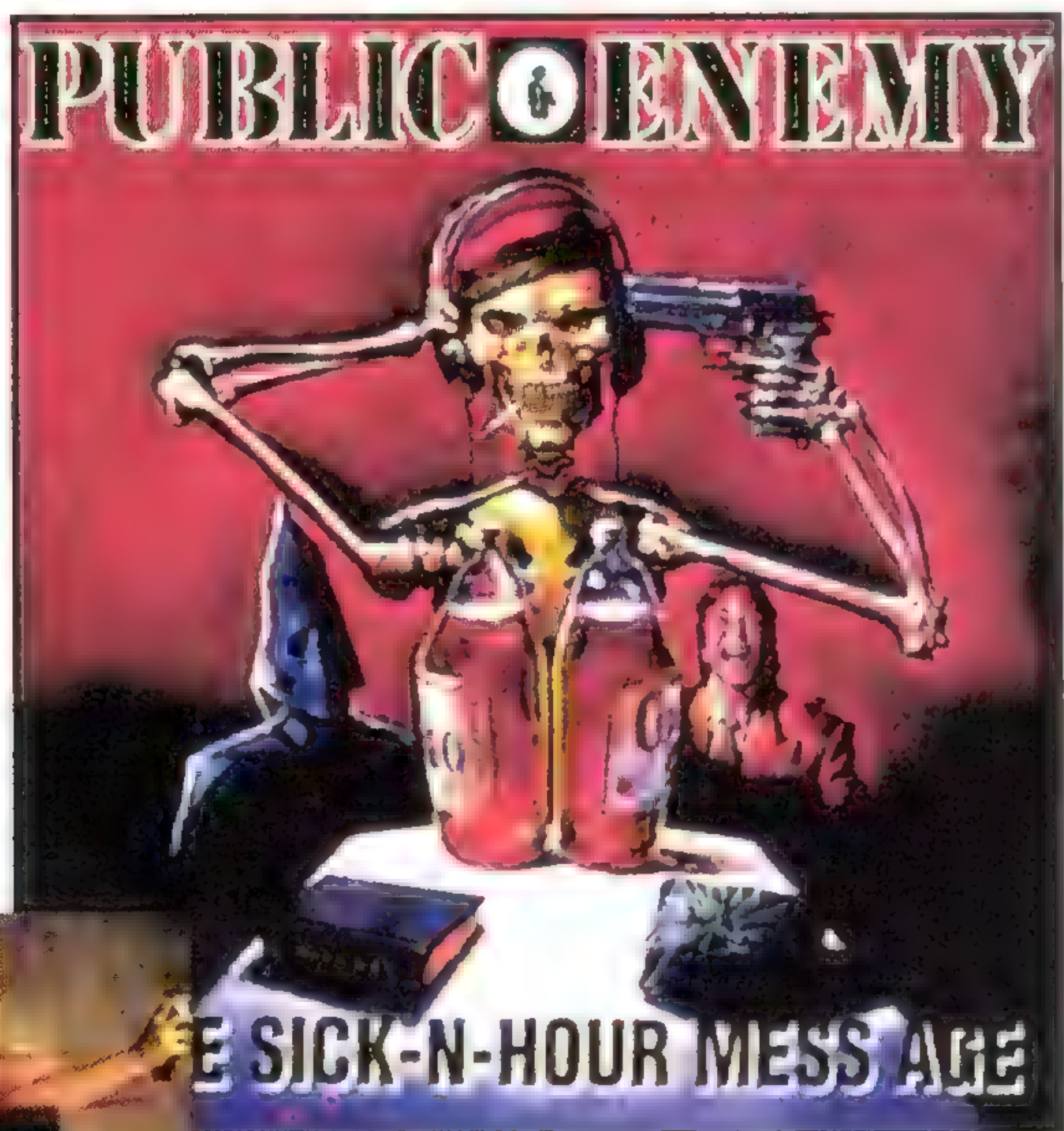
—SPENCE D.



PUBLIC ENEMY

Muse Sick-N-Hour Mess Age (Def Jam)

Chuck D doesn't preach. He merely kicks science on the social ills plaguing this country—particularly as they pertain to people of color. After battling with a bad habit, Flavor exudes his maximum flav, showing and proving that he's still got that much to share. And



longtime deejay Terminator X comes correct with battle ax beats meshed with musical licks and tricks that scream. That's right, the trio that turned the hip hop world on its ass with such ground-breaking albums as *Fear Of A Black Planet* and *Apocalypse 91...The Enemy Strikes Black* is back—and harder than ever.

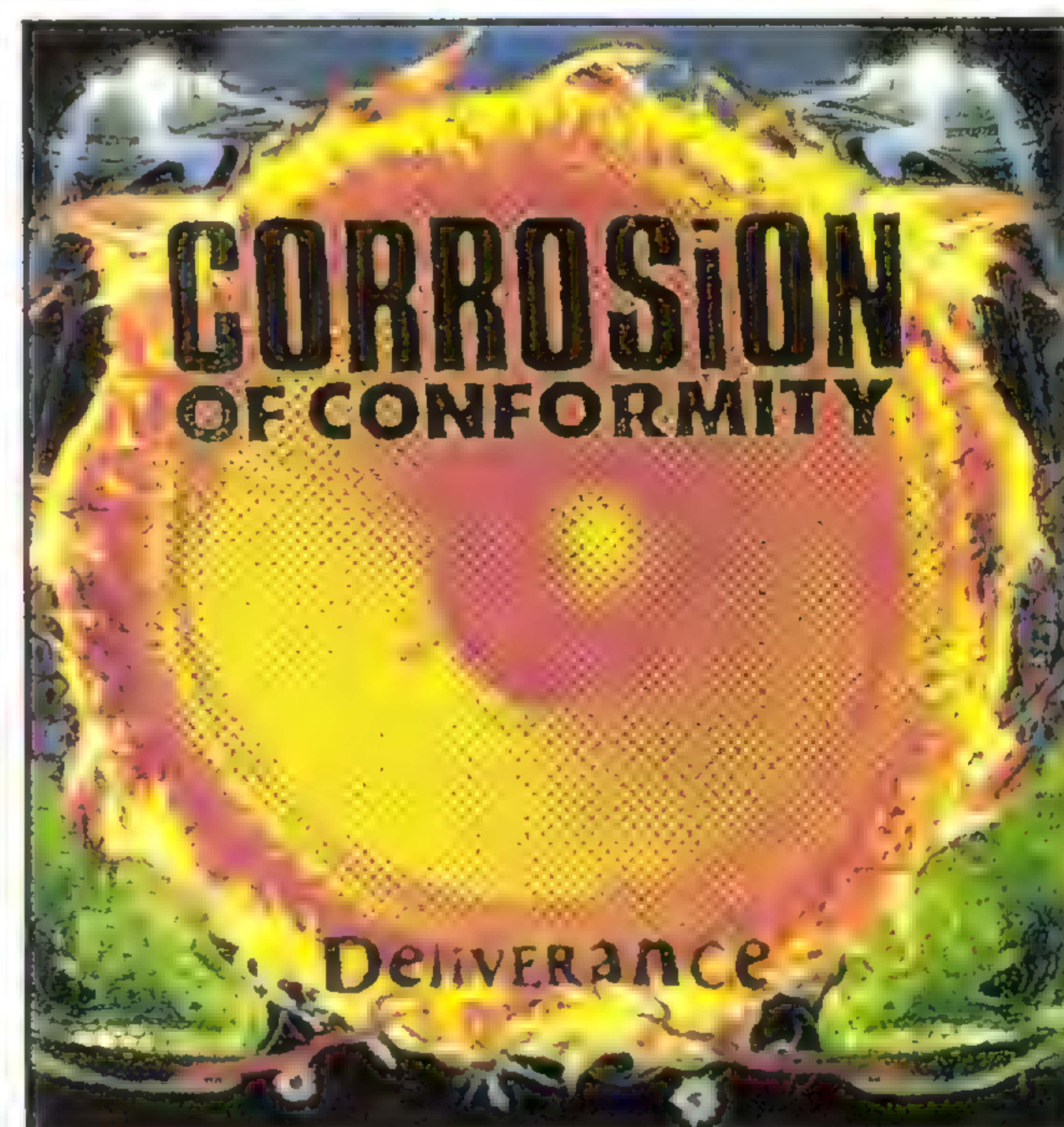
Muse Sick-N-Hour Mess Age is an ideal fifth addition to Public Enemy's backlog of fat albums. No "Terrordomes," no "Bring Tha Noize," and no "Don't Believe The Hype"s here. But if you're ready for evolution within the revolution, you're ready for this album. Check the noise and listen loud. You'll be surprised, and pleasantly so.

—TRACH MCGREGOR

CORROSION OF CONFORMITY

Deliverance (Columbia)

The fourth full-length album from North Carolina's kings of punk/metal crossover is unquestionably the finest effort of their 12-year career. Unfazed by some drastic



personnel changes (singer Karl Agell and bassist Phil Swisher—who both appeared on 1991's *Blind* album—are out), guitarist Pepper Keenan doubles as lead vocalist, while original bassist Mike Dean returns from a seven-year absence.

They've assembled a unique album that molds influences from Black Sabbath



to Lynyrd Skynyrd to Blag Flag to create a Southern-fried, doom-laden hardcore sound. Keenan's vocals range from a resigned drawl to an eerie, mechanized scream that still manages to carry some of the catchiest hooks you'll ever hear in music this heavy. Songs like "Heaven's Not Overflowing," "Seven Days," "Clean My Wounds" and the brutal instant classic "Broken Man" are all finely crafted tunes bristling with ultra-heavy riffs and powerhouse emotions.

Ultimately, *Deliverance* is one of those rarities, an album that feels like a coherent, complete work. This is one disc that definitely delivers.

—DON KAYE

AMORPHIS

Tales From The Thousand Lakes (Relapse)

Get this—here are five guys from Finland (a country not exactly known as a metal metropolis) who look like they're fresh out of high school, playing in a band that nobody's ever heard of, and they've just released an album that blows the doors off almost every new record out there. Shocking.

You'll need a tolerance for something off-the-beaten-path to fully enjoy this band, but their combination of death metal vocals and guitar tones with super-catchy melodic riffs and eerie keyboards is so damned unique and fascinating that it's bound to become an instant favorite

among death metalheads. —ALEX CIPOLLA

SHOCKTAPUSS

Meat Deacon (Bong Song Records)

Following the trail blazed by Metallica comes Shocktapuss (are we running out of band names?). This trio filters their marriage of hard rock riffs through a metal sound and garnishes with a touch of



thrash. Their debut album, *Meat Deacon*, showcases their ability to "raise their fist and yell," as Alice Cooper once said. But don't look much deeper: their songs, like "Destroyed" and "Rock Bottom," confine themselves to typical metal themes (ya know, death, anger and the testosterone-fueled drive to conquer). However, if it's little more than head-bangin' your han-

kerin' for, this disc is crunchy enough to satisfy.

—DAVID CRIBLEZ

BIG CHIEF

Platinum Jive (Capitol)

Seventies archeologists/parodists Big Chief have it figured out in a way the Beastie Boys never will. Forget about sampling bits and pieces from that wacky era; BC do whole songs in those wonderfully cheesy tremolo guitar effects, fuzz-toned bass, backward cymbal loops, synthesizers, Detroit horns, flutes, and whatever else they can throw into the melting pot. Not exactly Nostalgia Core, *Platinum Jive* stomps with its fair share of big hairy guitars and nose-thumb-ing grunge. Unpredictable as blotter acid and entertaining as any Superfly sequel, the joke is so dead on, some probably won't even get the punchline.

Stoned grooves slide all over easy R&B bass one minute and then jump into metal mayhem the next. Jazz and punk sneak up just as unexpectedly. Not eclectic enough for you? Rap guy Schooly D pops up for a little smooth and synchopated rhyming: "Everybody talkin' 'bout they funk, but the shit just stink to me." Deadpan campy, one of the funniest bits is a track called "Simply Barry," a send-up of '70s lovmonger Barry White. Not even K-Tel could serve up the entire bell-bottomed, fringe-wearin', peace sign-wavin', platform-bootin' decade as accurately as *Platinum Jive*.

—JEFF GILBERT

SHUDDER TO THINK

Pony Express Record (Epic)

In this age of big, hairy riffs played by guys with big, hairy stones, it's almost too much to ask for some decent vocals. Really good singers are an endangered species, and I don't know why. Call me a sissy, but I think that a little of Helmet singer Page Hamilton's hollering goes a long way.



So I like Shudder To Think (D.C. scene veterans, Dischord luminaries, Fugazi pals), mostly because of singer Craig Wedren, whose weird expressiveness

RECORD REVIEWS



ranks him among rock's all-time great warblers, right up there with Soundgarden's Chris Cornell and Cheap Trick's Robin Zander. Wedren sometimes sounds operatic, sometimes vulnerable, sometimes psychotic. Imagine if Rob Halford was more of a nervous weasel, like that guy in the Violent Femmes.

But Shudder's approach is quite brainy, automatically limiting their appeal. The guitar chords sometimes sound like music, and the beats flirt with solidity, but Shudder refuse to immediately gratify. Only a couple of tracks on *Pony Express Record* ("Gang Of \$," "Earthquakes Come Home") rock in any kind of traditional sense, and, let's face it, there's

something to be said for tradition.

I dig a challenge and all, but I kept wanting this record to force all my blood into my penis and make me drive way too fast. After a couple of bouts with it, I was intellectually stimulated and in desperate need of some AC/DC. —JOHN REYNOLDS

OBITUARY

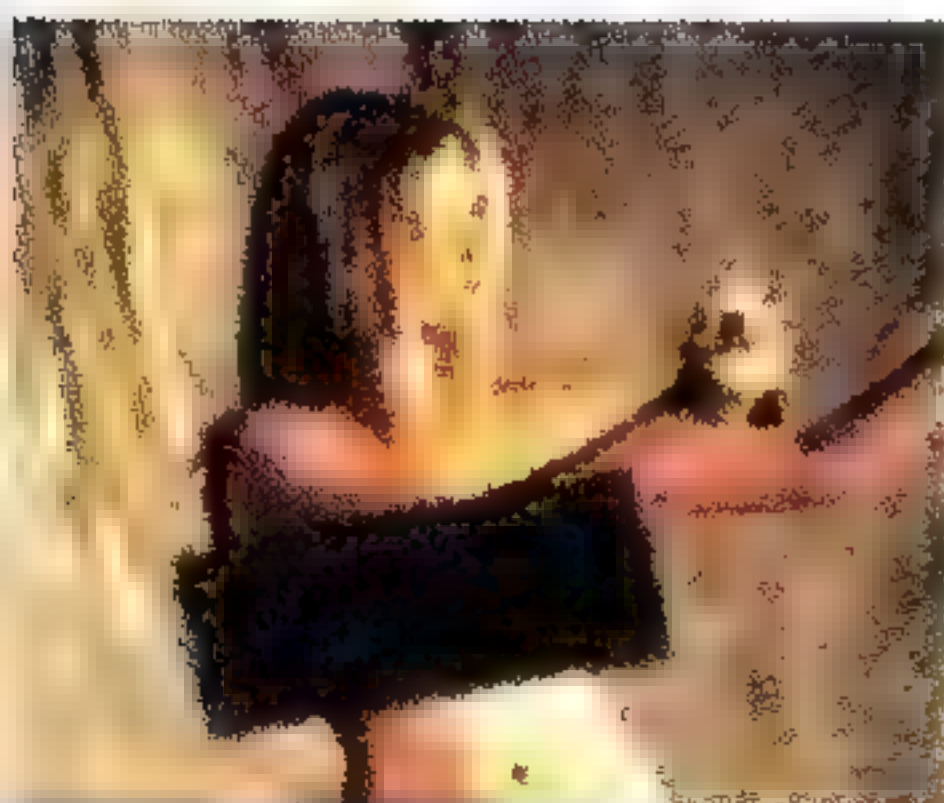
World Demise (Roadrunner)

As sheer catastrophic force goes, Obituary is right up there on the grand scale of destruction with natural disasters and badasses like Galactus. When they come around there's precious little you can do but assume the crash position and pray you escape unscathed. If their last album (*The*

End Complete) disappointed by just rehashing the glories of their first two albums, the Florida-based group has returned to lethal form with *World Demise*.

Spearheading the assault is vocalist John Tardy, who unquestionably possesses the sickest, most corrosive voice in all of death metal. Tardy is the sound of horror personified—witness his terrifying crescendo on "Final Thoughts" as he rises from some hellish depth to tear you limb from limb. All the while, the music behind him is no less threatening—with riffs as thick as I-beams and twice as heavy.

With a cleaner production and some minor additions to their sound, such as the occasional sample or the bass bombs



dropped in "Splattered," the band have returned to the dominant form that made their second album, *Cause Of Death*, such a momentous disc. And while the adrenaline of their assault ebbs towards the album's final moments, *World Demise* provides enough delicious, malicious mayhem to make it an essential death metal listen.

—ALEX CIPOLLA

DREAM THEATER

Awake (EastWest)

A darker, grungier Dream Theater? Not totally, but there's no hiding the weighty, detuned guitars and pummeling grooves at the heart of tracks like "The Mirror" and "Lie" from *Awake*, the New York progressive rockers' second album. These songs are certainly the heaviest in the band's repertoire and mark a shift toward a more basic groove for these renowned lovers of musical intricacy. At the same time, however, the new album features the group's lightest track yet—the acoustic ballad "The Silent Man."

But fear not, ye shred heads; the resident kings of chops rock haven't wussed out. *Awake* offers plenty of the imposing musicianship that put Dream Theater's debut album *Images And Words* so close to your hearts in 1992. This time, though, the riffs on songs like "6:00" and "Erotomania" (a blistering instrumental) are not only stun-



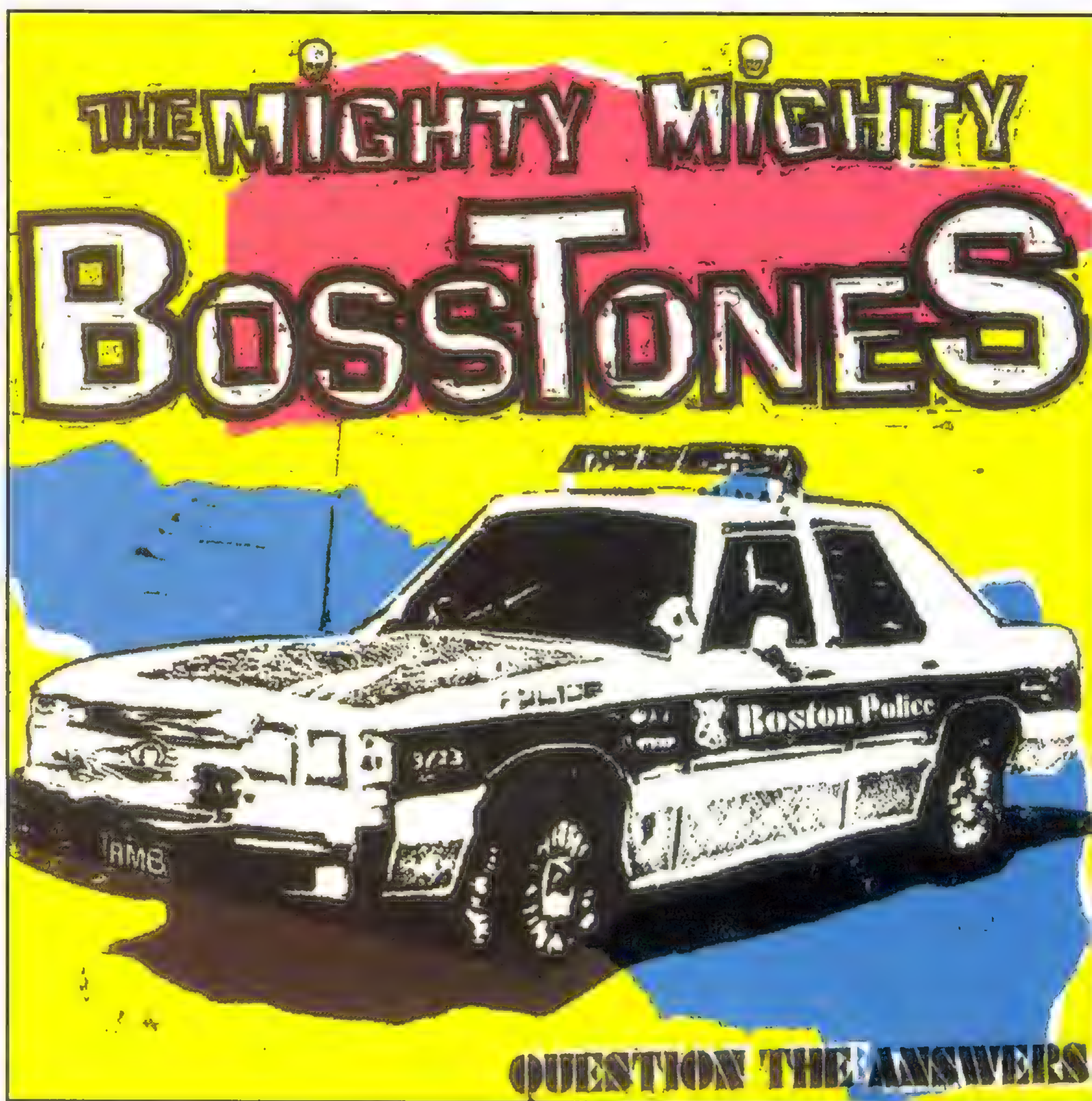
ningly dexterous, but plenty catchy too. And once again, John Petrucci proves he's one of the most talented guitar gods around. Combining the chops of a progressive player with the feel of a blues guy, he delivers solos that are at once technically stunning and melodically pleasing. *Awake* is a dream for sure.

—MORDECHAI KLEIDERMACHER

MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES

Question The Answers (Mercury)

The Mighty Mighty Bosstones improve with every record. This new batch of 12 songs by the Boston frat-party band in the skinny ties and plaid jackets (shorts in



the summer) is their strongest to date, hands down. It must be the night-after-night gigging that keeps this mosh-friendly, eight-piece gang so tight.

The Bosstones continue the same rock-reggae-ska party started so many years ago by British bands like the Specials and Madness, but the Bosstones up the ante with a Nineties guitar crunch their forerunners never had. And this time around, singer Dicky Barrett's husky vocals are mixed loud enough that nearly every lyric is intelligible.

The Bosstones' songs might fall into a predictable pattern—verses are sung over an easy reggae rhythm, then the band steps on the gas for the power-charged chorus—but that's a petty complaint for a band that, these days, sounds like no one else.

—GARY CEE

QUEENSRÛCHE

The Promised Land (EMI)

Three years-plus is a heckuva long vacation, especially coming off a triple platinum album (*Empire*) and a tour that all but turned your band into a household name. But Queensrÿche knew what they were doing. *The Promised Land*, which marks the band's ten-year anniversary, is a refreshing change from all that grunge-

heavy noise we've been bombarded with in the last few years.

Musically, Queensrÿche are branching out, becoming more adventurous with their instrumentation and arrangements—without sacrificing their solid *Empire* footing. Less hit-heavy than its jillion-selling predecessor, *The Promised Land* is nonetheless fertile with creative songwriting. Two new potential heirs to the "Silent Lucidity" throne are "Out Of Mind" and "Lady Jane": both have the Rÿche earmarks of sweeping orchestrations swimming



Kevin Henson

RECORD REVIEWS

beneath clear solos and emoting hooks.

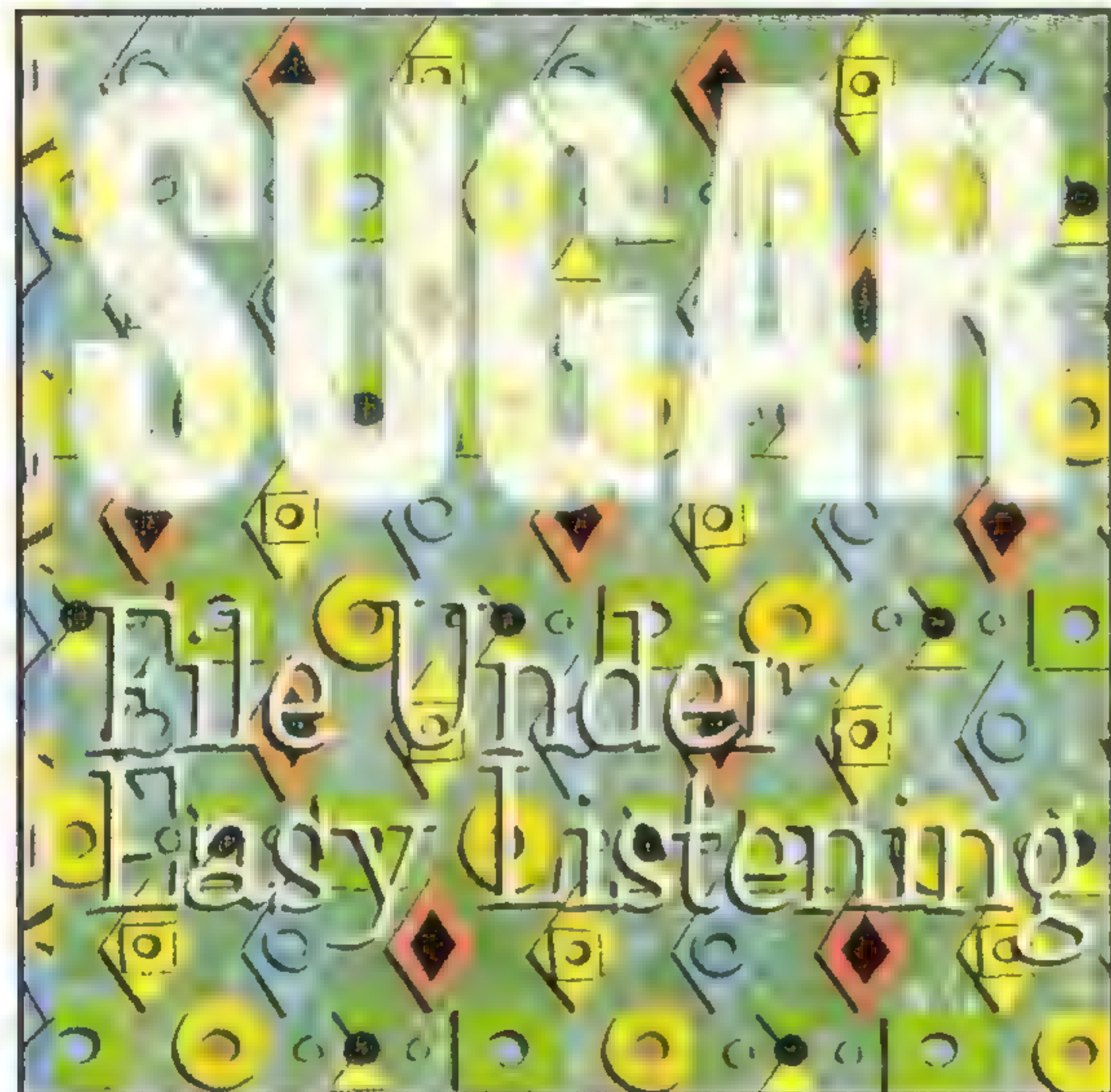
Because of its cerebral intensity, it's impossible not to be swept along in *The Promised Land's* rich, swirling currents. At times, things can get a bit too heady—but don't fight it. It's a helluva ride that'll take you through many different moods and expose you to brave new worlds.

—JEFF GILBERT

SUGAR

File Under: Easy Listening (Ryko)

Easy listening it ain't. Sugar's second full-length album is a loud, turbulent tangle of aggressive melody and heartfelt emotion



that finds frontman Bob Mould doing what he does best. Since his early days in Hüsker Dü, Mould has been melding punk, pop and vulnerability to create instantly captivating tunes that are slammable, hummable and thought-provoking. With *File Under: Easy Listening*, Sugar expands upon and polishes this formula, and the result is 40 minutes of sheer songcraft. Musically, much of the album is buoyant and uplifting, overflowing with punchy beats and buzzing guitars, but lyrically it concerns itself with confusion, pain and deceit. "I can't help you anymore/you can't hurt me anymore/don't care if you're upset/I'm trying to forget," sings Mould in "I Can't Help You Anymore," the record's catchiest tune. Even people who hate sing-along melodies will find themselves drawn to Sugar's bittersweet noise.

—JON WIEDERHORN

BODY COUNT

Born Dead (Virgin)

The band that caused the massive stir with the controversial song "Cop Killer" (from its self-titled 1992 debut album) is back with more of its street-hard punk/metal. As you'd expect, Body Count's second album is filled with tales of urban violence and paints an uncompromisingly bleak portrait of existence. Lyrics like "Yo, f**k my landlord, I'm a

step away from clearing this shotgun" (from "Necessary Evil") are typical, and rapper-turned-rocker Ice-T spews them out with his usual don't-mess-with-me brava-



do. Musically, this album's songs don't sound much different than those on the first album—fast punky grooves mixed with basic metal riffs, delivered in a crude-but-tight garage-band style.

There's certainly plenty of energy here, and songs like "Killin' Floor" and "Masters Of Revenge" will surely ignite the mosh pits. Ultimately, though, this record is a

complete replay of Body Count's debut. Ice-T may be one pissed-off dude, but after a while a guy who does nothing but scream in your face can really get on your nerves.

—MORDECHAI KLEIDERMACHER

DINOSAUR JR

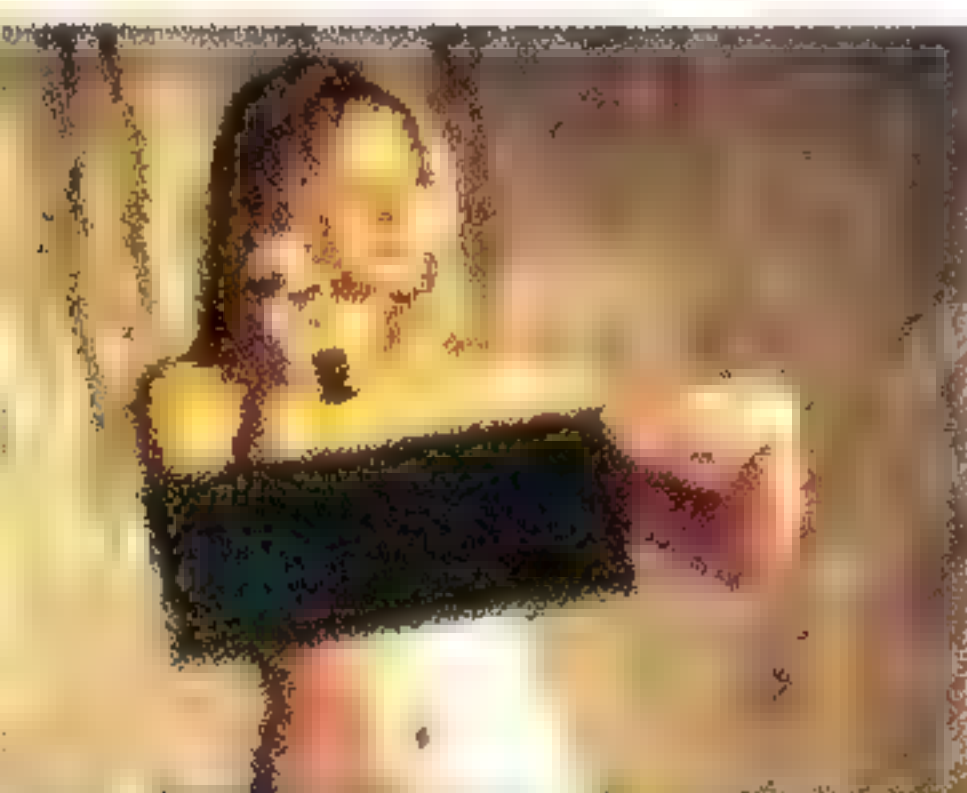
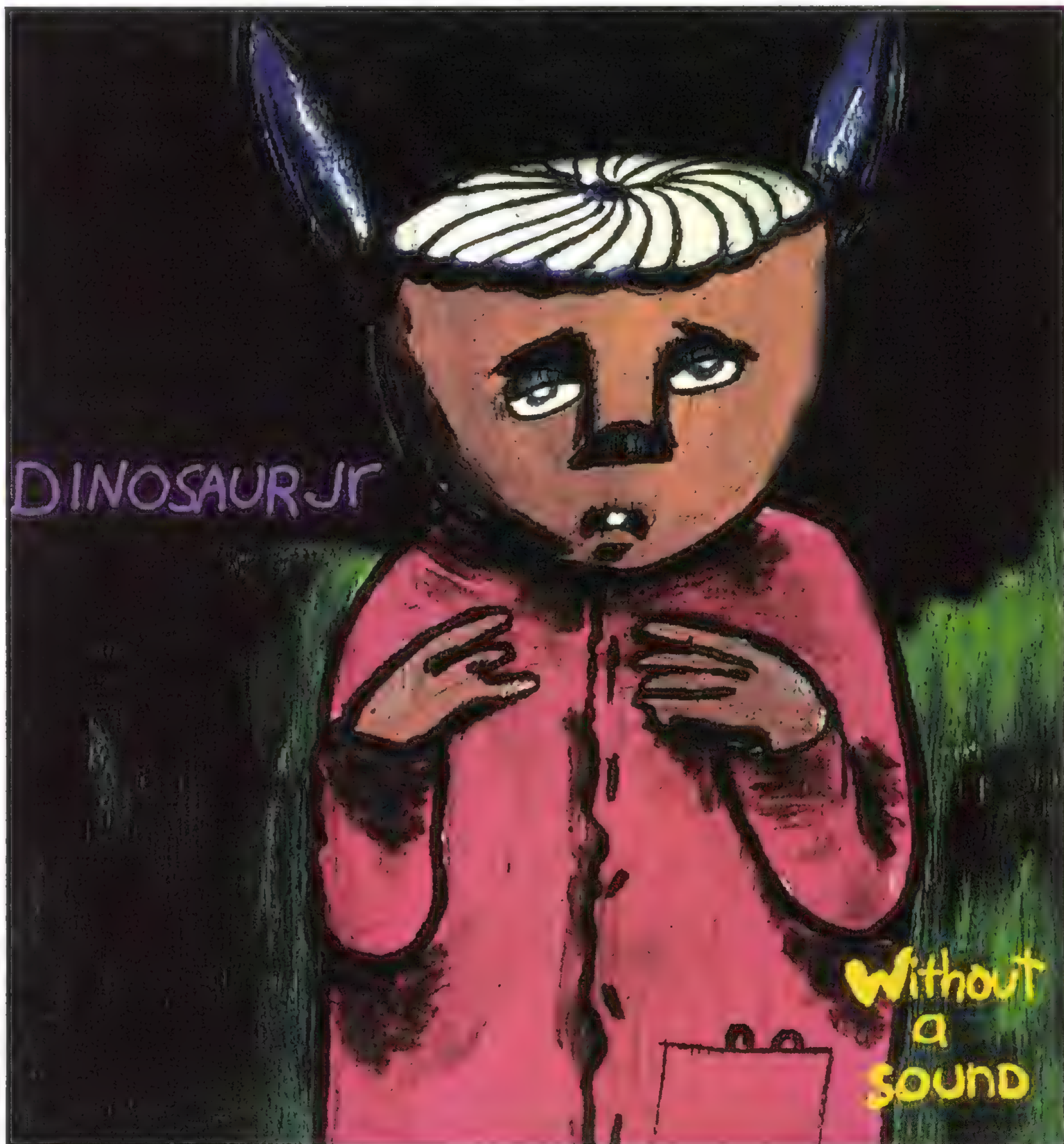
Without A Sound (Sire/Reprise)

Here's 11 more songs in the key of J. J. Mascis, the linchpin of Dinosaur Jr, plays guitars and drums this time around after parting ways with longtime timekeeper Murph.

It's doubtful this *Without A Sound* will win J the recluse any new fans. He's still Neil Young Jr., offering up tasty guitar-laden grunge a bit more delicately than the Seattle bands. His solos are as precise as usual and his percussion is adequate, but the songs here fall short of his best work. By the third or fourth listen, you're still waiting for something to grab you by the balls. The rockers lack giddy-up and the ballads come off like rewrites from the America songbook. Could it be that Mascis is showing signs of creative fatigue?

As for his lackluster—but identifiable—singing, J still has his charm. Then again, so did Elmer Fudd.

—GARY CEE



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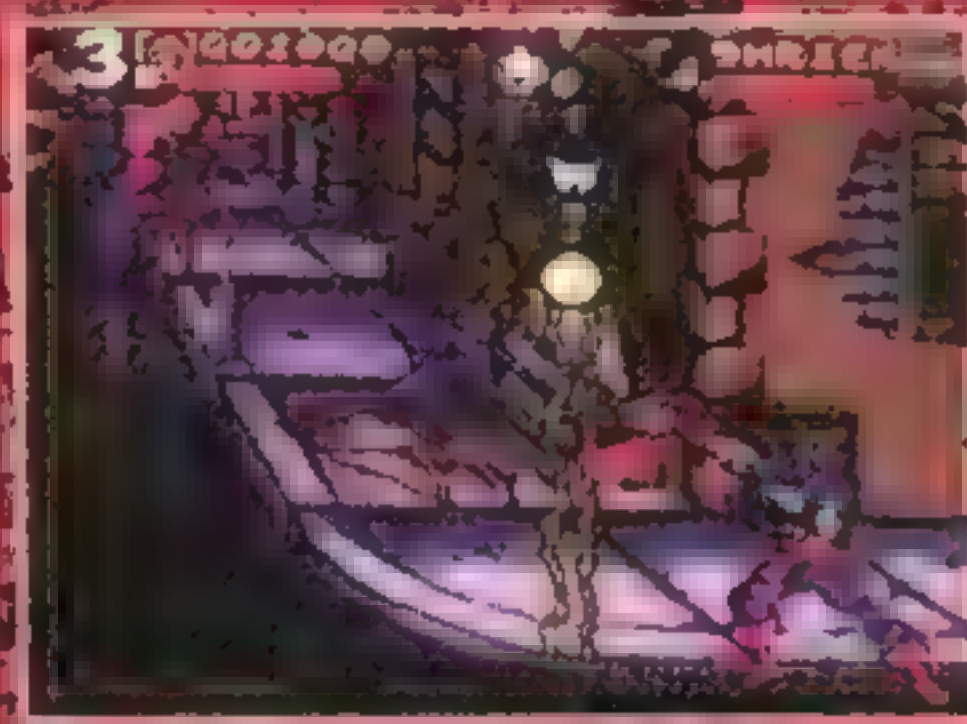
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COMIC REVIEWS

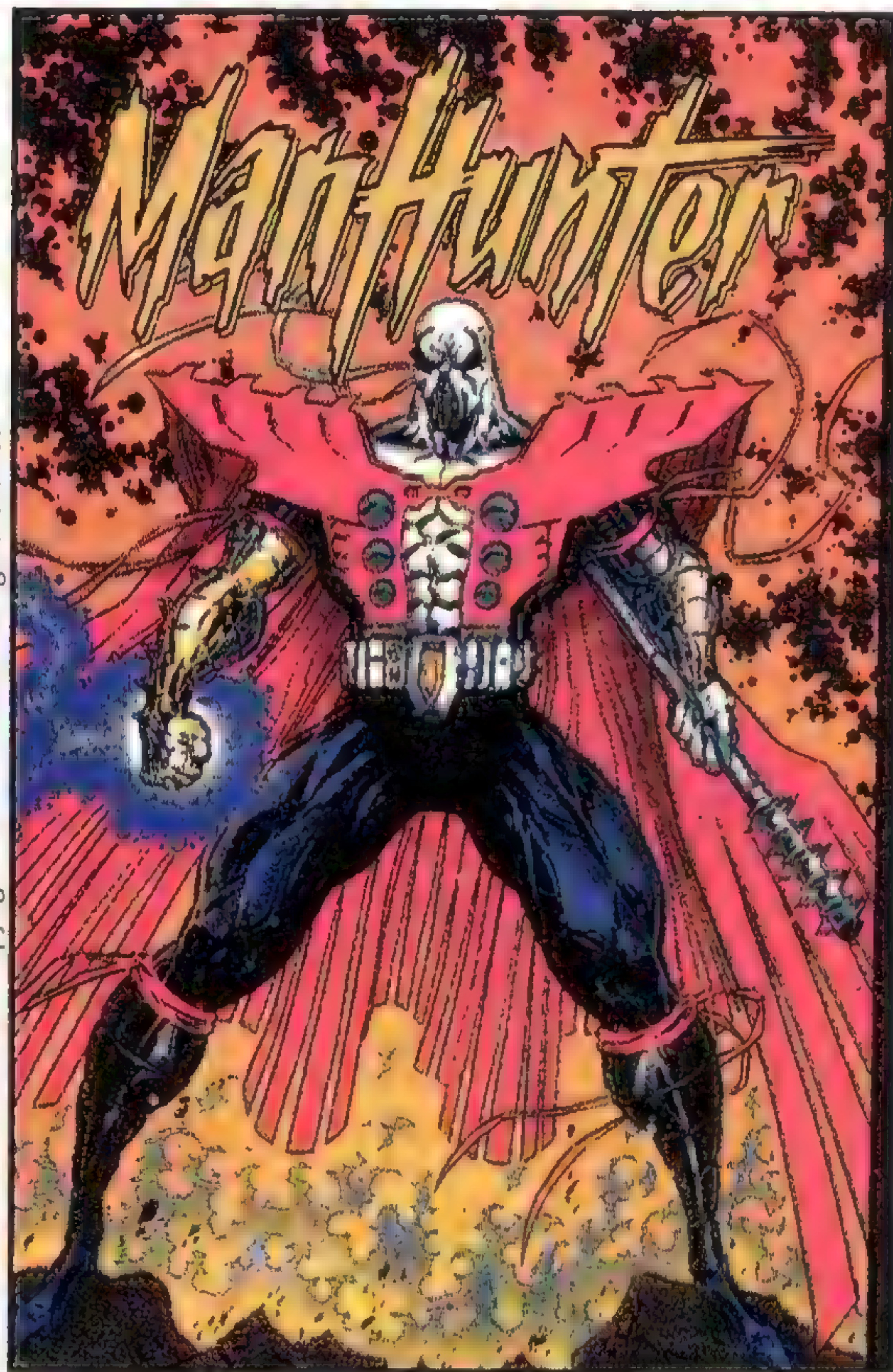
by Chris Golden

TIMECOP #1

Dark Horse

Written by Mark Verheiden,
illustrated by Ron Randall

Adapted from the upcoming Jean Claude Van Damme film by Verheiden, the creator of the character and concepts, *Timecop* stands on its own as a fun read. Something tells me the emphasis on kicking people in the face wasn't part of the original story, but that's Hollywood. The plot is pretty recycled; hero agonizing over dead wife becomes over involved in job, ends up saving the day. (They should have called it *Dirty Harry and the Time Machine*.) But you can't deny that it works. Randall's art is crisp, and the story taut. Hey, it sold me on the movie.



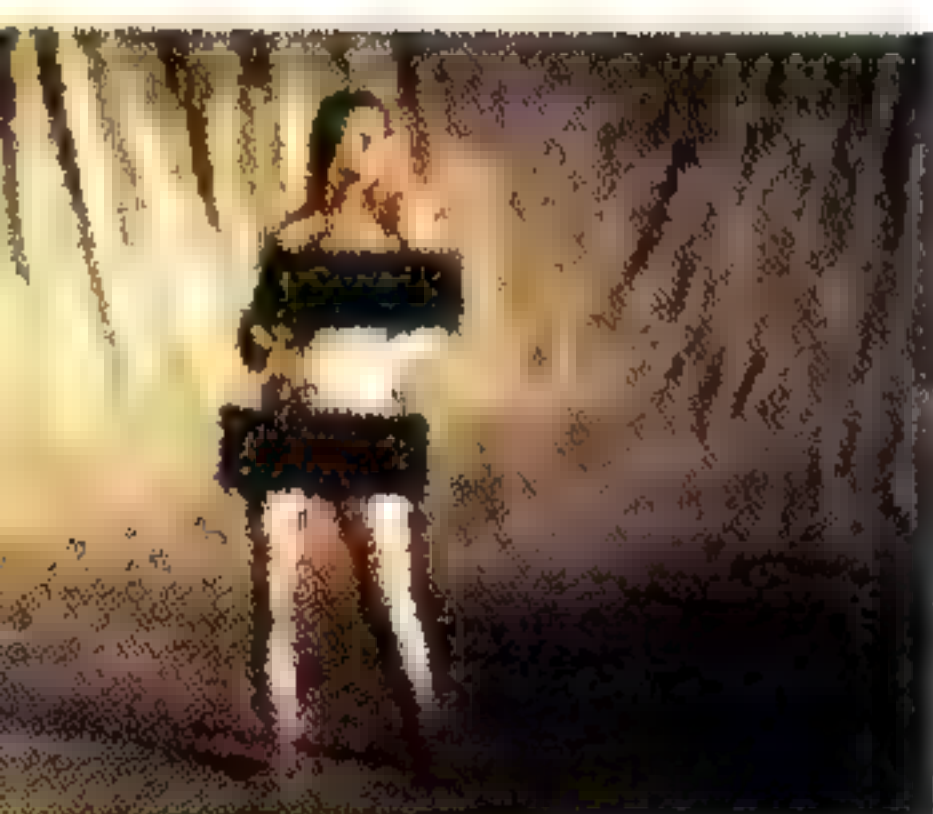
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MANHUNTER #1

DC

Written by Steven Grant,
illustrated by Vince Giarrano

Chase Lawler is a musician whose run-in with a creature called the Wild Huntsman has left him dramatically altered. Entangled in a web of evil as he attempts to save the life of the woman he loves, Lawler dons a costume at the suggestion of the very suspicious Dr. Malig, and takes the



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name Manhunter for no better reason than that it is the first suggested. He's a man with a mission, and he'll do anything (with his new capabilities, "anything" is suddenly turning out to mean a hell of a lot more than it did before) to accomplish it. Too bad that with new talents come

other, less desirable new instincts, like a hard-to-resist lust for killing. Top notch. Grant's a veteran of *Punisher* and Giarrano has *Batman* experience, so the atmosphere is nice and murky. If the other books coming out of *Zero Hour* are like this, it's going to be a hell of a year for DC.

TYRANT #1

SpiderBaby Grafix

Written and illustrated by

Stephen R. Bissette

One of comics' greatest talents returns in an ambitious self-publishing venture. *Tyrant* is the story of the birth, life and death of a Tyrannosaurus Rex, and may take as long as ten years of bimonthly publication to be completed. Bissette is consulting with the world's leading prehistoric experts to get everything just right on the dinos and the condition of the earth 70 million years ago. There is, of course, no dialogue, but the narration is perfect, and the artwork ranks among the best in Bissette's career. An informative backup section gives the entertainment industry buzz on dino-related projects. If you're into dinosaurs, or just great art, you've got to pick this up!

STARMAN #1

DC

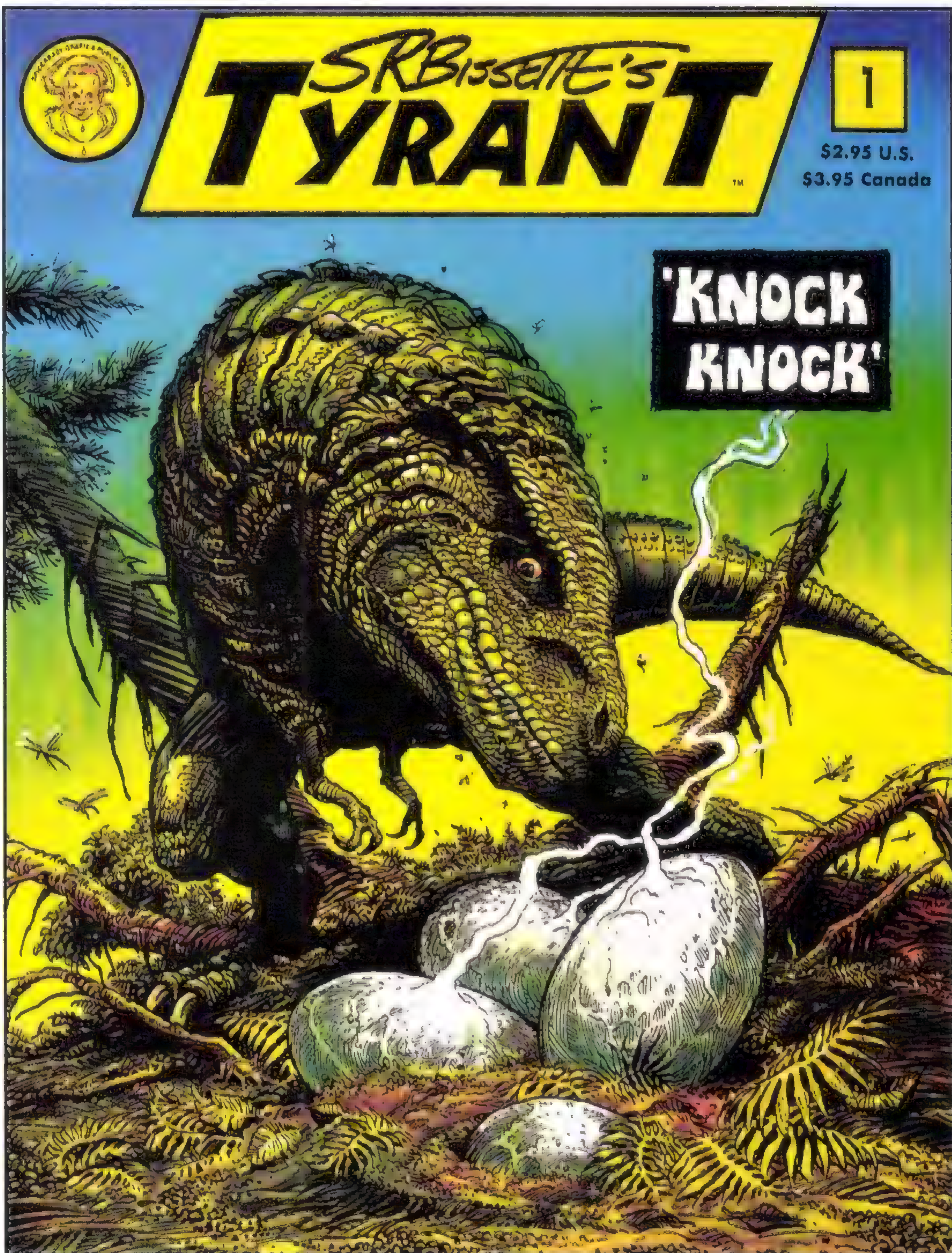
Written by James Robinson, penciled by

Tony Harris, inked by Wade Von Grawbadger

Hmm...what was that about other books



coming out of *Zero Hour*? (see *Manhunter* #1) In *Zero*, Ted Knight, the original Starman, was quick-aged by Extant and almost killed. In *Starman* #0, his son David took up the costume and weapons, and was summarily shot and killed. Now his youngest son, Jack, with whom he's never really gotten along, and who has no interest whatsoever in becoming Starman, is forced to take up the Cosmic Rod, but he'll be damned if he'll wear that silly costume! Quirky art, a cool, cruel villain called The Shade and interesting supporting characters.



THE TALE OF ONE BAD RAT

Dark Horse

Written and illustrated by Bryan Talbot

"Monsters aren't always under your bed," reads the tag line for this four-issue series, "Sometimes they're tucking you in."

The Tale of One Bad Rat is actually the tale of Helen, a young British girl who has run away from home after being sexually abused. Not surprisingly, Helen has problems—she's homeless and vulnerable and can't bear physical contact. Oh yeah, and she keeps a rat for a pet. But instead of self-help manuals, Helen becomes fascinated with Peter Rabbit, finding solace in visiting different places from the life of writer/illustrator Beatrix Potter. By the fourth issue, the wounds of her abuse have begun to heal, though not without leaving scars.

PRIME ANNUAL #1

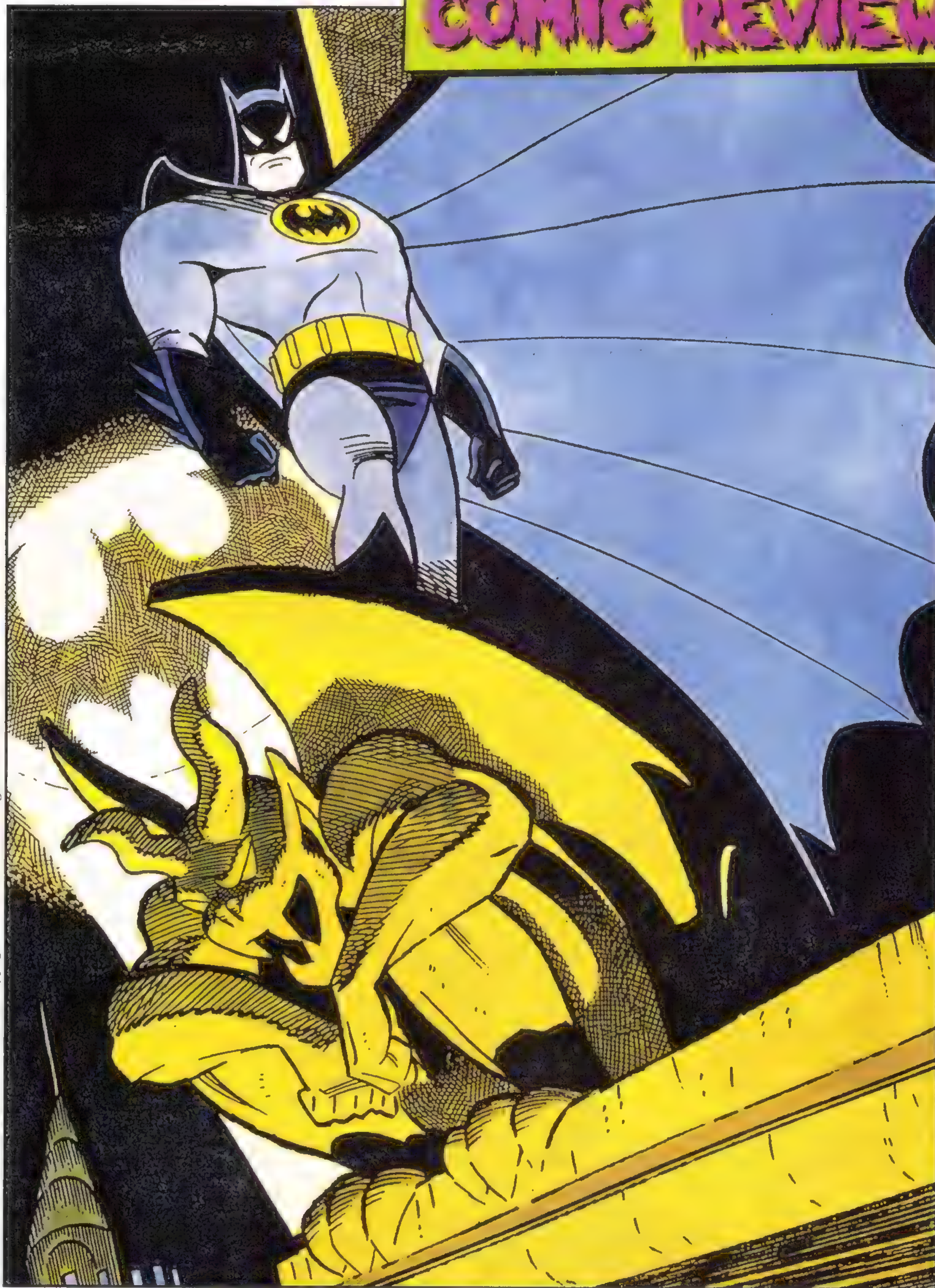
Malibu/Ultraverse

Written by Len Strazewski and Gerard Jones,

illustrated by Norm Breyfogle

If you can take your eyes off the gorgeous cover painting by Boris Vallejo long enough, this story'll suck you right in the same way it did with *Hardcase*, who guest stars. The plot centers around the kidnapping of *Hardcase*'s comatose girlfriend, an ultra who was his co-member on the Squad, but the theme of the story is the comic's real focus. *Prime* is actually a 13-year-old boy named Kevin Green, and lately he's been acting like a spoiled brat with super powers. In the course of this issue's run-in with *Hardcase* and Doctor Gross, Kevin learns to be more mature and ultimately drops the bad boy stuff in favor of acting like a proper hero.

COMIC REVIEWS



THE BATMAN ADVENTURES #25

DC

Written by Kelley Puckett, penciled by Mike Parobeck, inked by Rich Burchett.

This thick, double-sized issue, based on the popular Fox TV cartoon, presents a team-up between Batman and Superman against such villains as Maxie Zeus and Lex Luthor. The sleek, linear art closely resembles that of the weekly (and soon to be Saturday-morning) television series, and the writing serves up squeaky-clean superheroes who are much more good-natured than you'll ever find in any of the DC Universe continuity books. Unless you're really into the cartoon or can't resist the admittedly cool pinups by the likes of Mignolas, Gibbons and Nowlan, *The Batman Adventures* #25 is better suited for your little brother.

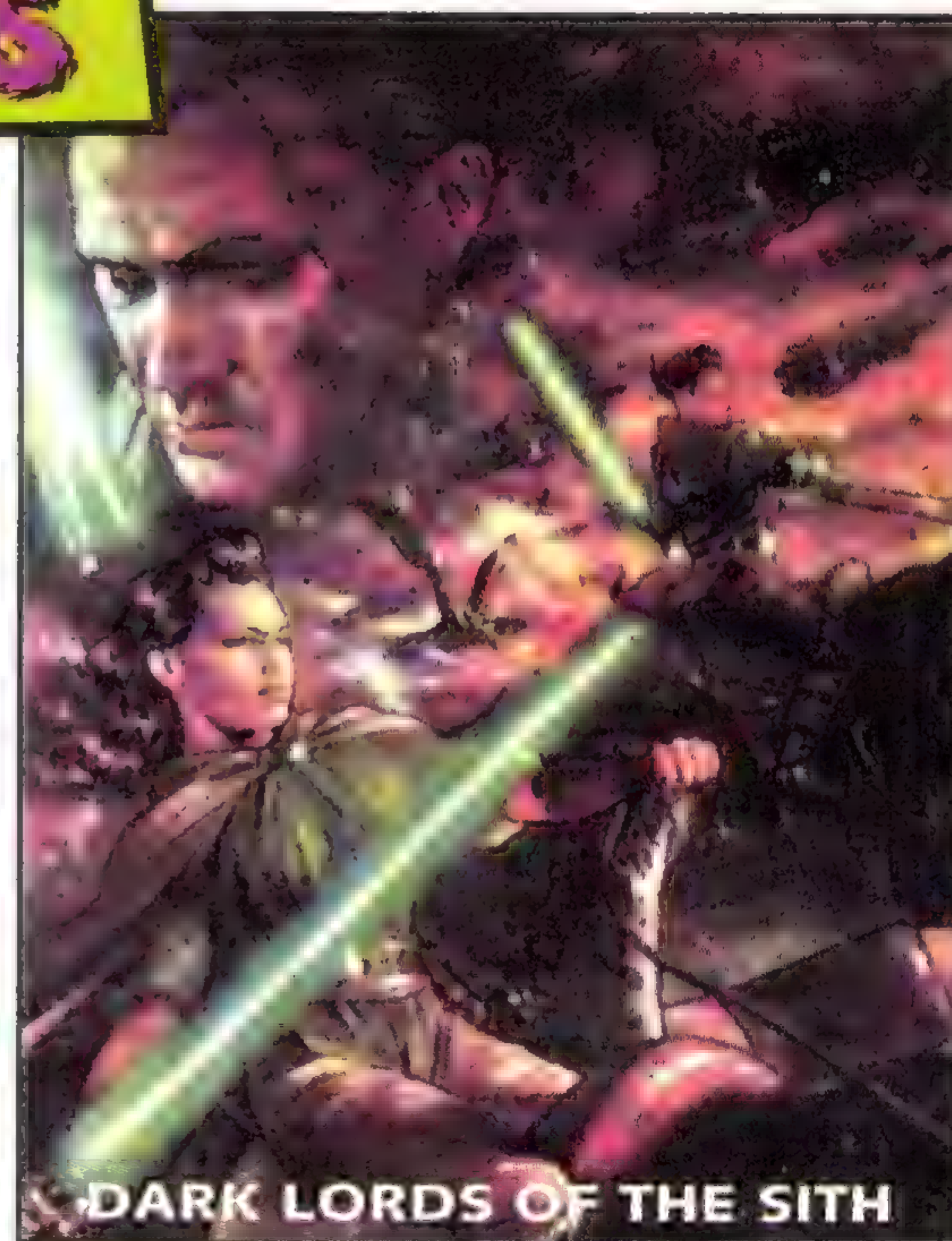


STAR WARS: TALES OF THE JEDI: DARK LORDS OF THE SITH #1

Dark Horse

Written by Kevin J. Anderson and Tom Veitch, penciled by Chris Gossett, inked by Mike Barreiro

Star Wars is hot, hot, hot, and Dark Horse keeps churning out great stories within the George Lucas mythology. This new series takes all the heroes of *Tales Of The Jedi* and *The FreedonNadd Uprising* and pits them against numerous forces, including an arrogant young Jedi named Exar Kun who falls to the Dark Side. Co-written by *Dark Empire's* Tom Veitch, all of these comic books form the basis for Anderson's series of paperback novels entitled *Star Wars: Jedi Academy*, which is also recom-



DARK LORDS OF THE SITH

mended—check out how neatly the comics and the novels mutually influence each other. Great art, great story and great mythology.

THE MAN CALLED AX #1

Malibu/Bravura

Written by Marv Wolfman, illustrated by Shawn McManus

In a city called Bedlam, which is literally governed by criminals (you know, like Washington, D.C.), a reporter named Liz Watkins is investigating the incredible story of an outlaw who just will not die. He's fighting a war against the city's leaders, and he won't be stopped. The problem is, he doesn't know who he is, or why he must act as he does. Wolfman is one of the most consistent, most talented writers of superhero comics there is. His work on *Tomb Of Dracula* with Gene Colan has been called a masterpiece. This book doesn't rise to that level, but it would make a great Schwarzenegger movie. Also, McManus' art is kickin'.

WOLVERINE: EVILUTION

Marvel

Written by Ann Nocenti, illustrated by Mark Texeira

Wolverine is pitted against a wacked-out special interest group whose aim is to eliminate technology from the world and then take it over. On past assignments, including *Longshot* and *Daredevil*, Nocenti has proven to be a talented writer, and her strengths are evident here in the dialogue and humor. The plot, however, is hard to follow, not unlike a confusing episode of *The X-Files*. The fact that it takes place way, way out of continuity doesn't help. For Tex fans, though, it's probably worth shelling out the \$6 cover price.

THE CLANDESTINE #1

Marvel

Written and penciled by Alan Davis,
inked by Mark Farmer

Easily the most commercial of all Marvel UK products, it is not hard to see why the company pulled it when the UK line went under and are releasing it now. Alan Davis' work on *Excalibur* made him a fan favorite, and his humor and excellent art are well represented here. Rory and Pandora are teen crime fighters who believe they are mutants. In this first issue, they discover that they are actually children of an ancient, nearly immortal race, and that their grandmother and uncle are actually their sister and brother. Talk about teen angst. The problem is, a whole herd of disgusting creatures are out to find something called the Gryphon, and are hell-bent on destroying their family along the way. Bummer.

STRIKEBACK #1

Malibu/Bravura

Written by Jonathan Peterson,
illustrated by Kevin Maguire

When a vicious villain called—I kid you not—the Doberman, kidnaps Rascal's girlfriend Nikki on her 25th birthday, Rascal teams up with a weird kabuki-man named Midnight Devil to get her back. Nikki has a very powerful psi-cat as a pet, and the two are members of a team of superhumans who don't—at least at first glance—seem completely heroic. For all-out action and tongue-in-cheek humor, this is a safe bet.

FRAZETTA: ILLUSTRATIONS ARCANUM

Verotik

When it comes to sick, twisted illustrations of naked chicks and bloodthirsty creatures, no artist is more well known than Frank Frazetta. He's been scaring the daylights out of art fans for decades, and now the master of the macabre returns with an all-new collection of work entitled *Illustrations Arcanum*. Published by newcomers Verotik, the company founded and run by cool 'n' creepy rocker Glenn Danzig, this full-sized book features 30 new black-and-white pencil sketches by Frightening Frank, each depicting a big-breasted/big-hipped semi-naked babe with outstretched arms, a hellish beast, or even a combination of the two. Sexy and scary, Frazetta rides again.



WOLVERINE/FURY: SCORPIO RISING

Marvel

Written by Howard Chaykin,
illustrated by Shawn McManus

Nick Fury's son is the semi-reformed international terrorist, Scorpio. In this bookshelf one-shot, he defies his father and sets out to ensure democratic rule for Carpasia, his home nation. Circumstances bring Fury and Wolverine together once again in this sequel to the graphic novel *The Scorpio Connection*, and, as before, they make a wonderful team. Only Wolverine can match Fury scowl for scowl. This tale of adventure, espionage

and international intrigue also explores the relationship between Fury and his son. The whole thing is a perfect illustration of a point made more frequently as of late: that Marvel readers would love a series featuring the exploits of the international spy community twenty years ago, featuring Fury, Wolverine, Banshee, Black Widow, Carol Danvers, Maverick, Sabretooth, and so many more.

GIANT MAN #1

Marvel

Written by George Perez, penciled by Jeff
Moore, inked by Tim Dzon

Editor Ralph Macchio wanted to honor

COMIC REVIEWS

Hank Pym, a.k.a. Ant-Man, a.k.a. Giant-Man, etc., the only member of the original Avengers still in the lineup, with a mini-series of his own. But perhaps Marvel had no faith in the character, since the comic is only available as a flip book with the regular *Avengers* series, for just a dollar more than *Avengers* usually costs. No matter; it's still a heck of a lot of fun. When it's done right—and Perez has done it right here—the rich history of Marvel characters will make you all warm and fuzzy inside.

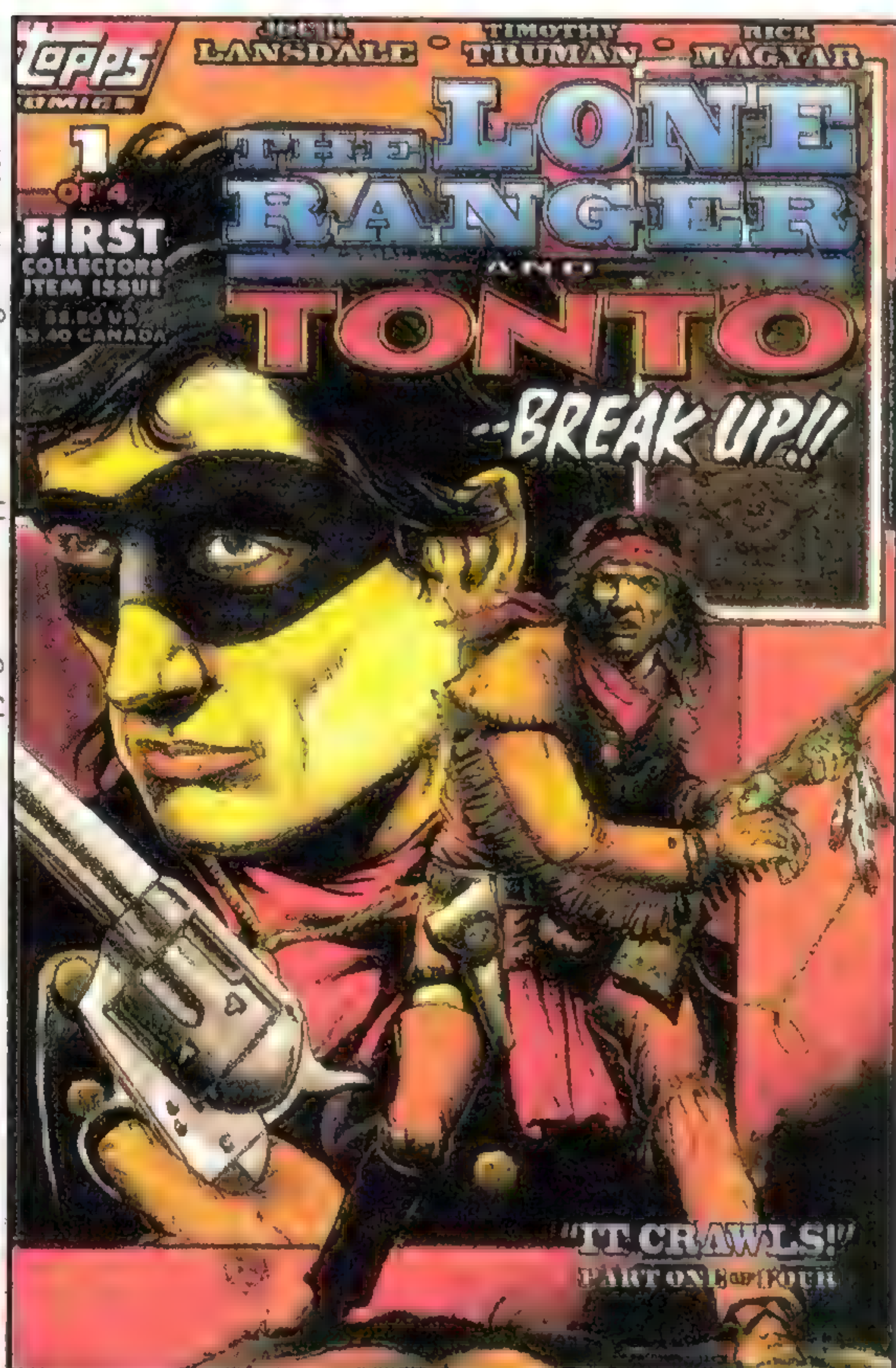
In this story, guest starring Bill Foster (the former "Black Goliath"), Pym struggles to avert a potential disaster that his own research has brought about. And in the midst of battle, his ex-wife Janet (the Wasp) falls mysteriously ill. I'd never heard of Jeff Moore, but I suspect I will again very soon.

THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO #1

Topps

Written by Joe R. Lansdale, penciled by Tim Truman, inked by Rick Magyar

Lansdale and Truman brought you the



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award-winning *Jonah Hex: Two Gun Mojo* from Vertigo last year, and it speaks well for Topps that they were willing to risk a clean-cut icon like the Lone Ranger in the hands of such rebels. In fact, *The Lone Ranger And Tonto* is somewhat of a revolution itself. The first page shows Tonto kicking the Ranger's ass—take that, Kemosabe! The rest of the story shows the events which led to that whupping, including Tonto's annoyance at the Ranger's growing belief in his own

publicity. Throw in tall ships rolling through the desert and the occasional Aztec zombie with a sense of humor, and you've got yourself a very different Lone Ranger.

FROM HELL

Borderland Press and SpiderBaby Grafix

Written by Alan Moore with select illustrations by Eddie Campbell, afterword by Stephen R. Bissette

This limited-edition hardcover reprints the complete script of Alan Moore's retelling of the Jack the Ripper story. Classics like *Swamp Thing*, *V For Vendetta*, *Watchmen*, and *Miracleman* have proven Moore to be one of the best writers working in comics—or any medium, for that matter. *From Hell* may well be his most ambitious project. First begun in the pages of the Bissette-edited anthology *Taboo*, this is its first outing in plain prose form, and the first of a proposed four-book series that outlines the graphic novel's genesis. The good news: it's brilliant. The bad news: it costs a major chunk of change. This three hundred-plus page book, limited to 1000 signed and numbered copies, will run you \$95. The deluxe lettered version is a whopping \$450. Of course, for Moore's real fans, the volume is priceless.



GENERATION X #1

Marvel

Written by Scott Lobdell, penciled by Chris Bachalo, inked by Mark Buckingham

Scott Lobdell has already proven himself one of the best X-Universe writers working ever, certainly the best one they've got today. It seems only right, then, that the third wave of mutant heroes, the aptly-titled *Generation X*, should be created by Lobdell. After the events of the "Phalanx Covenant" storyline, Banshee and Emma Frost have set up a new school at the Massachusetts Academy formerly run by Frost, an expansion of Xavier's Westchester school.

Lobdell's characters are fresh, but plopped down in the middle of the mythos

that the X-Men have built up over the years. Sam Guthrie's little sister Paige, a.k.a. Husk, is desperate to grow up to be a member of the X-Men, while Jubilee had that honor, and chose to relinquish it in order to learn more about her powers and herself...and maybe stay alive a while longer. The book also showcases an underdeveloped character, Banshee, and a brand new, savage and deadly villain called Emplate. The appearance of the "lost X-Man," Gateway, from the end of Claremont's run, is welcome.

Like Stan Lee did thirty years ago, Lobdell is giving us a whole set of characters who must now spend their lives together and defend one another to the death—without necessarily having to like one another. These Nineties kids are smart, cool, and powerful, but several are downright repulsive looking and only a couple can truly "pass" for human.

Bachalo and Buckingham's art is stunning; like John Romita, Jr.'s *Uncanny X-Men*, it's more Vertigo than Marvel, and that's a very positive sign. This book is different from its predecessors, but it can and does draw from the history which gave birth to it. *Generation X* has all the makings of a blockbuster, but it also has the makings of a damn good comic book, laying to rest any lingering claims that the two are mutually exclusive.

MOBFIRE #1

DC/Vertigo

Written by Gary Ushaw, illustrated by Warren Pleece

Call it *The Godfather* meets *Angel Heart*, or something like that. *Mobfire* is the story of Jack Kellor, whose father has just died, leaving him head of the biggest mob family in Britain. The catch? The power behind the family isn't just good ol' fashioned Thompson-gun violence—it's voodoo. When Kellor tries to break away from his father's old-time-religion leadership style, he runs afoul of the Bocor, his father's right hand. Usher's down n' dirty script combines with Pleece's gritty art for a tale that just begs for a movie treatment. Exploding heads and a cameo by John Constantine are among the high points.

Kevin Henson

Finger Lickin' Good!



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	\$5	impulse	\$6		\$10
	\$25	\$12	\$6		\$10
	\$10	Green Lantern	\$6		\$15
	\$5		\$15		\$5
	\$5		\$10		\$5
Adv of Superman	\$8		\$6		\$6
	\$5				\$15
	\$5				\$10
	\$5				\$12
	\$15				\$6
	\$5				\$6
Batman	\$6				\$25
	\$4	Guy Gardner	\$10		\$45
	\$15		\$5		\$300
	\$12	Legends of Dk Knight	\$5		\$10
	\$5		\$5		\$4
	\$4		\$25	Wonder Woman	\$4
Catwoman	\$5	Lobo	\$8		\$5
	\$8		\$5	Zero Hour	\$5

Amazing Spider-Man	\$125	Inc. Hulk	\$25	X-Men	\$5
	\$12		\$7		\$6
	\$25		\$10		\$7
	\$9		\$6		\$8
	\$10		\$3		\$5
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	\$25		\$12		
	\$3		\$5		
	\$10	Longshot	\$15		
	\$15				
	\$8	Marvels 1	\$15		
			\$8		
			\$6		
Avengers	\$3		\$8		
	\$20		\$20		
Cable Mini	\$4		\$9		
Reg. Series	\$5		\$15		
	\$3		\$5		
			\$15		
			\$40		
			\$5		
Classic X-Men	\$8		\$15		
	\$6		\$30		
	\$4		\$12		
	\$4		\$20		
			\$7		
Deadpool	\$10		\$6		
	\$7		\$5		
			\$65		
Fantastic Four	\$4		\$15		
	\$3		\$5		
	\$10		\$23		
			\$8		
			\$4		
Gambit	\$15		\$35		
	\$75		\$10		
			\$6		
			\$18		
iceman	\$6		\$6		
			\$6		
			\$6		
Kitty & Wolve	\$7		\$20		
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			\$8		
			\$10		

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power. Own it, run it, keep it, or screw it.

"Corporate America says, 'Oh, this is how it's gotta be done, this is how the politics go,'" says Todd. "This makes me crazy. You say that, I'll defy you. I'll defy you if it's the last thing I do in my life. I'm not saying I'm logical about it. I'm just saying that I'm willing to stand up for what I believe, and what I believe is that nobody should have the right to tell me how to live my life."

Press the corporate button, and he snaps instantly into Ren Todd mode. Ask him if he's burned a lot of bridges behind him, with Marvel, with the corporate bigwigs who still own two-thirds of the industry.

"People talk about burning bridges, but the saying really goes like this: Never burn a bridge unless there's other ways to get to the place you wanna get to," says Todd. "In other words, if I cross a bridge, and I turn around and there's five hundred bridges to get back, then not only will I burn the bridge—I'll napalm it n' torch the son of a bitch, because sometimes, the only way people

understand that you mean business is if you play their game. If you're going to go to war, and I feel like I'm at war sometimes, then you have to send a message to your enemy with a friggin' cannon blast. At that point, once they see that they're dealing with an equal adversary, then you can start to make compromises and start talking about peace treaties. But if they think that they're God you're just some peasant, then the only way that they pay attention is if you kick them in the balls. I have to kick certain people in the balls, I have to hit them financially. You don't do things the way that they want, then they take that as an act of insubordination. Guys! There's more paths to the finish line! I happen to wanna take the path over here, and they're like, you do it our way or no way. Well, screw me. Nobody's going to tell me what to do."

And maybe Todd's right. A couple years after he left Marvel, he and his Image buddies are facing down the giant. He's even gone and done a team-up, Spawn/Batman—the upstart antihero versus the classic crusader of the night. It sold big, as you might have guessed. The money went right where Todd wanted it: his pocket.

And the point was made. X

HELLEVISION

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

don't dress him funny."

The Spawn video game is a go project already, and should be hitting a system near you sometime fairly soon. "We're rocking there," he says. "Video games are video games, you know, so we really don't need to delve too much into the love interest stuff. The bad guys will all be in there, Violator, all that stuff. And eventually, in the end, yeah, he'll go to Hell."

Then there are the Spawn spawn-offs. Alan Moore is doing a miniseries featuring Violator—now himself a fugitive from his even more loathsome demonic brothers. Neil Gaiman is going to be writing one featuring Angela, the huntress from Above. And eventually Todd is going to pass Spawn itself on to worthy successors. "Spawn has gotten so big now that it's like he comes up and taps me on the shoulder and says, 'Daddy, I need help here, if you're going to let me grow up and try to be as big as you want me to be, you're gonna have to be a dad to me. And you can't be a dad to me if you keep on sitting over that drawing board.'"

How big does Todd want Spawn to be? As big as Spawn's cape. Bigger even.

"I want to make him a household name," he says. "So I can go to Spain and say Spawn, and they'll go, 'oh, yeah, yeah.'"

And after that?

"When I retire, when I'm 50 years old or whatever, I wanna own a baseball team," muses Todd. "I could sit there and go to the pitchers, 'Hey, you! How much do I pay you? \$12 million a year? Buddy, you throw me some fat tomatoes right here. I'm the owner, I'm the one who signs your paycheck, you throw me some tomatoes, and you'd better make me look good—otherwise I got a pink slip sitting here in my back pocket.'"

Going, going, gone! And Todd'll circle the bases. Or maybe he'll circle them backwards. Who the hell cares? He'll do it his way.

—J.Y.

someone he knows from the agency.

Q: Why, when he tried to use his powers to take on the appearance of his former self, did Spawn become a white guy? **A:** It was another cruel joke played on him by the Devil.

Q: If Spawn's costume is alive, is his mask a separate creature? Is the costume less effective when he isn't wearing the mask? And does he always have the mask off because he's hot, or because it's just more interesting to draw him that way? **A:** The mask flips on and off on its own. Very rarely does Spawn take it off himself. The mask is almost like a breathing device. When it exhales, it comes off—when it inhales, it goes back on.

Q: Are those chains and skulls just for decoration? **A:** Everything on the costume is alive and has a purpose. The spikes are like teeth, and the chains are a tongue, and the skulls are its eyes.

Q: Will there ever be a costume change? **A:** Maybe. His costume is pretty hokey, for the most part.

Q: If he can do almost anything, why hasn't he attempted to go back in time and stop Chapel from murdering him? **A:** Good concept. I will have to explore it in the future.

Q: What will happen in the "Angela" miniseries? **A:** Spawn and Angela will confront each other on one level, but the mini-series concentrates more on Angela as a renegade angel.

Q: Since his wife has remarried, will Spawn ever have a new love interest? **A:** I'd say there's a chance of that happening. Maybe when he comes to grips with the fact that his life isn't what it was, and it's not what he thought it was going to be, he can say, "Well, I've got to give up my past life and make a new one." And when you make a new life, part of that includes love.

Q: Are there any comic book characters who you think could kick Spawn's ass? **A:** I created Spawn, so as far as I'm concerned, nobody could kick his ass. He can face almost anyone, even though it would cost him a lot of his powers. In my mind, Spawn is the toughest there is—he just doesn't know it yet.

Q: Will there be any Spawn special issues in the future? **A:** The only big issue thing I can see doing is if he has a reunion with his wife, because that's a natural story element. That's why he came back to Earth anyway. Other than that, I really don't see where I could do any death issues or cripple him or whatever. I mean, he's already dead.

Q: Recently, you did a Spawn/Batman crossover. Ever consider a Spawn/Superman team-up? **A:** Superman is a bore to me, but at least Batman was like a real guy. Superman is too big, nobody can kill him—he's a tough guy who spins planets on his finger like a basketball. You want a real contest for Superman? Make him face God. God's the only one who could maybe give Superman a fat lip.

Q: How 'bout Spawn/Spider-man? **A:** That would be kind of cool. I'd like to do it in the future (if Marvel would loan him to me).

Q: Spawn/Daredevil? **A:** Yeah, that would work.

Q: Spawn/Punisher? **A:** I don't like Punisher—he's a snooze. He's like, "I'm gonna kill you—you'd better run." You're a hundred feet from him, 200 feet, 300 feet, 600 feet, 900 feet and boom! He blows your head off. Where's the hand-to-hand combat? It's like, "Ha! I don't even have to see the whites of their eyes and I can kill all my opponents." Who cares? X



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1 STREET FIGHTER: THE STORYTELLING GAME

Tired of waiting for *Street Fighter III*? Now you can create it yourself—on paper, that is. White Wolf's new role-playing system lets you and your buds act out the parts of World Warriors like Guile, Dee Jay, Cammy, or a street fighter of your own design. Unfortunately, a nice-guy accent on the game (instead of just some good ol' ass-kicking, as in the video game) makes this the only SF game where you can't play as bad-guy bosses like Vega or M. Bison. Maybe in *SF:TSG Turbo*....

[White Wolf Game Studio, 4598 Stonegate Ind. Blvd., Stone Mtn., CA 30083]

2 STAR WARS: DARK EMPIRE SUPERMAN LIVES!

AUDIO DRAMAS

For folks who are just too lazy to read, here's two of the more popular comic book mini-series acted out as full radio dramas. *Star Wars: Dark Empire* dramatizes the Dark Horse post-Jedi exploits of Luke, Han and Leia (listen for Billy Dee Williams to reprise his role as Lando), while *Superman Lives!* traces D.C.'s entire *Doomsday/Reign Of The Supermen* plot from death to life. For those with expensive stereo systems, both tapes are presented in full Dolby Surround for maximum cool effects.

[Time Warner AudioBooks, 9229 Sunset Blvd. Los Angeles, CA 90069]

3 NAKITEK GAMESAVER

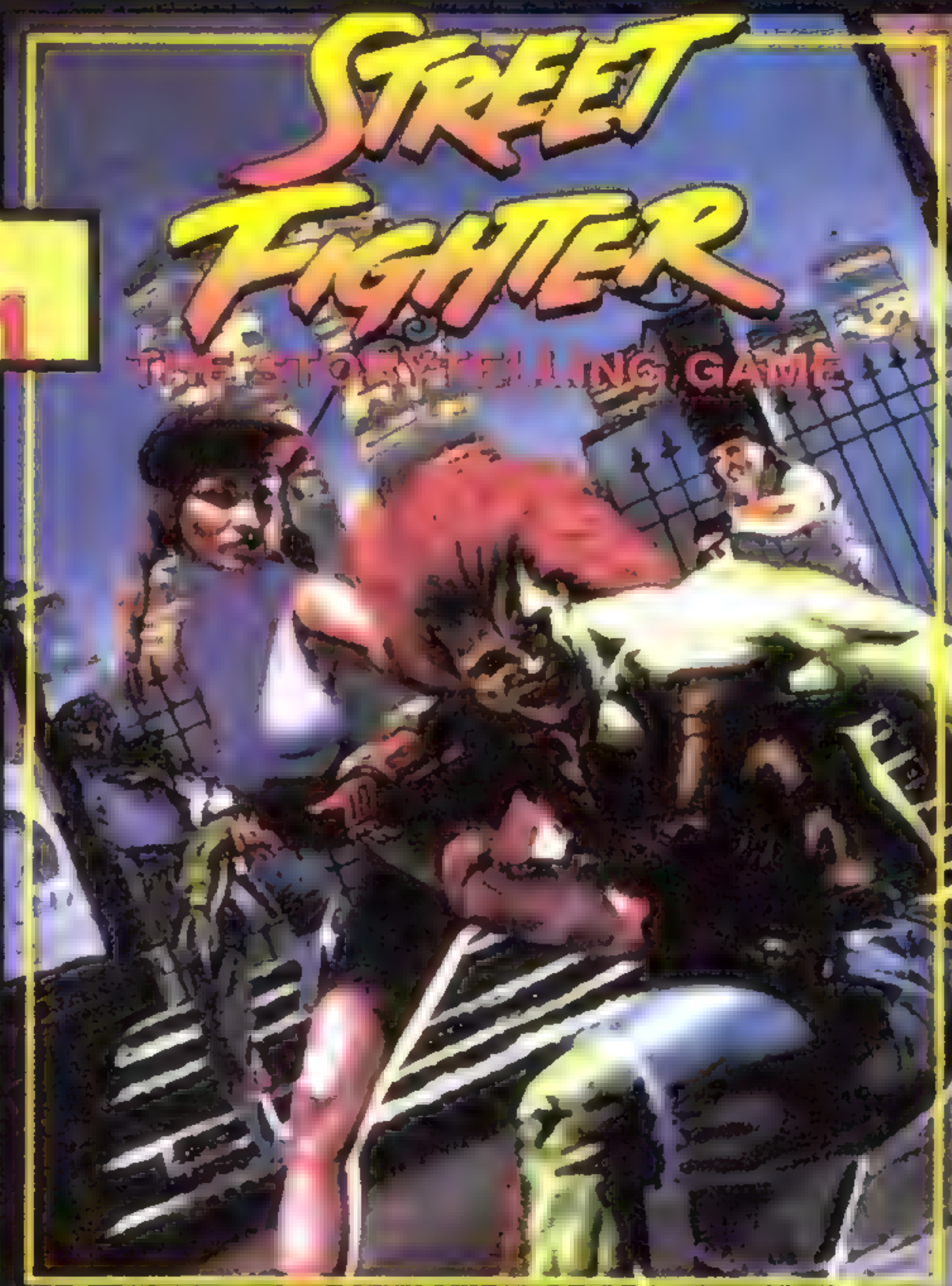
Keep getting nailed by the same boss over and over? Tired of battling through all the other levels just to get to where you left off? Push a button on the GameSaver and the battery-operated EPROM cartridge will remember your exact location and position in any game, so you can go back to it up to 30 hours later. It's not much time, but if you're playing and dying in the same place on a daily basis, it's the perfect solution. Available for SNES and Genesis. \$49.99

[Naki International, Century City North, 10100 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 1400, Los Angeles, CA 90067]

4 ARCADE PRO

SNES/GENESIS DUAL-COMPATIBLE JOYSTICK

Interact Game Products' (formerly STD) new Arcade Pro joystick offers pretty much everything a two-system gamer would need in a deluxe controller, while leaving out a lot of unnecessary "luxuries." Compatible with both SNES and Sega Genesis decks (separate cables are included for each), the Arcade Pro features rugged (but lightweight) construction, individual multi-speed auto fire switches, a slo-mo button and a fighting-game-friendly six-button layout. A solid stick with enough practical options to make it worth the \$49.95.



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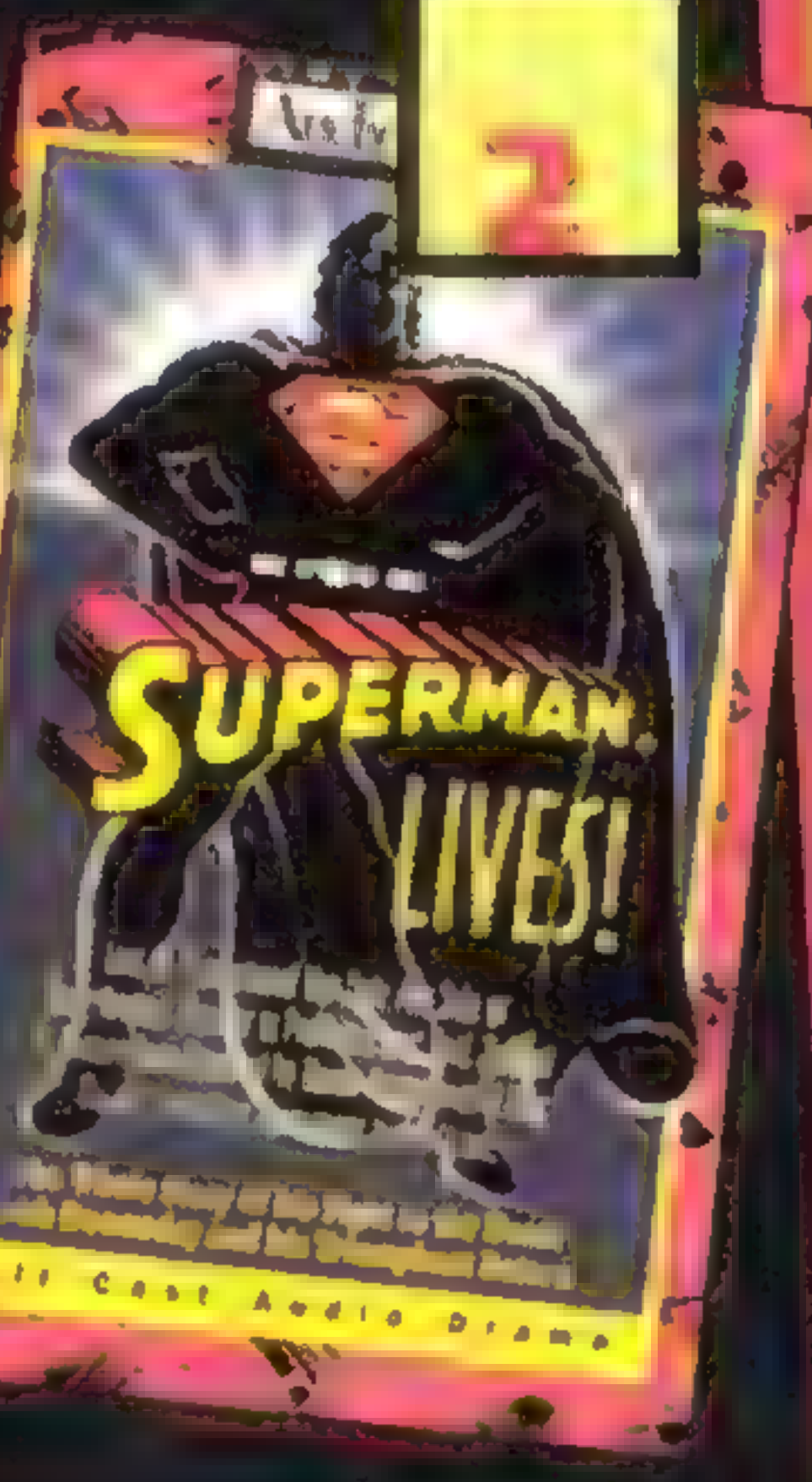
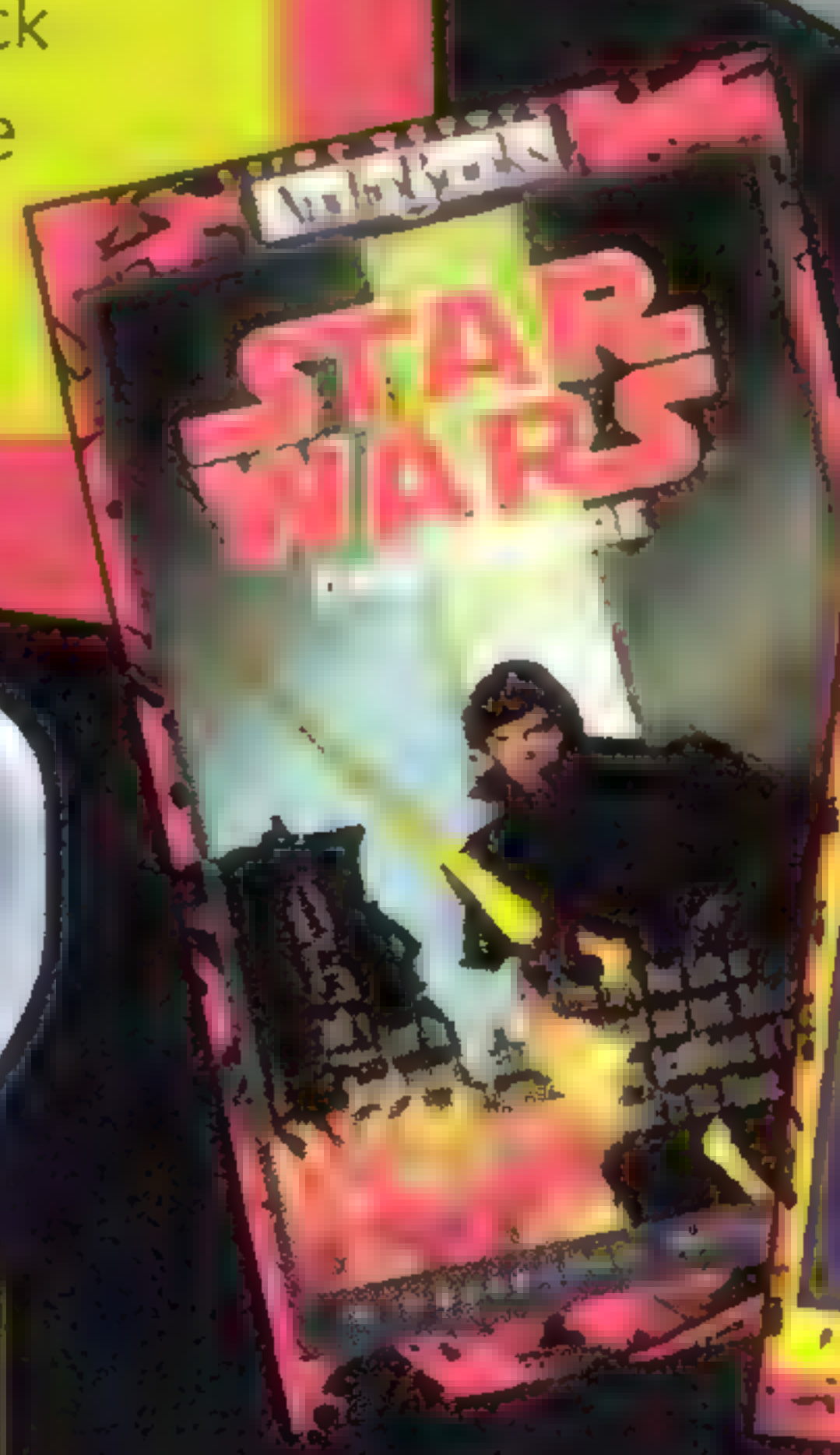
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2

5 OF SAINTS AND SHADOWS by Christopher Golden

Horror novelist newcomer Christopher Golden's spellbinding tale of vampires engaged in a war with the Catholic Church—and the vampires are the good guys! \$5.99 [Jove Books, 200 Madison Ave., N.Y., NY, 10016]

6 STAR TREK COMPUTER ACCESSORY KIT

In an effort to make boring beige computers more inviting, BrainWorks now offers a *Star Trek: The Next Generation* computer accessory kit. The kit includes a themed keyboard, mouse, mouse pad, disk holder and monitor frame. The keyboard features Federation logos on the arrow keys and a space bar that says "Space: The Final Frontier." But what happens when you press Q?

[BrainWorks, 20 Seaview Blvd., Port Washington, NY 11050]

7 VIVID 3D VIDEO GAME SOUND ENHANCEMENT SYSTEM

It doesn't look very powerful—a little black box with less buttons than a Sega controller—but the Vivid 3D could easily become the most important peripheral in your game setup. By rescuing lost frequencies, it turns the audio from any video or computer game into room-filling surround-type sound. Audio-intensive games like *AH-3 Thunderstrike* and *DOOM* move from being merely impressive to downright riveting. It's affordable, it really works, and it's really cool.

[NuReality, 2907 Daimler Street, Santa Ana, CA 92705-5810]



4

could write some music for the video game. We played them a little riff, they liked it and said, "Could you make a whole song?" So we wrote "Carnage Rules."

FLUX: Do you guys play video games?

MANSPEAKER: [laughs] Oh, yeah. Just recently I took all of our video games out of our production office. We had a whole video arcade in the back with real old coin-ops like *Centipede*, *Battlezone*, *Missile Command*, *Crazy Climber*, *Star Wars* and *Venture*.

They're all in my garage now because the president of our record company [Zoo/BMG] told me to get rid of them. He didn't want people assuming we bought the machines with the record company's money.

FLUX: Do you play home video games, too?

MANSPEAKER: Yeah. I have a ton of Super Nintendo games. I also have a 3DO machine and a TurboGrafx. The 3DO player is awesome—the games are just incredible. My favorite one right now is called *Crash And Burn*.

FLUX: Tell us about the comic book that will coincide with your new album, 333.

MANSPEAKER: DC Comics is putting it out—it'll be a series. It's the story of the good guys—Dunderhead, Shitman, the Cowgod—and how they all got together, and the bad guys—Moronic Dictator, T.O.A.H., and Orange Krunch—and how they got together, and why they're all fighting. It's a three part series. If it does well, it will continue into four, five, maybe six parts. But DC promised they would put out three books and see what happens. It should be out by the end of the year. The

guy who's writing it is a friend named John Arcudi. He's the guy who wrote *The Mask*, the comic book the movie is based on.

FLUX: Will the home video just be a video version of the comic?

MANSPEAKER:

Kind of. But if you get all the pieces of product, it puts the puzzle together for you. Everything has a little part to it. For example, if you buy the cassette, it comes with trading cards of all the characters. If you buy the video, it's got a layout of the good guys' ship. If you get the CD, it's got a little comic book that vaguely tells you the story. The comic book will tell the whole story in itself, and then the actual video will show how Orange Krunch got in the picture.

FLUX: Who comes up with all the ideas for the characters, storylines and music?

MANSPEAKER: Basically Kym [O'Donnell] and I come up with the characters and design them, but everybody has input. Sven [Steven Shenar] and Rootin' [Michael Bloomquist], the guitar player and bass player, come up with the songs. I'll go up to them and say, "Okay, this is Orange Krunch; he's seven and a half

feet tall, and he's singing a song and it's kind of a Pantera song." And they'll start working on it. When we get the song, we write the lyrics and it's all ready to go.

FLUX: So the characters come first, then the music, then the lyrics?

MANSPEAKER: Yeah. Then we try to piece them into the whole story.

FLUX: Sounds like a heckuva lot of fun.

MANSPEAKER: It's the greatest. X



"There are days when I don't even want to leave this place."

STaX

Trading Card News & Notes
by Steve Fritz

* Fleer's back in business with another Marvel set, this time the *Marvel Masterpieces*. The Hildebrandt Bros. (Greg and Tim) provided all the art—expect this 140-card set, available in October, to be hot. Look for one card autographed in gold foil by Greg and Tim in every pack. Collect all 140 and you have the Gold Foil Signature Series subset!



* Topps and Dark Horse join forces and get good n' ugly with an *Alien/Predator* series. Contributing artists include Jim Valentino, Adam Hughes, Dave Dorman, Mike Mignolla and more.

* Chris Achilleos draws the type of women you wouldn't want to meet. Women that would have you for lunch. The Friedlander company will be releasing a set of these very dangerous babes later this year. Drool on.

* For those who like women with a bit more class, 21st Century is reprinting cards from the George Petty collection. Petty preceded Vargas by a few decades and his elegant airbrush style kept young studs happy for generations.

* In the phone card department, Jae Lee's Hellshock character now has his own debit card. The card, which is autographed by Mr. Lee, costs \$20.00, and will give you that much in phone time.



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The game's so awesome, I'm proud to have my name on it. Just check out all the prime time features of *Dick Vitale's "AWESOME, BABY!" College Hoops*:

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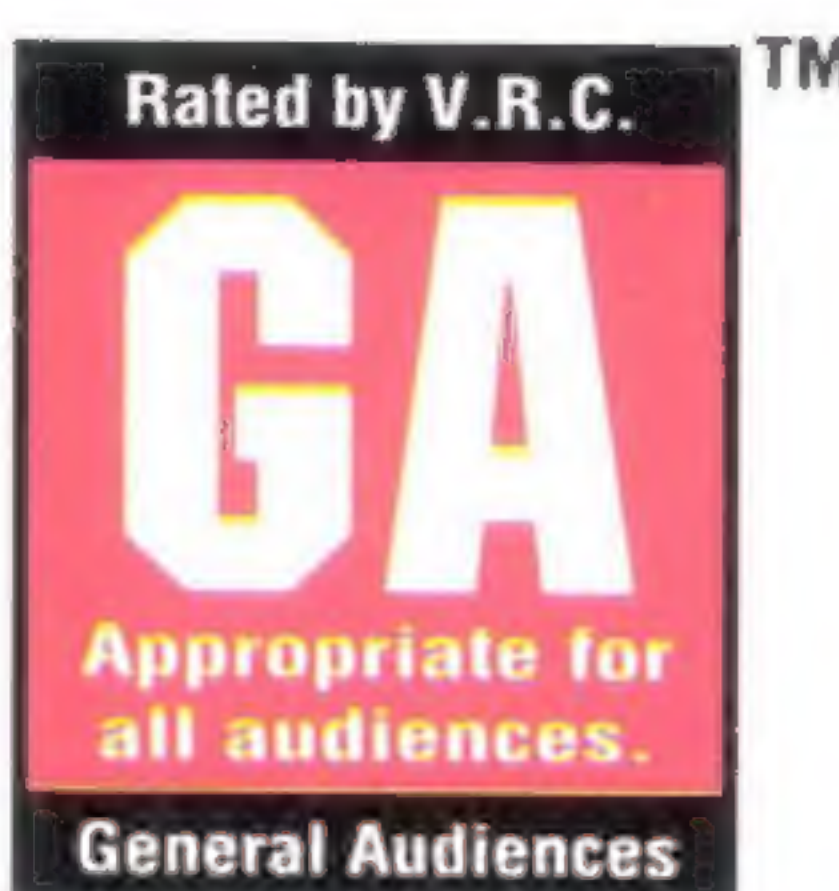
Play it and you'll be screaming,
"Awesome, Baby – with a capital A!"

Dick Vitale



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